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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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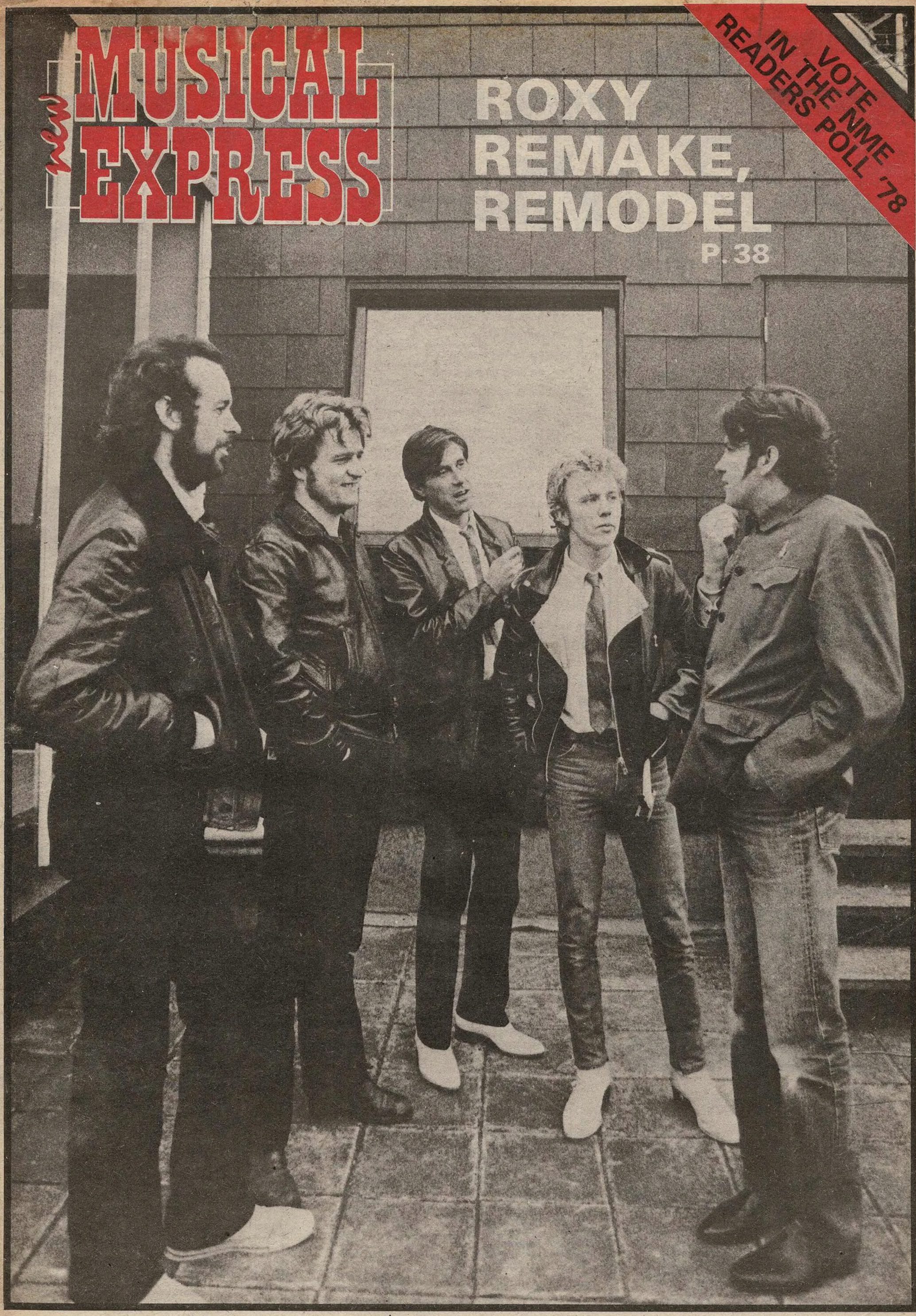
ROXY REMAKE, REMODEL

P. 38



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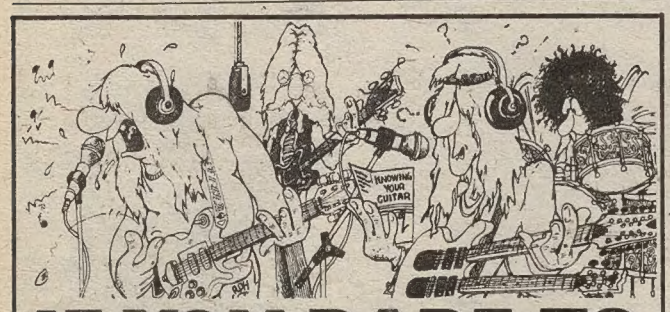

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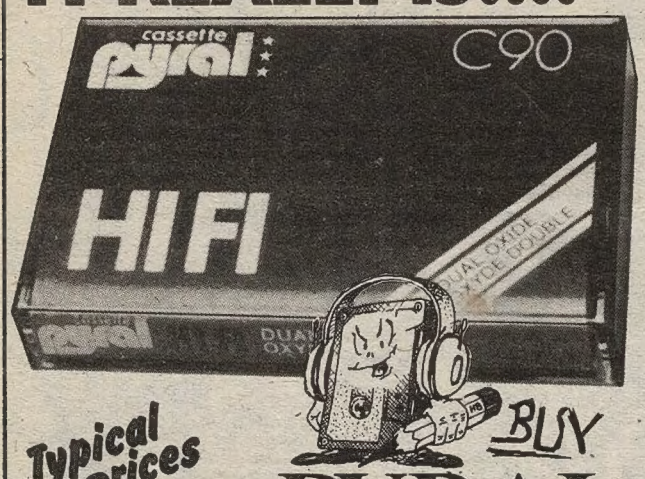

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CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 25, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	RAT TRAP	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	6	1
2	(2)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	4	2
3	(9)	INSTANT REPLAY	Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	5	3
4	(27)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	4
5	(7	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL	Cars (Elektra)	2	5
6	(8)	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	6
7	(5)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	6	5
8	(6)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	8	3
9	(3)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	10	1
10	(10)	HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2.	10
11	(4)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6	3
12	(14)	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS	Queen (EMI)	4	12
13	(17)	I LOVE AMERICA	Patrick Juvet (Casablanca)	3	13
14	(20)	ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	3	14
15	(11)	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN	Three Degrees (Ariola)	6	11
15	(12)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	9	6
17	(—)	LE FREAK	Chic (Atlantic)	1	17
18	(26)	DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY	Darts (Magnet)	2	18
19	(13)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	9	2
20	(19)	TOAST	Street Band (Logo)	3	19
21	(—)	I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER	Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip (Ariola Hansa)	1	21
22	(—)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	1	22
23	(21)	PART TIME LOVE	Elton John (Rocket)	2	21
24	(—)	IT SEEMS TO HANG ON	Ashford & Simpson (Warner Bros)	1	24
25	(—)	IN THE BUSH	Musique (CBS)	1	25
26	(25)	DIPPETY DAY	Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	5	19
27	(—)	DANCE (DISCO HEAT)	Sylvester (Fantasy)	1	27
28	(24)	GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	2	24
29	(15)	PUBLIC IMAGE	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	5	7
30	(—)	LYDIA	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE — Alicia Bridges (Polydor); LAY LOVE ON YOU — Luisa Fernandez (Warner Bros); EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD — Diana Ross & Michael Jackson (MCA); YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS — Barbra Streisand and Neil Diamond (CBS).

ALBUMS

Week ending November 25, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	20	1
2	(4)	EMOTIONS	Various (K-Tel)	4	2
3	(11)	ALL MOD CONS	Jam (Polydor)	3	3
4	(7)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	15	4
5	(5)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket Records)	4	5
6	(27)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	2	6
7	(2)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int Hansa)	19	1
8	(3)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Status Quo (Phonogram)	4	3
9	(8)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	21	2
10	(13)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	49	3
10	(21)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE	Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	4	10
12	(24)	25TH ANNIVERSARY ALBUM	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	4	12
13	(25)	JAZZ	Queen (EMI)	2	13
14	(6)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	17	2
15	(—)	EVERGREEN	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	1	15
16	(17)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6	11
17	(20)	IF YOU WANT BLOOD YOU'VE GOT IT	AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	17
18	(18)	THE AMAZING DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	3	18
19	(19)	INNER SECRETS	Santana (CBS)	3	19
20	(9)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	Various (Motown)	9	2
21	(14)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	7
22	(—)	GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE	Clash (CBS)	1	22
23	(23)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)	9	9
24	(—)	WELL WELL SAID THE ROCKING CHAIR	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	3	21
25	(12)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood of Man (K-Tel)	7	5
26	(—)	ELVIS 40 GREATEST	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	26
27	(—)	HEMISPHERES	Rush (Anthem)	1	27
28	(—)	LION HEART	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	28
29	(28)	DON'T WALK BOOGIE	Various (EMI)	2	28
30	(—)	EXPRESSIONS	Don Williams (ABC)	2	26

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

THE CARPENTERS SINGLES 1974-78 — The Carpenters (A&M); SCREAM — Siouxsie & the Banshees (Polydor); HEARTBREAKER — Dolly Parton (RCA); 52nd STREET — Billy Joel (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending November 25, 1978	
1	(1)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
2	(1)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
3	(6)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY	Steve Martin
4	(3)	GREASE	Various Artists
5	(5)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
6	(4)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt
7	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
8	(8)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
9	(11)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart
10	(10)	HOT STREETS	Chicago
11	(9)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
12	(12)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
13	(15)	COMES A TIME	Neil Young
14	(14)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg
15	(18)	BROTHER TO BROTHER	Gino Vannelli
16	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
17	(20)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John
18	(13)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart
19	(17)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
20	(28)	WEEKEND WARRIORS	Ted Nugent
21	(22)	LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY	Anne Murray
22	(25)	CRUISIN'	Village People
23	(—)	CHAKA	Chaka Khan
24	(30)	THE MAN	Barry White
25	(26)	BURSTING OUT	Jethro Tull
26	(27)	LIFE BEYOND L.A.	Ambrosia
27	(19)	TORMATO	Yes
28	(—)	LIVE BOOTLEG	Aerosmith
29	(21)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
30	(23)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending November 25, 1978	
1	(6)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Barbra & Neil
2	(2)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia
3	(1)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer
4	(3)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
5	(9)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli
6	(4)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
7	(7)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow
8	(10)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook
9	(5)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
10	(12)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges
11	(8)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
12	(14)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart
13	(17)	(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY	Andy Gibb
14	(15)	ALIVE AGAIN	Chicago
15	(19)	STRANGE WAY	Firefall
16	(18)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis
17	(25)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel
18	(27)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees
19	(21)	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT	Pablo Cruise
20	(11)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
21	(23)	STRAIGHT ON	Heart
22	(22)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
23	(28)	THE POWER OF GOLD	Dan Fogelberg/Tim Weisberg
24	(26)	CHANGE OF HEART	Eric Carman
25	(—)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto
26	(—)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
27	(—)	LE FREAK	Chic
28	(13)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones
29	(—)	HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW	Alice Cooper
30	(—)	DANCE (DISCO HEAT)	Sylvester

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week ending November 20, 1973	
10	1	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE	Gary Glitter (Bell)
1	2	LET ME IN	The Osmonds (MGM)
5	3	DYNA-MITE	Mud (Rak)
6	4	PHOTOGRAPH	Ringo Starr (Apple)
7	5	WHEN I FALL IN LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	6	PUPPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
3	7	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)
17	8	DO YOU WANNA DANCE	Barry Blue (Bell)
4	9	TOP OF THE WORLD	Carpenters (A & M)
25	10	WHY OH WHY OH WHY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)

TEN YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week ending November 20, 1968	
2	1	ELOISE	Barry Ryan (MGM)
1	2	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
4	3	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
8	4	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE	Bandwagon (Direction)
3	5	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal Zonophone)
9	6	ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
5	7	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
6	8	ONLY ONE WOMAN	Marbles (Polydor)
12	9	ELENORE	Turtles (London)
7	10	LIGHT MY FIRE	Jose Feliciano (RCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week ending November 22, 1963	
2	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
5	3	DON'T TALK TO HIM	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	4	I'LL KEEP YOU SATISFIED	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
3	5	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Pye)
6	6	SECRET LOVE	Kathy Kirby (Decca)
13	7	YOU WERE MADE FOR ME	Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia)
4	8	BE MY BABY	Ronettes (London)
12	9	MARIA ELENA	Los Indios Tabajaras (RCA)
9	10	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)

NEWS

Richard Hell and Voidoids support

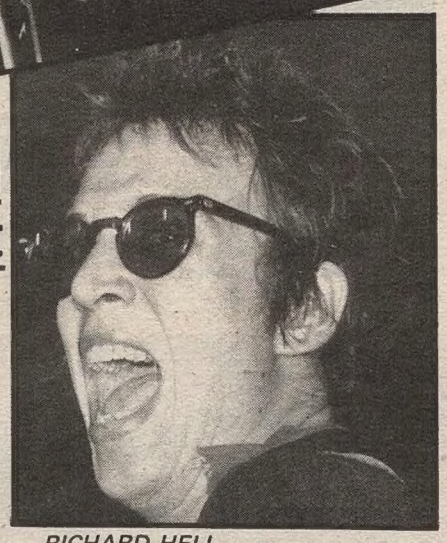
30 BIG DATES BY COSTELLO

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions begin a major 30-venue British tour immediately after Christmas. After completing their previously-reported seven-night stint at London's Dominion Theatre (December 18-24), they'll have only Christmas Day and Boxing Day for a breather before setting out on their nationwide trek. And so intensive is their tour schedule that they have only four free days between December 27 and the end of January.

A special bonus for all audiences, both during the pre-Christmas Dominion season and on the subsequent tour dates, is that the show will feature two strong support acts. US band, Richard Hell & The Voidoids — currently without a record label, after surprisingly being ditched by Sire — fly in specially for the tour. And the bill is completed by John Cooper Clarke, who's at last making an impact through his album "Disguise In Love".

Costello himself will have his third album, titled "Armed Forces", released by Radar Records on January 5 to coincide with the tour. Included in the initial pressing will be a live three-track EP, recorded at Hollywood High School during the band's third American tour in June and containing "Alison", "Accidents Will Happen" and "Watching The Detectives".

Promoted by Straight Music, the tour is Costello's first since his "This Year's Model" outing in the spring. Dates are:



RICHARD HELL

Brighton Top Rank (December 27), Portsmouth Guildhall (28), Bath Pavilion (29), Canterbury Odeon (30), Oxford New Theatre (31), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (January 2), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Derby Assembly Rooms (6), Liverpool Empire (7), Manchester Free Trade Hall (8), Bradford St. George's Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Aberdeen Capitol (13), Dundee Caird Hall (14), Edinburgh Odeon (15), Carlisle Market Hall (16), Preston Guildhall (17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Hanley Victoria Hall (19), Leeds University (20), Coventry Theatre (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Oldham Civic Hall (23), Taunton Odeon (25), Exeter University (26), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (27), Bristol Locarno (28) and Southampton Gaumont (29).

STUDENTS BAN PUBLIC, SO

Clash discard Glasgow gigs

THE CLASH have cancelled their two scheduled concerts at Glasgow Strathclyde University on December 4 and 5. They say they had stipulated that members of the public should be admitted to these gigs — which, they claim, was not adhered to by the Students Union.

It seems that Joe Strummer was making a personal appearance in a Glasgow record shop last week, when he was told of the situation. He immediatly went to the university, hitching a lift on the back of a motor-bike, and tried to buy a ticket for the show—only to be told he couldn't without producing a S.U. card. He informed promoter Ian Flukes of the Derek Block Agency, who said he felt he had been deceived and called off the dates right away. He's now trying to schedule alternative gigs in Glasgow before Christmas.

At press-time, details of the band's London dates next month were still awaited.

THREE NEW GEN X VENUES

Rats add Rainbow

BOOMTOWN RATS have added a second major London concert to their "Seasonal Turkey Tour", announced two weeks ago. They are already to headline at the Hammersmith Odeon on December 7, and this show sold out within hours of the box office opening. As a result, they have now added an appearance at London's Rainbow Theatre on Friday, December 15, which becomes the final date in their pre-Christmas itinerary. Dublin band The Vipers support on all tour dates.

● GENERATION X have slotted another three dates into their British tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. They are Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's (December 11), Dunstable California Ballroom (12) and Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (13). They have also switched their Manchester gig from the Mayflower Club on December 15 to The Factory next Monday (27).

● JOHNNY RUBBISH, whose Christmas single "Santa's Alive" is released this weekend by United Artists, is the support act in two big London gigs during the next few days — with Japan at Strand Lyceum (this Sunday) and with Pere Ubu at Camden Electric Ballroom (next Tuesday, 28).

● THE LURKERS headline two London shows at Camden's Electric Ballroom on Sunday, December 10. The first is a matinee for under-16's (from 3 to 6 pm) with tickets at 80p, and it's followed by an evening show (starting 7.30 pm) for over-16's with admission £2. Promoters are Straight Music.

● THE DOOMED, the revamped version of The Damned, are playing two special pre-Christmas gigs in London — the first at Camden Electric Ballroom on December 21, and the second in the suburbs at Croydon Greyhound on Christmas Eve. Other dates for the band include Belfast The Pound (November 30 and December 1), Liverpool Eric's (8), Manchester Russell Club (9), Aberdeen Ruffles (14), Edinburgh Clouds (15) and Birmingham Barbarella's (19).

● ADVERTISING, absent from the gig circuit for several months due to drummer Paul Bultitude's hearing problems, play their first live date since the summer at London Regent's Park Bedford College tomorrow (Friday).

Rod: three more shows set

ROD STEWART has now added three more dates to his previously-reported U.K. tour next month, making 16 shows in all. He plays a second concert at the new 15,000 capacity Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on December 17, and two extra performances at London Olympia after Christmas — on Thursday and Friday, December 28 and 29.

Birmingham tickets are all at the one price of £5, and mail orders should be sent to BHMF, P.O. Box 4LQ, London W1A 4LQ. For the two London gigs, only £6 and £3 seats are available, the intermediate prices having already been sold on the strength of applications outstanding from Rod's first three Olympia concerts — write to BHMF Concerts, c/o Olympia, Hammersmith Road, London W.11. For both Birmingham and London, make cheques and POs payable to "BHMF".

Box offices for Rod's shows at Leicester Granby Hall (December 8 and 9) and Brighton Centre (11-13), previously restricted to postal booking, are now also open to personal applicants.

● RALPH McTELL headlines a one-off London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, December 3, with special guest John Williams. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50. Promoter is John Martin in association with Capital Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast.

Tosh extra

PETER TOSH has now confirmed the final date for his short British tour next month — it's at Bradford St. George's Hall on Tuesday, December 5. It's also been announced that Matumbi will be the support act on all the Tosh dates, the others being Manchester Apollo (3), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (4) and London Rainbow (6 and 7).

LIZZY'S YULETIDE LONDON CONCERT

THIN LIZZY headline a special one-off Christmas concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, December 17. They hadn't intended to do any more shows this year, but decided to slot in this one gig as a seasonal offering to their fans. Support act is Irish band The Undertones, currently touring with The Rezillos. Tickets are priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50, and are on sale now at the box office and through the usual agencies.

HARVEY: GLASGOW XMAS SHOWCASE

ALEX HARVEY and his new band, who made their stage debut at London's new The Venue earlier this month, have confirmed a special one-off Christmas concert in Harvey's native Scotland — at the Glasgow Apollo on Saturday, December 16.

At present tickets are available only by post from the Apollo Box Office, Renfield Street, Glasgow, and they are priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (make cheques and POs payable to the Apollo). It's Harvey's first appearance in Scotland for two years, and it follows a European tour by the band beginning this weekend. As previously reported, they are being lined up for a full British tour in the New Year.

PUBLIC IMAGE PLAN MORE APPEARANCES

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. are expected to undertake a series of selected dates in the New Year, after their debut concerts at London Rainbow over the Christmas holiday. A spokesman for Virgin Records told NME: "Providing the Rainbow gigs go smoothly, the plan is for more shows early next year — not a tour as such, but a series of one-off appearances."

Virgin also denied reports elsewhere, suggesting that the band will be doing a string of secret unadvertised gigs during the next couple of weeks, as a warm-up for the Rainbow dates.

"The band have now started intensive rehearsals but, at this moment, have no plans for any pre-Rainbow gigs — secret or otherwise — even though we personally feel it would be quite a good idea", say the record company.

Streetband tour

STREETBAND play their own headlining tour next month, coinciding with the chart success of their single "Toast" and previewing their debut Logo album "London", due out in February. With further dates still being finalised, confirmed gigs are Sheffield Totley College (December 5), London Marquee (6), London Wimbledon Arts Centre (7), Hatfield Polytechnic (8), Manchester Polytechnic (9), Plymouth Woods (12), Exeter Routes (13), Bristol Granary (14), Dudley J.B.'s (15), Newbridge Club and Institute (17), Swansea Circles (18), Leeds Brannigan's (20), Sheffield Limit Club (21) and Kirklevington Country Club (22).

Sounding good- Wilko Johnson and Rotosound

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ROTOSOUND music strings

JACKSONS SET FOR FEBRUARY

HOT ON THE HEELS of their return to chart favour with the single "Blame It On The Boogie", The Jacksons have been signed for a British concert tour in the New Year. They'll be here from February 10 to 25 inclusive, playing at least 12 major dates during that time, as well as TV appearances.

The only venue so far confirmed is London Rainbow Theatre where they headline on February 23 and 24, but their full itenerary — including gigs in Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and Bristol — will be announced in a week or two.

The group are bringing over the full entourage of their spectacular U.S. touring revue, and they'll be playing dates in Europe on either side of their British schedule.

Although an extremely expensive act, a spokesman for the promoter said The Jacksons have agreed to play double performances at most venues, in order to keep ticket prices at a reasonable level. Their new album "Destiny" is released this week by Epic Records.

Ants invade Rainbow as new series starts

ADAM & THE ANTS top the bill in the first of a series of budget-price new-wave nights at London Rainbow on Wednesday, December 13. America's Pure Hell are special guests, and the bill also includes U.K. Subs, Menace and Mothers Pride, with two or three other bands still to be set. The series is being lined up by Jock MacDonald, who is promoting the Public Image gigs at the Rainbow over Christmas, and he intends pegging top ticket price to £1.50. He's currently negotiating with Generation X to headline the second show, just before Christmas.

Runaways newcomer

THE RUNAWAYS have undergone yet another line-up change, following their major personnel upheavel a year ago. Vicki Blue, who came into the all-girl band in 1977 as replacement for Jackie Fox, has herself now left — though the reasons for her departure aren't yet known. Taking over from Vicki is 21-year-old Laurie McAllister (on the left of our main picture plus inset), who hails from California but has never before played in a band. The change occurred some weeks ago, and the girls are already back in action in the States with their new member — so the proposed British tour by The Runaways, in the late winter or early spring, should still go ahead as planned.

Oldfield's six London shows

DETAILS OF Mike Oldfield's major London concerts in the spring were announced this week. He's playing six big shows, all with full orchestra and chorus, showcasing music from all his albums. Every performance will last over two hours, and details are as follows:

● Royal Festival Hall, April 21. Two shows at 6.15 and 9 pm. Tickets £5, £4.45, £3.50, £2.75 and £1.20.

● Wembley Conference Centre, April 25 and 26. One show each night at 8 pm. Tickets £5, £4, £3 and £2.

● Wembley Arena (formerly Empire Pool), April 28 and 29. One show each night at 8 pm. Tickets £4.25, £3.75 and £2.75.

Tickets are not yet available at box-offices, but mail order bookings will be accepted immediately at the promoter's office — Mike Oldfield Box-Office, c/o Andrew Miller, 1A Craven Terrace, London W.2 (phone 01-402 6262). Enclose cheque or PO (not cash) made payable to "Mike Oldfield Box-Office" and s.a.e. Tickets will not be dispatched until the end of January.

RADIO BIRDMAN BREAK UP

RADIO BIRDMAN, the Australian rock band who toured Britain earlier this year with The Flamin' Groovies and were signed by Sire Records, have broken up — apparently due to "personal and musical differences". Bassist Warwick Gilbert and guitarist Chris Masuak have already formed a new band called Johnny and The Hitmen. And the other two members, lead guitarist Deniz Tek and singer Rob Younger, are also assembling a new outfit — which could prove to be a re-shaped version of Birdman.

NEW-LOOK U.K. CARRY ON

U.K., the all-star band launched earlier this year in a blaze of publicity, have already lost two of their founder members — Bill Bruford is forming his own band to tour in his own right, and he's also started work on his second solo album for New Year release; and Allan Holdsworth has quit to pursue a solo career. But U.K. are not disbanding — remaining members John Wetton and Eddie Jobson have now been joined by ex-Mothers Of Invention drummer Terry Bozio, and together they're recording a new album for February release. A British tour will follow.

CHAS AND DAVE STRUM ON

CHAS AND DAVE continue on the rounds next month, promoting their current EMI single "Strummin'," now a strong chart contender following its recent "Top Of The Pops" exposure. Their December gigs confirmed so far are London North-East Polytechnic (2), London Kensington Nashville (5), Bath University (8), North Greenford Football Club (9), East Sussex College (11), Birmingham Polytechnic (12), London Wimbledon Nelson's Club (13), London Central Polytechnic (14) and Harrow Borough Football Club (24). More are being set.

TAPPER ZUKIE: EXTRA GIGS

TAPPER ZUKIE has now been confirmed for another five dates next month, in addition to his previously-reported gig at Manchester Mayflower (December 7) and his major London concert at the Rainbow (16). He now also plays Cardiff Top Rank (5), Dunstable California (9), Liverpool Eric's (11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (15) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (18). And it's likely that further dates will be added to his itinerary, including a probable second night at London Rainbow on December 17.

HAWKINS VISIT IN MARCH

RONNIE HAWKINS — the Canadian rock'n'roll star who was forced to cancel a headlining London appearance earlier this month, due to the recurrence of a heart condition — is now being lined up for a British visit in March, when he will play two London shows and three major provincial dates. He's currently convalescing in Toronto, and his London promoter doesn't anticipate any problems about the projected March visit. It's also expected that Hawkins will record while he's here.

SKREWDRIVER BACK ON TOUR

SKREWDRIVER are back on the road this week for a short but hectic tour. They visit Derby College of Technology (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Boat Club (this Saturday), Manchester Mayflower with Slade (Sunday), Halifax Good Mood (November 27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (28), London Camden Music Machine (29), Reading Bones Club (30), Edinburgh Clouds (December 2), Dundee Royal Centre Hotel (3) and Leeds Fan Club (6). Further December dates are still being lined up.

AFTER THE FIRE IN ACTION

After The Fire drummer IVOR TWIDELL

AFTER THE FIRE, one of the busiest bands on the gig circuit, are already setting up a six-week New Year tour to promote their debut single "One Rule For You, One Rule For Me" due out in January. The itinerary concentrates on colleges, interspersed with a handful of clubs, and the first dates to be confirmed are Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (January 5), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (7), Sheffield Limit Club (9), Hatfield Polytechnic (12) and Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (13). The tour ends in mid-February, and a new album is set for late March release coinciding with a short concert tour.

TROGGS IN LONDON SEASON

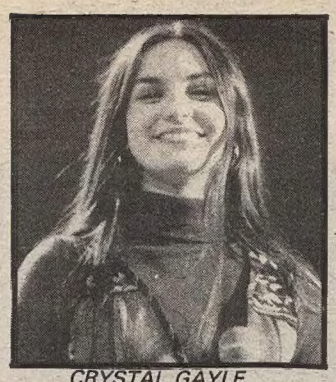
THE TROGGS return from their current triumphant tour of South America at the beginning of next month, and are set for a four-day pre-Christmas season at London's new-look Greyhound in Fulham (December 14-17 inclusive). Other December gigs for the band are at Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (8), Sunderland Polytechnic (9), Basildon Sweeney's Disco (19) and Yeovil Rugby Club (20), and further dates are at present being finalised.

Roxy reunion: LP and tour

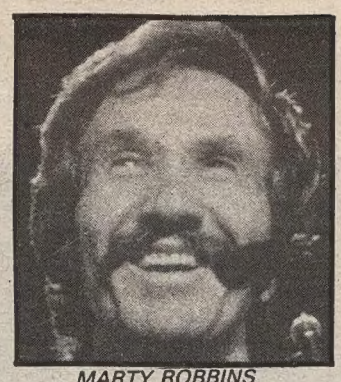
AFTER MONTHS of rumour and speculation, it's now officially confirmed that Roxy Music are back together again, and about to launch a major comeback with a new album and world tour. In a surprise move revealed this week, it was learned that ex-Vibrators bassist Gary Tibbs has joined original members Bryan Ferry, Phil Manzanera, Andy Mackay and Paul Thompson.

And now that Eddie Jobson is unavailable because of his commitments with U.K., a synthesiser and keyboard player has still to be added to the line-up — and it's understood that it could conceivably be Eno.

The band recently completed recording a new album at the Island studios, and they are now mixing it in New York, with a view to January release. Then in the New Year they begin an extensive comeback tour of the world, taking in Britain, Europe, America, Japan and Australia — though it's not yet certain in which order those territories will be visited. For more on the Roxy reunion, see this week's centre spread.



CRYSTAL GAYLE



MARTY ROBBINS

CRYSTAL GAYLE AT WEMBLEY

Easter Country Festival lined up

PROMOTER Mervyn Conn this week confirmed details of his 11th International Festival of Country Music, to be staged — as usual — at London's Wembley Arena for three days over the Easter period. The line-up comprises:

Saturday, April 14: **Marty Robbins, Billie Jo Spears, Ronnie Prophet, Hank Locklin, Freddie Hart, Dottsy, Hank Williams' Original Drifting Cowboys, Billy Armstrong, The Duffy Brothers, Philomena Begley** and **Poacher.**

Sunday, 15: **Tammy Wynette, Ronnie Milsap, Moe Bandy, Freddie Fender, Barbara Fairchild, Vernon Oxford, Charlie McCoy, Floyd Cramer, Buddy Emmons, Don Gibson, Jana Jae** and **Jeannie Denver.**

Monday, 16: **Crystal Gayle, Bobby Bare, Asleep At The Wheel, Joe Stampley, Mickey Newbury, The Mercey Brothers, Jim & Jesse & The Virginia Boys, Raymond Froggatt, Nancy Peppers, Laney Smallwood** and **Randy Barlow.**

Negotiations are also taking place for appearances by Conway Twitty and Tom T. Hall, among others. Compere throughout the three days will be Ronnie Prophet.

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DANNY & JUNIORS MAKE U.K. DEBUT

DANNY & THE JUNIORS, the near-legendary American band whose "At The Hop" rates as one of the classic rock singles of all time, are coming over in the New Year for their first-ever British visit. They'll be appearing at London Southgate Royalty on January 11 in one of a series of special rock'n'roll revival nights, to be presented at the venue during the first quarter of 1979.

Johnny & The Hurricanes, of "Red River Rock" fame, will also be showcased in the same series — on February 15. The band, still featuring leader Johnny Parrish and the other three founder members, were originally due here this autumn but have now postponed their visit until the New Year.

Both bands will also be undertaking other one-nighters around the country, and full details of their separate itineraries are expected shortly.

● The rock revival series at London Royalty starts on New Year's Day with a 12-hour show featuring Marty Wilde, who reverts to his original rock style to headline with The Wildcats. Also appearing are Matchbox, The Flying Saucers, The Shades, The Jets and the Wild Wax Show.

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OFF THE RECORD

● A massive TV advertising campaign, the biggest ever mounted by Arista, is being launched to promote the album of **Showaddywaddy's** "Greatest Hits 1976-78" which comes out this weekend. It follows their first "Greatest Hits" set issued at the end of 1976, and includes such subsequent chart entries as "When", "You Got What It Takes", "Dancin' Party", "I Wonder Why", "A Little Bit Of Soap" and "Pretty Little Angel Eyes". The LP also marks the fifth anniversary of the band's formation, and they still retain the original eight-piece line-up.

● Among singles out this weekend are "Mirrors" by **Sally Oldfield** from her current album (Bronze), **The Shadows'** version of "Don't Cry For Me Argentina" (EMI), "I'll Put You Together Again" by **Hot Chocolate** (Rak), "Cool Meditation" by **Third World** (Island) and the seasonal "Do You Hear What I Hear" by **Gladys Knight & The Pips** (Buddah).

● **Charlie Dore,** recently signed by Island, has just finished recording her debut album in Nashville for release in February. With her backing band Back Pocket she plays her only London date for the rest of the year at Camden Dingwalls on December 5.

● Polydor have signed a licensing deal with Small Wonder Records for the release of **Patrik Fitzgerland's** material. At present supporting The Jam on tour, he'll be going into the studios next month to record an album and single, for early 1979 release.

● Chiswick Records, now distributed by EMI, launch a new label called Ace this month. It's been formed to handle reissues of original material from the '50s and '60s, and the first two albums are 14-track samplers of classic New Orleans rock called "The Ace Story — Volumes One and Two". They retail at £2.99 each and feature such artists as **Frankie Ford, Jimmy Clanton, Joe Tex, Lloyd Price, Huey Smith** and **Junior Gordon.** Also out this month are two ten-inch albums, again selling at £2.99 — "White Lightning" by **George Jones** and "Texas Rockabilly" by **Sonny Fisher.**

● The new album by **Tavares** — whose British tour, starting this Saturday, was exclusively reported by NME three weeks ago — is titled "Madame Butterfly" and set for December 1 release by Capitol.Their new single "Never Had A Love Like This Before" is out this week.

● **"Judge Dread's** Greatest Hits" is released on December 1 by EMI, who have just signed him to a contract. His double A-side Christmas single, "Jingle Bells"/"The Hokey Cokey", is out this week.

Eagles single to challenge Boney

BONEY M's new single "Mary's Boy Child" — which, as reported last week, is released tomorrow (Friday) — is claimed by WEA to have the highest advance order figure of all time in Britain. Last weekend the advance was already in excess of 400,000, and WEA say they have checked with all the other major companies, who confirm that this figure has never been equalled. It looks certain to ensure the group not only another No. 1 hit, but also a Gold Disc in record time.

Competing for seasonal honours are The Eagles, whose newly-recorded single "Please Come Home For Christmas" is released by WEA on December 1. It was cut in Miami with regular producer Bill Szymczyk, and the B-side is "Funky New Year".

WEA are also making available for Christmas seven bestselling catalogue albums pressed in coloured vinyl, and selling at normal price. They are **"The Eagles'** Greatest Hits" (green), **"Led Zeppelin 4"** (purple), **"Fleetwood Mac"** (white), **Manhattan Transfer's** "Pastiche" (orange), **Rod Stewart's** "Atlantic Crossing" (blue), **Rose Royce's** "In Full Bloom (yellow) and **Linda Ronstadt's** "Back In The USA" (red).

● **John Travolta** looks set for another chart hit with his latest single issued this weekend by Midsong and titled "Greased Lightnin'". Other possibles for the seasonal Top Thirty are "Christmas In Smurfland" by **Father Abraham** (Decca) and the annual reissue of the **Slade** perennial "Merry Xmas Everybody" (Polydor).

● **The Mekons'** second single is a double A-side release comprising "Where Were You?" and "I'll Have To Dance Then (On My Own)". It's issued next week by Fast Product.

● Charly Records' November supplement includes albums from **National Health, Aynsley Dunbar, Don Cherry** and **Wes Montgomery** — plus **Jerry Lee Lewis,** whose LP is a 20-track set featuring the best material he recorded for the Sun label.

Genesis LP reissued

ORIGINALLY released in 1973 and deleted 15 months ago, the album "Genesis Live" is reissued by Charisma at the beginning of next month. It's the only Genesis LP to be deleted, which coincided with their next live set "Seconds Out", but it's being reinstated due to increasing demand and to combat the number of foreign imports. The line-up featured is Peter Gabriel, Steve Hackett, Phil Collins, Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks.

PAUL McCARTNEY

Wings greatest

ANOTHER ALBUM sure to be challenging for top honours at Christmas is the latest from Wings. Released by EMI on December 1, it's "Wings' Greatest", and it contains all their hits covering the period 1971-78. Tracks are **Another Day, Silly Love Songs, Live And Let Die, Junior's Farm, With A Little Luck, Band On The Run, Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey, Hi Hi Hi, Let 'Em In, My Love, Jet** and **Mull of Kintyre.**

● Four-piece London band **Screen Idols** have been signed to a worldwide deal by WEA. Fronted by girl singer Michelle Nieddy, the line-up also features drummer Wood Woodmansey formerly with David Bowie and subsequently leader of his own U-Boat band. They start recording their first album next month, for early spring release.

● The title track from **Doctor Alimantado's** album "Best Dressed Chicken In Town" is released this week by Greensleeves Records, distributed by EMI. The first 5,000 copies are being pressed in "chicken-coloured" vinyl.

● With **The Rubinoos'** new single "Falling In Love" on release this week, Beserkley Records are still hoping that the band will be coming over next month to promote it, though at press-time their visit remained unconfirmed.

● Trust Stiff Records to come up with the unexpected! Their latest single is "Toe Knee Black Burn" by **Binky Baker & The Pit Orchestra,** in which the lyric consists solely of Tony Blackburn's name being repeated over and over!

● Lancashire band **The Pathetix** release a three-track single next month on their own No Records label. A-side features two titles playing at 45rpm, and there's just one track on the B-side playing at 33rpm.

● Midlands band **Little Acre** (with whom Robert Plant jammed at a Birmingham gig two weeks ago) now have their Birds Nest single "Back Off" back in the shops, after the discovery that the original pressings were faulty. The band will have an album out in the New Year, as will their new girl singer Mo Birch who has just finished a solo set.

● London-based independent MSR Music this week issue a 12-inch disco mix by new British singer **Jah Phillip,** called "Jah Power". It was recorded in Jamaica, and is also the title of his upcoming New Year album.

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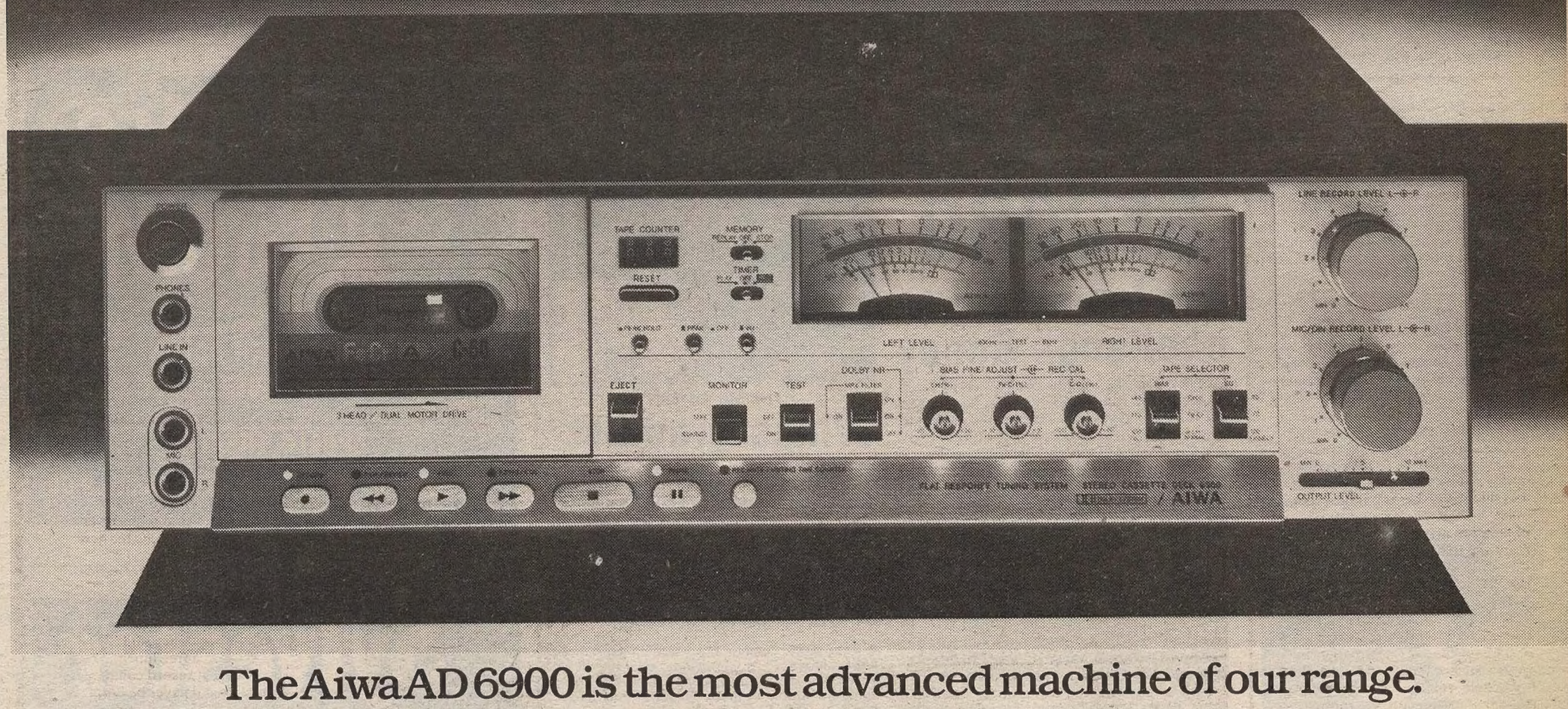
If it was any more advanced, you'd need to go to night school.



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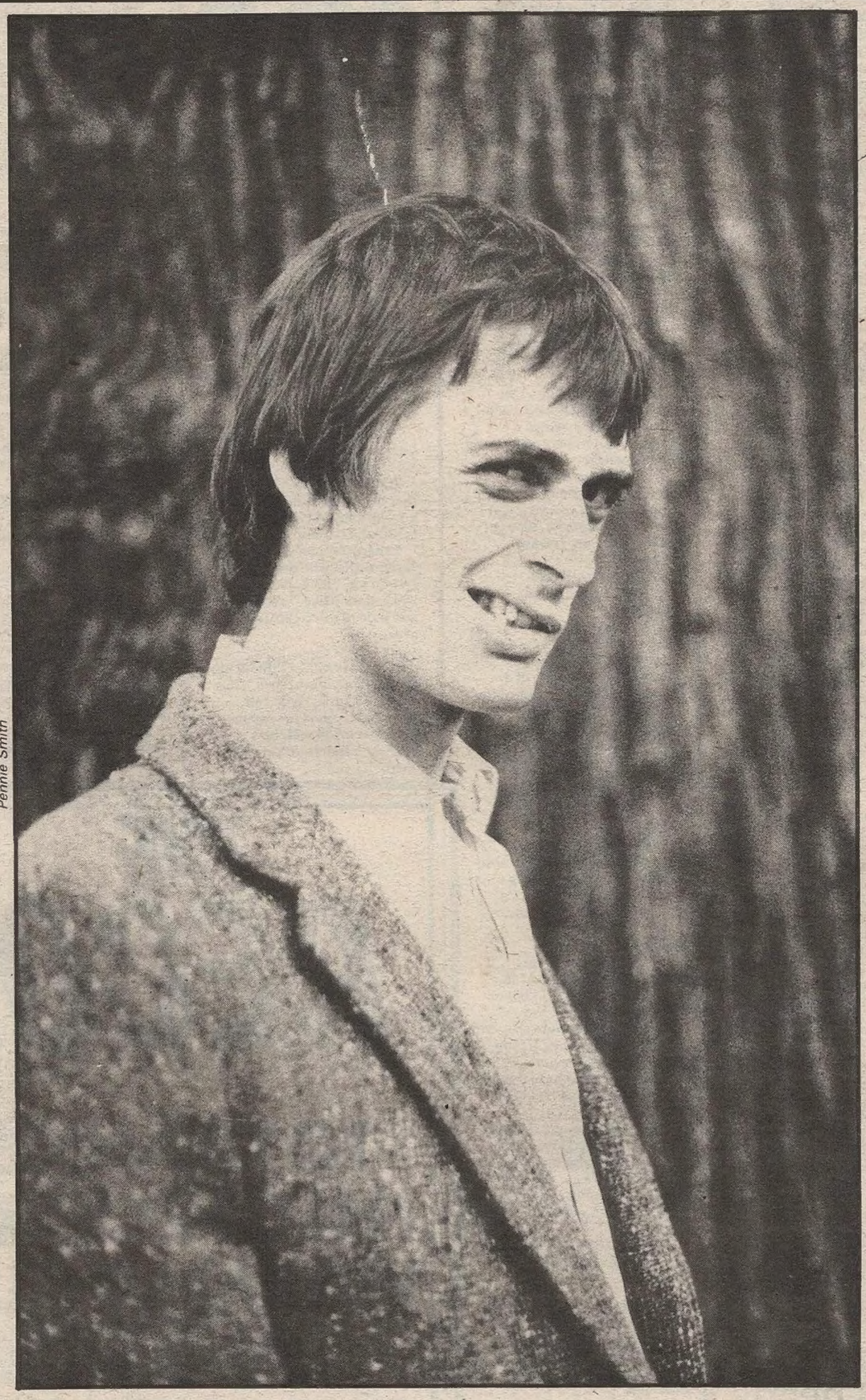


Pennie Smith

Or, how MIKE OLDFIELD finally learned to stop worrying and start hunting nookie. Tubular Balls? Only BOB EDMANDS (AMORC) has the key.

"IT'S A load of rubbish, really," says Mike Oldfield, when he's asked to describe his new double album, "Incantations".

"There are a couple of parts in which I'm expressing myself completely, not using irrelevant stupid things like emotions. Just me. The rest, though, is rubbish."

I'm about to ask him why he thinks his latest work is rubbish when he announces, for no apparent reason: "We're all the same, by the way."

Quite apart from its curious timing, this remark seems a little strange. The conversation is taking place inside a chauffeur-driven Bentley. Not a motor to which most of us have access.

Sorry, Mike, but are you saying that everybody's the same?

"Yes", he says, very firmly. "If you also want to be in a state of absolute joy, you can be."

This comment seems to be yet another conceptual leap, but ever-polite, I quip: "You reckon?"

"Yes", says Mike, even more firmly. "It's just a choice you make."

"Is this the state you're in?" I ask.

"Yes", says Mike.

Really?

"Definitely."

So how long have you been in this state?

"Well, for ever, really," he says. "I've just been choosing not to realise it, that's all."

Oh.

AS YOU'VE probably gathered by now, Mike Oldfield is an unusual sort of chap. Some five years ago he was regarded as the undisputed future of rock'n'roll. Five years later, it would seem fair to say that he's by no means dominating the contemporary music scene.

Mike's prominence resulted from his landmark album "Tubular Bells", which came out in 1973 and has since sold an estimated six million copies.

The significance of "Tubular Bells" was that it was the first time a rock musician had tackled a lengthy piece of instrumental music without resorting to ham-fisted dabbling with classical symphonies, orchestras, and the like.

At the time, "Tubular Bells" was hailed as a major breakthrough in rock's evolution. In the view of intellectual Sunday newspapers in particular, a knuckle-trailing rocker had finally come down from the trees and created some propah music.

Nowadays, of course, rock music's not expected to compete with highbrow stuff; and indeed, crude vigour is once more considered more virtuous than sleek sophistication.

But regardless of such ideological questions, there's little doubt that "Tubular Bells" was a brilliant piece of music. What made it even more remarkable was the fact that Oldfield was only 19 at the time he wrote and recorded it.

Not quite a prodigy on the level of Mozart, but close.

Since then, however, there have been no further surprises. Two more instrumental albums, "Hergest Ridge" and "Ommadawn", came out in 1974 and 1975. They were broadly on the same lines as "Tubular Bells", but sold in far smaller quantities.

In the last three years, Oldfield's put out a few jokey hit singles and a lavish presentation box of his three albums. Otherwise, nothing.

However this year he's finally come up with another major work, the aforementioned "Incantations", and that's how he and I happen to be sitting in a Bentley cruising gently through the London suburbs.

"Tubular Bells" was the first-ever release by Virgin Records. Just as they gave Mike Oldfield his big break, he gave them theirs. Naturally enough, they don't stint themselves when it comes to promoting his new product.

An expensive interview scenario has been arranged. Not just the Bentley, but also a posh lunch in a pretentious French restaurant.

An American wit once said: "There is no such thing as a free lunch". And that's the view that record companies take, though they'd never be blunt enough to say so.

So here we are then, Mike. I'd just like to say, if I may, without wishing to be rude, that your new album sounds rather too obviously like a Mike Oldfield album. That well established, distinctive sound. Do you think it's a bit conservative, perhaps?

"Conservative?" says Mike.

Well, maybe you could have tried something a bit more daring?

"Like what?"

Well, to be honest, I don't know. But there are certain things that I feel we've heard before. Perhaps you could have done something a bit different. (Different for you, that is). Some heavy rock, for example.

"Actually," says Mike, "I do play some heavy rock. On side three of the album. Definitely."

Well, maybe your idea of heavy rock is different to mine . . .

"By the way," says Mike, "I don't care what you think."

He says this quietly and politely.

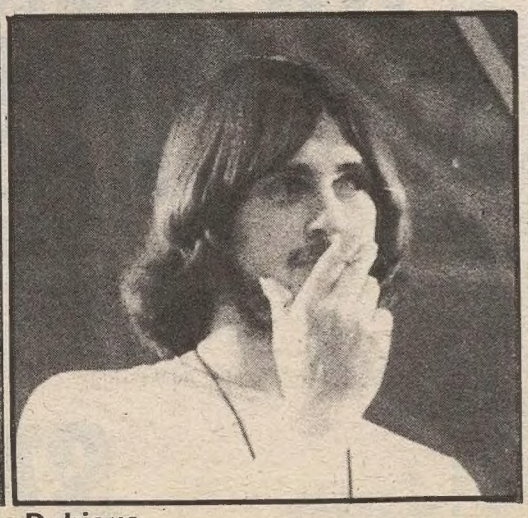
I say, also quietly and politely: "I don't mind whether you care or not."

Honours even, Mike continues: "There are new things on the album. There are full expressions of me. Not as a creature with hang-ups and emotions, as with 'Ommadawn'. Just pure self-expression.

■ *Continues over page*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Lugubrious



Dubious

Insalubrious

SIRE

it isn't a
grind you up
it's a turn you up

TUBULAR BALLS

■ *From previous page*

But you've always had the opportunity to express yourself fully?

"Yes, sure I have, but I've chosen not to take it. Now, I'm choosing to take it."

So why not take it before?

"Because I was not being responsible for myself. When I was having a bad time, there was always someone else to blame. It was their fault, not mine. Now, I'm taking responsibility for myself. If I have a bad time, that's because I choose to have one."

And so the conversation has again returned to Mike Oldfield's state of mind, which proves to be the main theme of the afternoon's discussions.

The reason, you see, is that Mike Oldfield doesn't just have a new album; he also has a new personality, and he's more interested in talking about that than anything else.

FOR THE past five years, Mike Oldfield has been a virtual hermit, living alone in big houses in Herefordshire and Gloucestershire, rarely seeing more than five or six people a week — and most of those in his local pub.

He was said to have a phobia of cities so intense that on his rare visits to London he'd stay totally pissed in order to keep his anxieties at bay.

Along with this fear went a sense of unease about his own fame. If he was ever recognised by a member of the public, he would tend to back off rapidly in terror.

This social isolation was also reflected in his music. "Tubular Bells" was all the more remarkable for being literally all his own work. He tends to play almost every note that's on his albums, relentlessly overdubbing each section and fitting it all together like some vast sonic jigsaw.

Why had he liked working in this way?

"When I was small I had a really bad time with my parents," he says. "My mother was a drug addict, and kept falling over and going into mental hospitals, and I didn't like it, so I invented music to escape into, which is a very private thing, you see."

But he ignores the question and continues.

"I also invented music so I could get very good at playing the guitar and impress people, and use it as a substitute form of communications. But I also used it as a way of retreating into my own little world."

In recent months, though, Mike Oldfield's outlook has undergone a remarkable transformation.

For one thing, he's overcome his fear of people and citites. In the last four weeks, he's been home to Gloucestershire no more than twice. Instead he's been living on a houseboat on the Thames and by all accounts having a rare old time.

When Virgin Records opened their night club "The Venue", there was some astonishment when Mike turned up and got into heavy conversations with assorted rock business worthies.

According to Al Clark, Virgin's Executive Spokesman: "At one point, Mike was actually seen to be talking to Harvey Goldsmith, which is totally amazing. He would previously never go near a place like "The Venue", and the idea that once there he would find anything in common to talk about with someone like Harvey Goldsmith would have been preposterous."

Mike's own account of the evening is somewhat more colourful. How had had liked Graham Parker and The Rumour, who were the opening night's act?

"To be honest," he says, "I didn't see them. At the time, I was up in the balcony having my way with a beautiful model from Club International."

The lady, we may take it, was not in the pages of the magazine at the time.

Apart from visiting night clubs and sampling exotic ladies, Mike's also adopted a new approach to less exotic aspects of his life.

Having spent the last three years working painstakingly on his new album, he suddenly decided that enough was enough and finished it off in a month. He also decided that the lure of the road was irresistible after all, and he's set up an extensive and intensive European tour, including a string of dates in London early next year.

He'd previously played in only one live performance of his work.)

Since the Mike Oldfield roadshow will involve about 50 musicians, he's faced with a task of man management on a scale that would have previously sent him screaming for a shrink.

"How does he think he'll get on?

"Very well," he says. "I will get them under my control, and they will do what I want. No problem."

Mike rarely spoke to the press, in the past. And when he did, his long pauses between questions and answers were legendary.

"It was great fun," he confesses. "If someone asks you a question you hum and har for five minutes, they get very worked up. It was wonderful."

A good ploy, right?

"Yeah, a good game. Lovely"

These days, Mike's evidently keen to talk to vast numbers of journalists. This interview for the *NME* was but one of a string of talkfests arranged for the rock press and other interested parties.

Al Clark says: "Mike's even asked me to arrange interviews with *Womans Own* and *Penthouse*. Whatever next?

So what's brought all this change about?

Mike says: "I was very happy having a bad time, until I became unhappy having a bad time, and I decided I'd have a good time instead."

What had made you unhappy?

"I'd been proving that everybody was a load of shit for a long time; and I kept on proving it. In fact, I proved that *I* was an absolute shit, and the fact that I proved it didn't make me happy any more."

You seemed to have a great distaste for people including yourself?

"No, I love people. It used to be a frustrated love. Now, it's not, and I also love myself. Also I couldn't get the idea that I am a genius, until I got the idea that I was an arsehole."

So what have you decided?

"Both. Everything. Nothing."

BY THIS stage, you have probably guessed that Mike Oldfield has recently undergone some form of therapy, whether religious or secular.

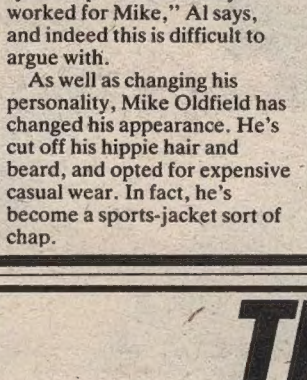
His conversation has all the hallmarks of a recent convert to some new life-enhancing philosophy, and this indeed turns out to be the case.

"As I told you," he says, "I made the decision to change a couple of years ago, and I've been looking for a way of getting a big shove into it. I used a three-day seminar, a course which I did in June this year to do it."

No, Mike Oldfield has not got into TM, Scientology, Christian Science, Seventh Day Adventism, Methodism, Health and Beauty, Tap and Ballet, or any other quaint mystical phenomenon.

It seems he's succumbed to a form of therapy that's very trendy among American showbiz persons, including the likes of Carly Simon and Diana Ross.

The treatment is called



"Exegesis", and appears to consist of no more than a three-day seminar at which you sit and listen to some character spouting forth about the nature of existence, how to enhance your social acceptance, the constipation-free way to better life, etc.

Mike himself seems somewhat vague about the credentials of the exegesis lecturer, who he says was "just a young guy." But he's in no doubt about the effect.

"You listen to this guy talk for three days, and all your hang-ups and all the things you're frightened of just go — wuuuurgh. It's like having a huge shit, and you've got rid of it. It's all gone, and you can be yourself then.

"It all comes flooding back later, but it's unimportant. You just deal with it."

Al Clark says he thinks the therapy is something to do with a system called Erhardt Seminar Training.

Erhardt was an American psychologist who dreamt the system up. "It has clearly worked for Mike," Al says, and indeed this is difficult to argue with.

As well as changing his personality, Mike Oldfield has changed his appearance. He's cut off his hippie hair and beard, and opted for expensive casual wear. In fact, he's become a sports-jacket sort of chap.

"Well," he says, "when I left school I took off my school uniform and swapped it for a hippie uniform instead."

But now you're wearing a successful young man's uniform.

"Yes, I am. I bought it yesterday. Do you like it?" (No.)

Mike Oldfield also takes impolite remarks without offence. All thanks, no doubt, to his new found cure-all.

The trouble is that this personality prop seems to involve ignoring everyday truths. For example, his opinion that "There is no such thing as luck, no such things as accidents". These propositions are plainly false. If pushed, Mike will also tell you that there is no such thing as injustice or oppression. According to him, anyone can do anything they want to, if they really want to. We're all Superhuman, even if we look like Clark Kent, or even Al Clarke.

Why is it a great revelation, Mike, that a rock millionaire can enjoy life?

"Because I have given myself a very fucked-up head, which can be very enjoyable. It makes things very interesting, but it stops being enjoyable.

"The difference now is that I am the context in which there are problems, instead of being a problem myself."

Do you regret your previous attitude?

"There's no way I regret anything. There's no way I can make a mistake. I get exactly what I want even if it's bad, and I always have done . . ."

By this time, even my cassette player is beginning to nod out under the sheer oppressive weight of this endless litany, but it does indeed seem to have worked for Mike Oldfield.

He's even preparing to work in partnership with other musicians in the studio, and Al Clark says he thinks that is potentially the most exciting aspect of Mike's "coming out".

You would, of course, expect record companies to enthuse over their artistes' artistry, but the prospect clearly has great possibilities.

What are Mike's plans?

"There's three things I want to do. I wanna write and sing a really beautiful love song, because I know I could. And I wanna do a disco thing, because I've just discovered that my body can express itself too, and I can dance.

"I also want to do a very heavy rock thing — really heavy — bass, drums, and guitars. Oh yes, and massed voices."

That sounds like a lot of ingredients. Are they all for the one thing?

"I don't know. I don't know. I'll just mess about and see."

Punk rock does not appear to figure heavily in his plans, and he says: "It's a great thing to be the exact opposite of. A full expression of frustrated self-expression."

Equally, Mike has scant sympathy for Virgin Records' saddest protege, Sid Vicious. In Mike's opinion, "It's very difficult to get into a situation like that unless you really want to."

AH WELL, Mike Oldfield is happy enough with his new visions. He seems very relaxed and good-natured.

When was the last time you felt this euphoric, Mike?

"When I was a kid."

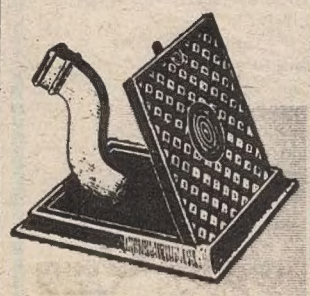
It didn't last, though, did it?

"No."

So will it last this time?

"Yes," says Mike. "Definitely."

A very positive lad is the New Mike. His Bentley dropped me off just round the corner from the *NME's* office in Carnaby Street, and Mike was driven on round to Bond Street to buy some jewellery.



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WISH
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EDINBURGH	ODEON	DECEMBER 13th
GLASGOW	APOLLO	DECEMBER 14th
MANCHESTER	APOLLO	DECEMBER 15th
BRISTOL	COLSTEN HALL	JANUARY 9th
BOURNEMOUTH	WINTER GARDENS	JANUARY 10th
HAMMERSMITH	ODEON	JANUARY 12th, 13th, 14th
IPSWICH	GAUMONT	JANUARY 16th
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Arrivals

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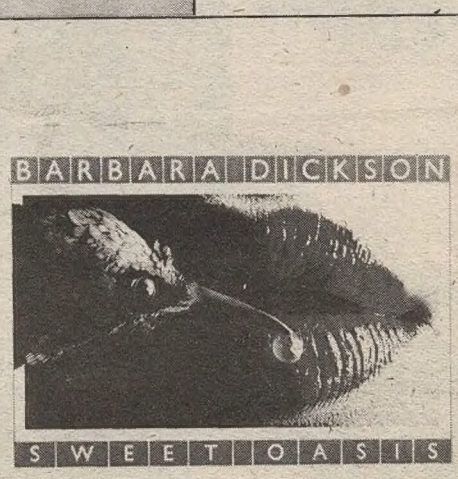


CBS Record & Cassette

BARBARA DICKSON 'SWEET OASIS'
Single: 'City To City'

Production and Sound by Bones Howe A B.H. Production

THRILLS

The artist resigns himself to the long haul. *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PHILIP RAMBOW?

WHATEVER HAPPENED to Philip Rambow?

A year ago it finally seemed that his time was imminent.

Arriving back in England in the late summer of 1977 after fifteen months in New York washing dishes and playing the stock rounds of CBGB's and Max's, the former Winkies leader set himself up with a red-hot rock'n'roll combo featuring Mick Ronson on guitar and the splendid Dave Cochrane on bass. Chrysalis Records — The Winkies' label — renewed their interest, and clutching a fistful of rave reviews and comeback features in the rock press, Rambow was all set to go into Wessex Studios with producer Chris Thomas to cut the proverbial vinyl affirmation of his worth.

So what happened?

In a word, nothing. Just four tracks materialised from the Wessex sessions — "Fallen", "Cheap Shot", "Prime Time" and "Young Lust" — and have been circulating on cassette ever since, strictly for the ears of the punkbiz elite.

"Fallen", in particular, is a marvellous rock song that reeks of emotion and bristles with hook lines. Even in its unmixed form, it was an obvious choice for a hit single.

And yet, apart from those fortunate enough to see Rambow on his two short series of London dates earlier this year, nobody has even heard those songs outside of the business.

The album was never made and now never will be. Those cassette tapes will probably be the only versions of those songs ever available; if and when Rambow manages to break free of Chrysalis Records, he will not be permitted to re-record them for five years.

Ask Philip Rambow about his relationship with Chrysalis and he'll clam up for a moment. Soon, though, vitriol pours out of him.

"I feel like being in a mental institution. Every time I do something to state my sanity the tighter the straitjacket becomes. I keep being told I mustn't criticise anyone or stir up any shit, but eventually it goes beyond that."

Rambow refers constantly to his "Catch 22" situation.

"The problem I'm involved in, is doing tracks for a company who don't like the tracks and then won't let the artist go.

"No one ever actually said to me that they didn't *like* those songs. The key thing here is that the record company's dumper for unsatisfactory artists is *silence*. They just don't tell you *anything*."

Andrew King, who has co-managed Rambow with his Blackhill Enterprises partner Peter Jenner for the past ten months, has had similar experiences with Chrysalis. Of their attempts to free Rambow from his contract he told *Thrills:* "We're trying to be involved in delicate legal negotiations with them but I'm not quite sure that *they* are too.

"I rather get the impression that they've lost their lawyer's phone number. I'm finding Chrysalis exceptionally difficult. They just never seem to make any decisions. It's all very annoying. Chrysalis could get enough out of it and be very happy."

Since the beginning of the year, when his weekly wages of £50 were stopped, Rambow has been in a state of complete flux — broke and becoming gradually more and more dispirited.

"I can't write songs. There's no light at the end of the tunnel. I don't feel I've been lobotomised — I've been killed.

"Because other people have not had it together businesswise, it reflects very much on me. There's only so many times you can be seen at gigs or at parties before people wonder what else you do."

Rambow's main bitch is that "Chrysalis are just inefficient".

The irony is that during the time Rambow's supposed to have been recording for Chrysalis, he has had more product out on other labels — a track apiece on the "Max's Kansas City" compilation (which was eventually put out by CBS) and on Warner Brothers' "Hope And Anchor" set from last year.

CBS USA actually wanted to sign Rambow, he claims. But under his original Winkies deal with Chrysalis he is obliged to pay off a contractual debt to the label.

"I think my right of free trade has been restricted. I can't trade my art."

Doug D'Arcy, managing director of Chrysalis Records, amicably denies all Rambow's accusations. He speaks of Rambow being "until recently under contract to us." When it is pointed out that he is *still* under contract, D'Arcy claims that the operations of the legal system always entail a certain statutary procrastination.

When I point out that Chrysalis weren't prepared to put Rambow's band on wages — thus making it impossible for it to stay together — he claims not to have any knowledge of this.

When I ask him why Chrysalis haven't released any of these critically acclaimed songs, D'Arcy says he is "not very familiar" with them.

Maybe some kind soul should lend the poor chap a tape recorder.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

HAVE A ROTTEN CHRISTMAS — FREE!

PICTURED left and fairly oozing sardonic splendour is the cover of the imminent Public Image Ltd long player. The speech bubble protruding from the lips of young John Lydon (whose trusted scowl looks especially nasty, dontcha think?) is our own creation.

It is, as members of a certain generation will easily suss, blank. And it's just begging for someone to add a witty, hurtful, libelous, scathing or just plain dumb remark. The incentive: six pairs of tickets for the Christmas Day P.I.L. performance at London's Rainbow. The acid test: Monty Smith.

The six entries able to extract a chuckle from Monty *before* the pubs open on December 1 will each receive a pair of tickets. Address all correspondence to Wotta Rotten Competition, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PG.

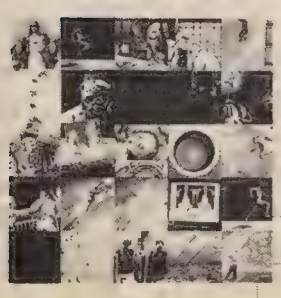
THRILLS

PENETRATION ON TOUR

November		
25	AYLESBURY	Friars
December		
1	WOLVERHAMPTON	Layfayette
2	BIRMINGHAM	The Gig Mayfair
3	CROYDON	The Greyhound
5	NORWICH	St Andrews Hall
7	DERBY	Kings Hall
8	MIDDLESBROUGH	Town Hall
9	MANCHESTER	Mayflower
15	CAMBRIDGE	Corn Exchange
16	LONDON	Thames Poly
18	NEWCASTLE	City Hall

ON RECORD MOVING TARGETS

V2109

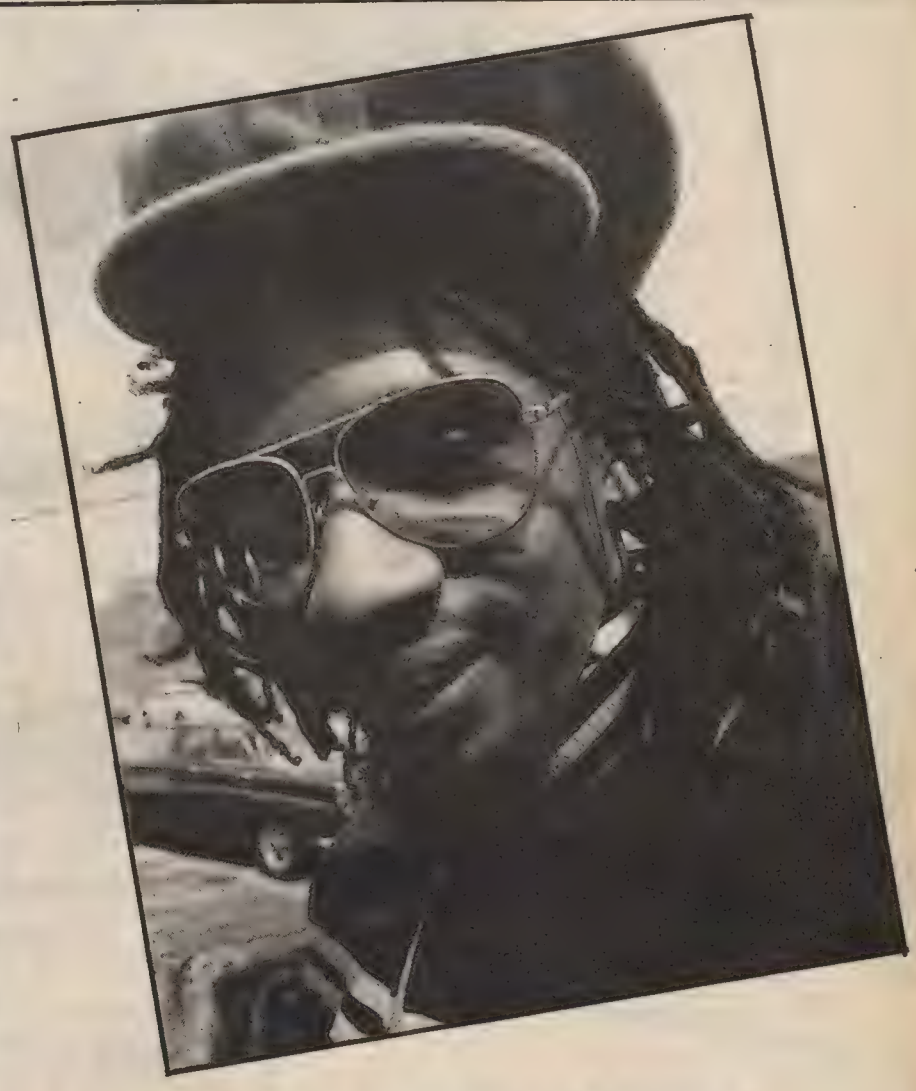


Out now on Virgin Records.
Also available on cassette.

Virgin

THIS HERE'S part of the artwork from the forthcoming Grateful Dead album "Shakedown Street". Furry Freak Brothers fanatics will recognise the inimitable style of comix cartoonist, wit and bon vivant Gilbert Shelton, whose depiction of Shakedown adorns the front cover . . . All the usual stuff — Angels, dealers, Bob Weir's dog. Trax inside include "Good Lovin'", "Fire On The Mountain", "If I Had The World To Give", "I Need A Miracle" and "Stagger Lee." Released on December 1 "Shakedown Street" is reviewed in these pages next week.

THRILLS



MILITANT BARRY MEETS SID VICIOUS AT THE HIGH RISE OF KENSAL

LUNAR REGGAE toaster Militant Barrington — whose 1977 single "Free Black People" caused much controversy in local reggae circles with its contention that both Idi Amin and John Lydon *first* (unpstaged) the Queen during Jubilee year — has now come out on behalf of maligned Dalstonian John Ritchie/Beverley for his latest waxing, "Free Sid Vicious."

Recorded for Winston Francis' independent Gemini label, this latest ploy by the Militant one to grab the headlines introduces an obnoxious character styled as Judge Snottynose and contains the memorable line: *"Sid Vicious is the man on trial. Who will be next? Watch out Johnny Rotten!"* This is in keeping with Barrington's view that the Pistols' former bassist was framed for the murder of Ms. Spungen by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents on account of his radical commitments and youth disenfranchisement campaign.

The Kensal Rise dread explores similar territory on an album recently completed for Ken Weston's Conflict label, including tracks such as "Jailer Man Skank", "Fight Against Racism" and "Tek Life".

The latter track details the short life of a Kingston dread by the name of Tek Life who was a right-hand man of Peace hero Claudie Massop, and who was shot dead by the homeguard in Jamaica earlier this month.

Trevor Dalton is innocent.
(And irrelevant — Ed.)

CRUCIFY SMITH

THRILLS

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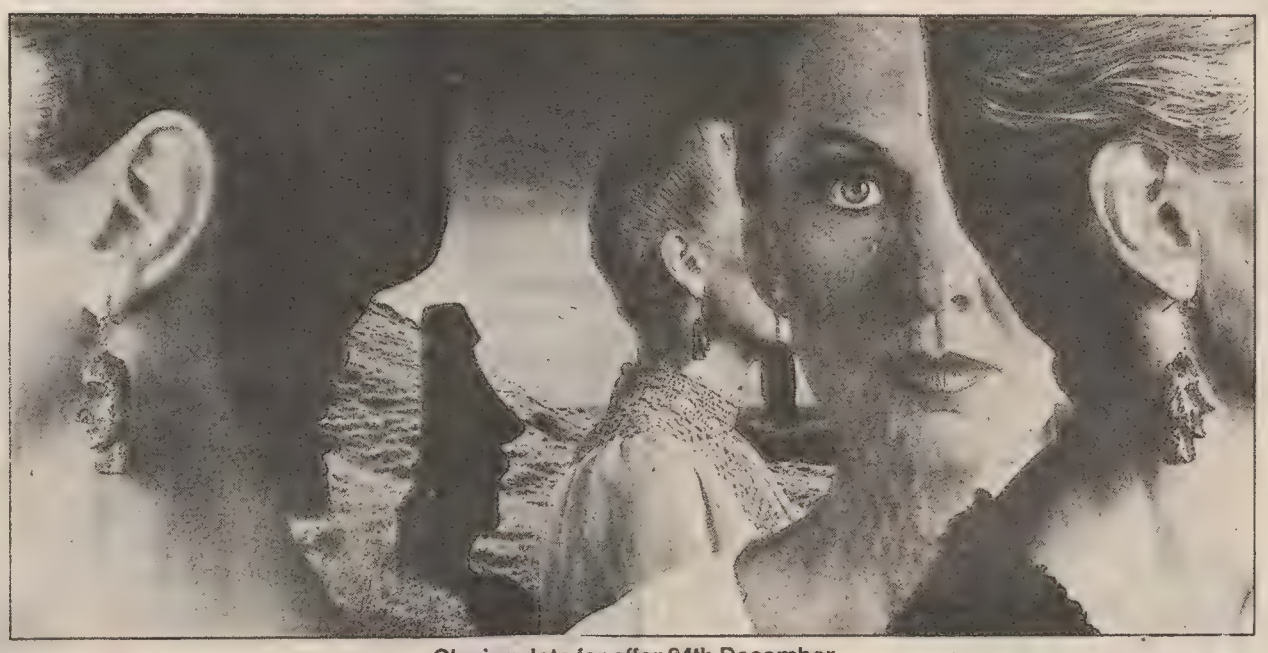

Closing date for offer 24th December

A&M RECORDS

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POP KIDS DRUGGED UP ON FRESH AIR

A NEW MIRACLE device with sinister overtones has just gone on sale in America. Marketed as a glorified air conditioner, it is actually being used to 'pep up' unsuspecting audiences. Here's how it works:

The Ionized Oxygen Generator, as it is known, emits negative electrons into the atmosphere, which attach themselves to oxygen molecules in a process called ionization. The effect of this can be sampled by smelling the air after a thunderstorm. "You feel great, revitalised and alert," runs the wording in the ads.

Ionised oxygen has been used medically for some time, but only recently has it entered the home, or indeed, the concert hall. A few groups, notably Mac Gayden's Skyboat, have been using ionized oxygen generators to cleanse and purify the atmosphere at their concerts, making the audience feel alert and attentive rather than listless and fatigued, which is presumably their normal state. No names, no pack-drill, but we can think of quite a few groups who could benefit. . .

And if this seems like yet another step on the road to the plug-in lifestyle and attendant horrors (subliminal frequency crowd control, disco, genocide, etc.) then before the pressure really drops perhaps a company called Bay Area Cryonics might offer you a way out (of sorts). For $15,000 plus a maintenance charge of $1,800 per year, they'll undertake to freeze your body and store it until such time as medical science has come to terms with the cause of your death, though maybe not the cause of your neuroses.

A. DOCTOR

THRILLS

LOWRY

"Of course I've paid my musical dues. I worked three years on a supermarket checkout before I got this gig!"

RIOT AS PUNKS KISS COPS

THE LONE STAR state's capital of the new cowboy country music — Austin, Texas — came alive with a little redneck agitation last month at a frenzied performance by local punks The Huns in a club near the University of Texan.

Mid-way through a number called "Eat Death Scum" singer Phil Tolstead paused to level some verbal abuse at a policeman who had just walked in, and then tried to plant a kiss on the officer as he stepped onto the stage.

The Huns played on while the cop handcuffed Tolstead, who was charged with inciting a riot after fighting erupted amongst the hundred-odd punters, the club's bouncers, two plainclothes cops and, finally, uniformed police.

And a few days earlier in Mississippi Doug Mays, leader of a group called Storm, was found guilty of inciting a riot and fined $300 after reportedly encouraging a crowd of 200 to "Kill the pigs" and to throw bottles at police cars. Mays, who won an award from a local college for the number of benefit gigs he plays, denied the charges.

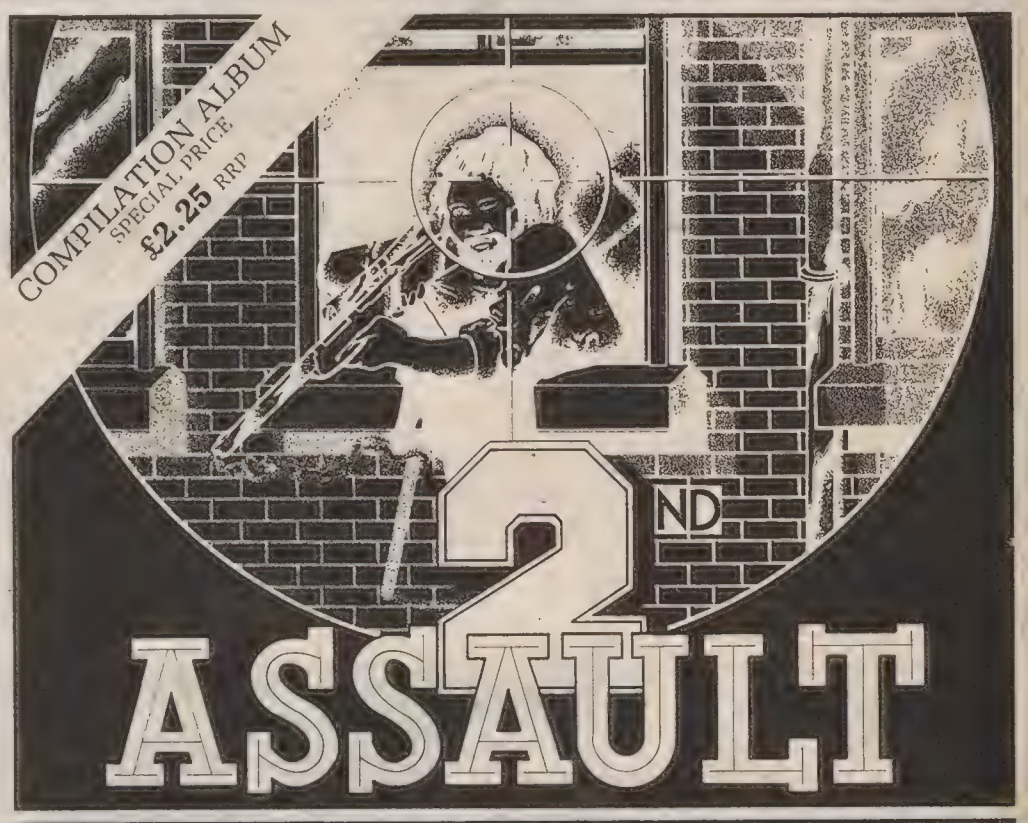
"There's still some good ol' boys down here who don't like rock'n'roll," he said.

A. YIPPIE (retired)

THRILLS

"I want Fleetwood Mac, The Bee Gees, and Meatloaf to sound superb in my car."

Radiomobile
A range for all reasons



THE GAYLADDS
LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING
FORCE OF MUSIC
FREE NAMBIA DUB
PRINCE MOHAMMED
PEOPLE ARE YOU READY
LOVE BROTHERS UNITED
EARTH IS THE LORD
THE ROYALS
STAND AND GIVE PRAISE
IF YOU WANT GOOD
ERROL SCORCHER & REVOLUTIONARIES
JOLLY BUS-TING
WINSTON JARRETT & THE RIGHTEOUS FLAMES
WAR
REVOLUTIONARIES
CARDIAC ARREST
EARL CUNNINGHAM
WHAT KIND OF WOMAN

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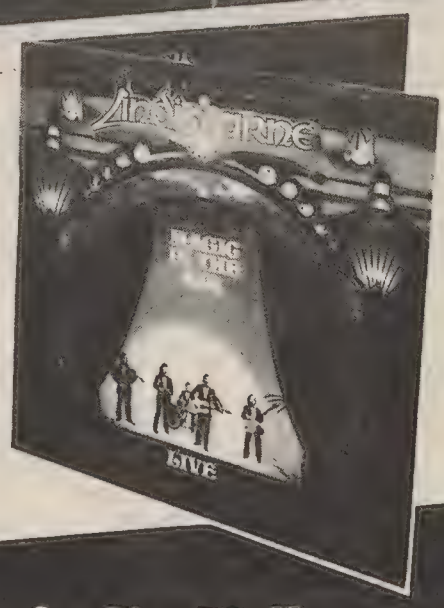
25th LOUGHBOROUGH University
26th WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
27th LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
28th BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
29th COVENTRY Theatre
30th LONDON Wembley Arena (Empire Pool)

DECEMBER
1st BRISTOL Colston Hall
2nd SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall
3rd CARDIFF Top Rank Suite
4th PRESTON Guildhall
5th LIVERPOOL Empire
6th BLACKPOOL Opera House
7th To be announced
9th LEEDS University
10th STOKE-ON-TRENT Victoria Hall
11th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
12th BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
13th BRIGHTON Dome
14th PLYMOUTH Poly
15th BATH Pavilion
17th BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
18th SHEFFIELD City Hall
19th To be announced
20th NEWCASTLE City Hall
21st NEWCASTLE City Hall
22nd NEWCASTLE City Hall
23rd NEWCASTLE City Hall

Single 6007 195
Album 6641 877 Cassette 7599 386



mercury **Recorded live at Newcastle City Hall** marketed by phonogram

HAPPILY WE ANNOUNCE EVEN MORE PROBLEMS

Now, for anyone who ever found himself or herself in the record store dilemma (which one shall I get, which one shall I get?) WEA would like to throw a spanner in the works. Or a dozen spanners, to be exact. In the form of 12 absolutely essential albums from The Doors and Van Morrison. Each one is a classic in its own right; each one a must. The choice is all yours. Nice, aren't we?

Astral Weeks
K46024

*Two Originals of Van Morrison
K86009

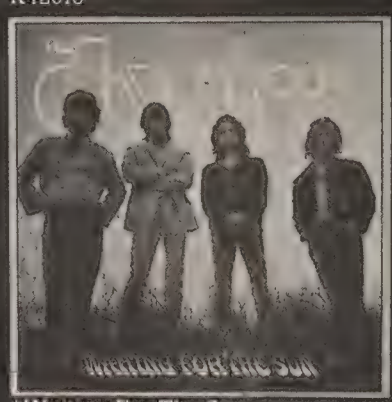
Doors
K42012

*Strange Days
K42016

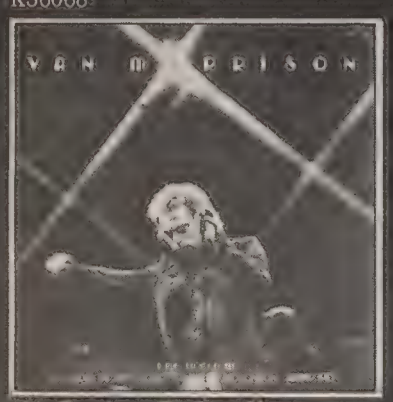
*Veedon Fleece
K56068

Period of Transition
K56322

Morrison Hotel
K42080

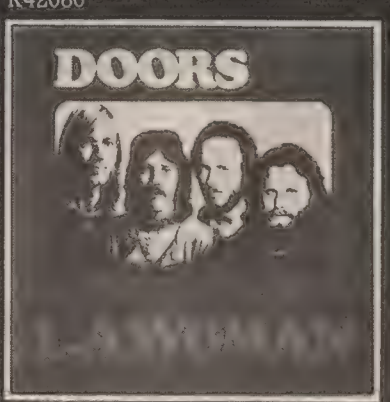


*Waiting For The Sun
K42041

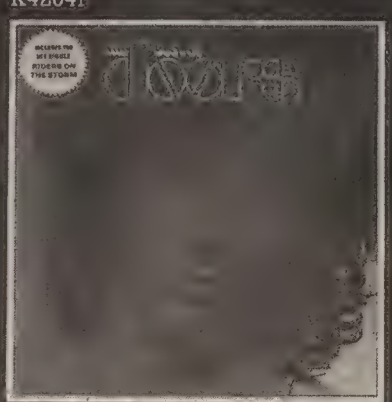


*It's Too Late To Stop Now
K86007

Wavelength
K56526



L. A. Woman
K42090



The Best of the Doors
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DOORS
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THE TRUTH ABOUT *THAT* POSTER

REPRINTED on the left is the semi-notorious Clash poster that was given away with promotion copies of "Give Em Enough Rope". As the punters don't get it with their copies, we thought you'd like a look.

It illustrates roughly the theme of "Guns On The Roof"; a world at the mercy of irresponsible, despotic leaders and mad gunmen. The photo for Sweden, for example, represents the supposedly high Swedish suicide rate.

Oh well, expounding suspect ideologies with fancy graphics didn't do Devo any harm in the long run either.

THRILLS

OK, GUV — IT'S A FAIR COPELAND

Police men (L-R): Andy Summers, Sting, Stewart Copeland.

"THIS BAND has had a really tough time from the press. We've been accused of 'bandwagon punk' and now 'bandwagon reggae'. I hate that. 10cc are doing exactly the same thing. It's fine for them, but for us ..."

Andy Summers, who has held down the guitar spot for both Kevin Coyne and Kevin Ayers, isn't finding life easy with The Police.

Yet for my money "Can't Stand Losing You" and its predecessor "Roxanne" are two of 1978's hottest 45s, evincing a pitifully rare understanding of reggae from a white band.

Not that The Police are ripping off reggae. They're simply using it as a jumping off point, and they do it with a deal more conviction than 10cc. It's not saying a lot, I know, but The Police *feel* it.

Add to that bassist Sting's dynamite upper-register vocal, the combo's crisp playing and raw production, and you've got waxings to brighten up the dullest chart.

But because The Police aren't in their teens (who is?) or earliest 20s, and dare to dye their hair blond a la Billy Idol, they're frowned upon. The fact that Stewart Copeland used to pick up the sticks for Curve Air doesn't help either...

"We are totally unfashionable," complains the American-born Copeland, the guy whose Klark Kent alias was blown in a recent *Thrills* piece. He still denies our identification.

As for jumping any 'punk bandwagon', Stewart explains: "I couldn't believe it. Suddenly my favourite kind of music was in fashion. Loud rock and roll with heavy guitar. None of us really identified with the previous culture all that much.

"I was always down on vegetarianism. It was great having all these kids screaming abuse at the people I'd been working with. People whose attitudes in the studio drove me crazy. I really enjoyed the 'fuck you'."

"We were actually one of the first new wave groups," claims Sting (real name Gordon Summer). Copeland first saw Sting playing with a Newcastle jazz band at the end of '76, and was impressed. At the time Sting was teaching football and music in a Tyneside infants school, but at Copeland's invitation he came to London. One Henri Padovani, now resident in The Electric Chairs, completed The Police's line-up.

Copeland has it that Padovani turned The Police into a punk act, something their hearts weren't into. He was subsequently replaced by Summers — in Copeland's words, "a real guitarist".

Originally The Police recorded for Illegal Records (one of several independent labels run by Copeland's brother Miles). Their one single, "Fall Out", bombed out.

Meanwhile The Police coped financially by working in Germany as part of a laser extravaganza, and taking on various other 'projects'. One of these was to do a Wrigley's chewing gum TV commercial. It didn't see the light of day, so we'll never know whether they're telling the truth when The Police say that this is why they dyed their hair.

Summers' working friendship with German opera conducter-turned-synthesizer fetishist Eberhard Schoener had brought about The Police's involvement with the laser show. In it they're featured as individual musicians, and not under the collective identity of The Police.

They plan to return to work with Schoener in the near future. Then they'll tour all of Europe and not, as has been the case in the past, just Germany. Schoener has also composed an opera in which he wants Sting to sing.

In fact Sting is very much in demand generally. His heart-throb looks have won him roles in various TV commercials, as well as parts in the Pistols' *Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* movie and The Who's *Quadrophenia*. In the Pistols' film he rapes Paul Cook in the back of a Chevrolet.

His part in *Quadrophenia* is more enviable. In it he plays Ace, Brighton's kingpin Mod, much admired by Jimmy, the film's central character. "Jimmy looks upon Ace as the pinnacle of Mod culture," explains Sting. "At the end of the film Jimmy sees him as a bellboy and commits suicide."

Still, the part in *Quadrophenia* has nothing on a role he played in a Dutch TV commercial where he had to rape Joanna Lumley. Advertising is a fairly lucrative sideline: the going rate is £150 for a day's work and you get a repeat fee every time the film is shown.

Sting is The Police's biggest reggae fan. "I think the rhythmic frontiers of pop are now being created in Jamaica, and I'm obsessed with those particular rhythms," he enthuses.

"Both our singles are reggae influenced, but that was by the way. They were our best songs at the time. They're not reggae all the way through. Both of them go into straight rock and roll.

"You can't expect us to play old Led Zeppelin riffs now."

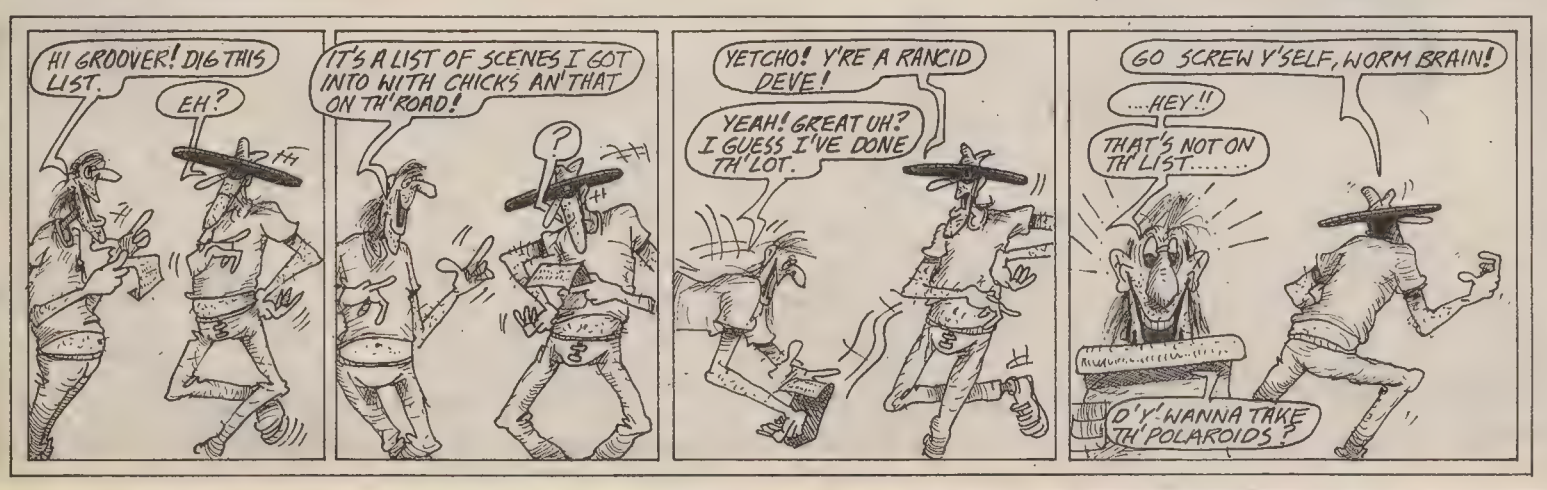
The Police's first album, "Outlandos D'Amour" is now out. 'Ello 'ello 'ello, what's all this then? Move along please. Etc, etc, and fade.

...

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

Th' Lone Groover — BENYON


HI GROOVER! DIG THIS LIST.
EH?
IT'S A LIST OF SCENES I GOT INTO WITH CHICKS AN' THAT ON TH' ROAD!
?
YETCHO! Y'RE A RANCID DEVE!
YEAH! GREAT UH? I GUESS I'VE DONE TH' LOT.
GO SCREW Y'SELF, WORM BRAIN!
....HEY!!
THAT'S NOT ON TH' LIST.....
O'Y' WANNA TAKE TH' POLAROIDS?

THE PLACE IS ROCKFIELD STUDIOS, arguably Britain's most famous recording complex, where artists such as Dave Edmunds, Lindisfarne, City Boy, Rush, the Tom Robinson Band, Roy Wood and Ace have recorded albums.

THE MUSICIANS ARE RAY MARTINEZ, JOHN DAVID AND DAVE CHARLES, guitarist, bassist and drummer respectively, all of whom have had varied and respected careers both in groups and as session men.

THE GROUP IS AIRWAVES, brought together by Pat Moran, who produced their turntable hits "So Hard Living Without You," "Love Stop" and "Nobody Is" and continues in that capacity on their first Phonogram album.

THE SINGLE IS "NEW DAY," a joyous exhibition of a cappella harmony that might just be the Christmas single of the season.

THE ALBUM IS "NEW DAY," a showcase for Airwave's vast range of musical capabilities from the extraordinary harmonies of their single to the funkiest pop on vinyl.

AIRWAVES

New Day

Pennie Smith

Weep no more fight fans — for the last time Monsieur Case 'e 'az put ze Vellington boot, 'ow you say, in?

The case against Case

A depreciation by an arcane bongo-player

WHAM! BAM! Three bullets slammed into my vest. But first, let me tell you a little about British jazz."

With these words *NME's* jazz correspondent Brian Case opened his *NME* career, oh-so-many years ago.

"Er . . . Neil . . . can I come in, man? . . . er . . . well, it's like this . . . fact is, man, I've been offered another job . . . no, not on *Snouds* man, what d'you take me for. . . Jesus, this is difficult . . . it's on . . . hardly dare say this man but like the bread's cool and the trip's hip and the pooch is lookin' to Daddy-o — that's me, man for a new collar. Siz G's a week and a case of Grant's Stand Fast thrown in. Can't say no, can I man?"

With these words *NME's* jazz correspondent Brian Case closed his *NME* career, this week.

It was cool. Like, we've always known that Brian's heart was bigger than his frail body. The tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, the little specks of crud awash like so many barrels going over Niagara, as he brokenly tried to justify his decision. Us, we lit another Pall Mall and tried to comfort him, remembering all the while that throughout the years this man — a man, readers, whose prose was as tight as the drawstrings on his sack of Bull Durham and as dense as . . . never mind — has given sterling service to the obscure causes he favours. He has never let us down etcetera. Great writer and so forth. Black-hearted renegade, mind you.

We gave him warmth when he was cold.
Now he sells his ass for foreign gold.
(Byron)

R CANE BONGO-PLAYER

THRILLS

HEALTH WARNING:

Album covers smack of gratuitous violence

THE FIGHT against gratuitous images of sex and violence on album covers, spearheaded by the Women Against Violence Against Women movement and stemming from the Stones' "Black And Blue" ads depicting a girl strung up and beaten, continues to gain momentum in America.

The trade magazine *Billboard* recently surveyed leading record company art directors on the subject. Most of them felt the general trend was towards LP graphics which feature either photos of the band or general illustration. Sex and violence, they claim, is minimal.

Julia London, national coordinator of WAVAW, disagrees: "It blows me away to hear record companies claim that sex and violence are going out. If anything, violence in album graphics is becoming more of a problem.

"We have found that the greatest offenders are Warner Brothers and CBS. Elektra never stooped to this kind of thing until its Queen project," she added, referring to the nude bicycle race the new Queen album is based around.

A WAVAW newsletter recently listed "record albums promoted with abusive graphics" and named the top offenders as CBS, followed by Atlantic, Capitol, Warner Brothers, Mercury, ABC, RCA and A&M respectively.

Billboard's interviews with the art directors elicited some interesting comments. CBS was represented by John Berg, veteran director of packaging, art and design, who claimed: "We avoid sex and violence at CBS. It doesn't sell. We're into journalism, which is our attempt at informing the consumer."

This was contradicted by a CBS insider, who claimed: "There are no longer any rules. Everything goes in LP graphics. At CBS we try to tone it down as much as possible but while most companies won't admit it, it's practised at almost all, with the exception maybe of RSO."

Every label surveyed confirmed that major acts have final approval of sleeves, as do minor artists who want to become involved in that part of the record producing process. It appears that, as in the aforementioned Stones case, the companies are caught in the middle between the artist and the pressure groups.

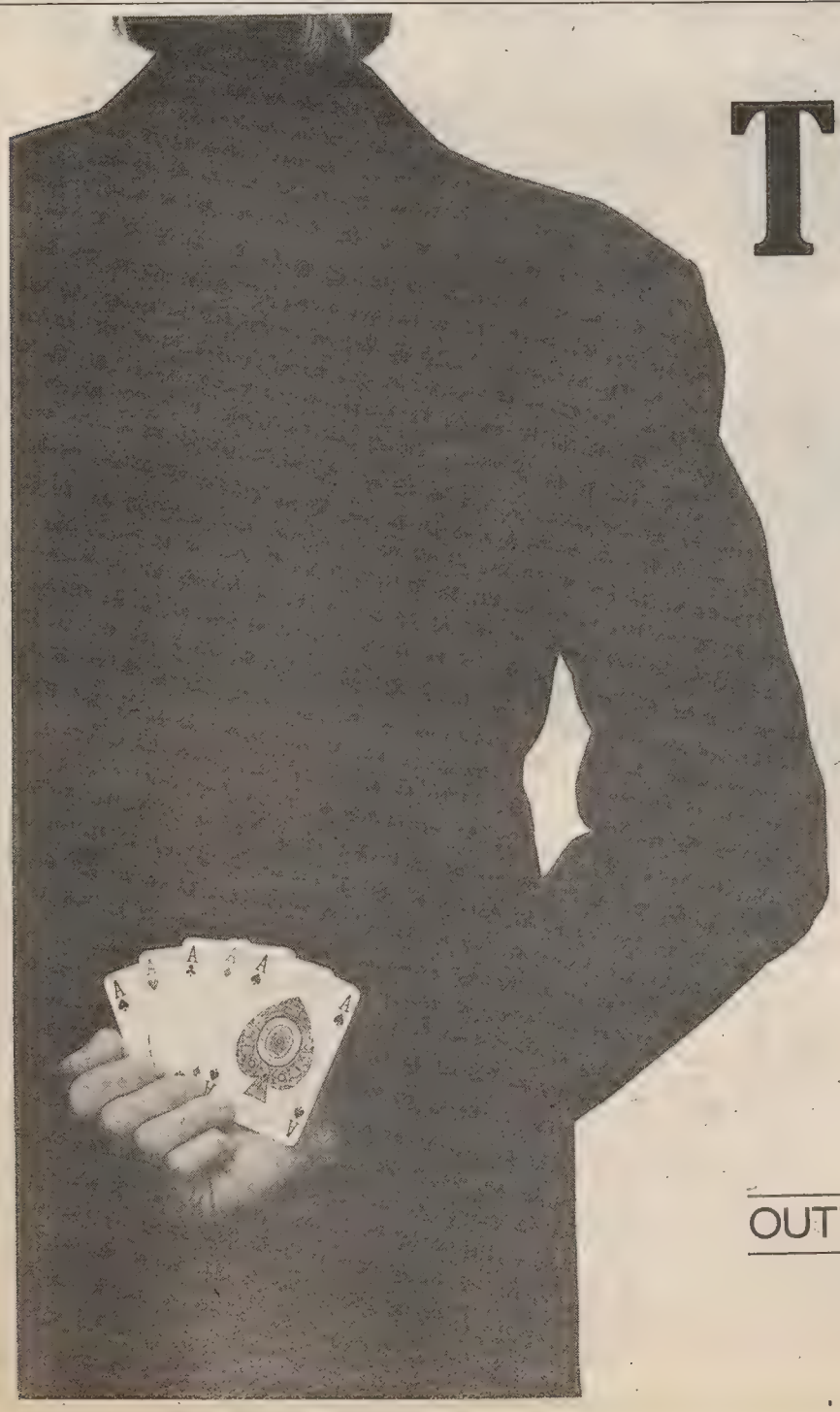
For the record, the art directors confirmed that liner notes on sleeves are unlikely to make a come-back, and that the days of the elaborate gatefold sleeve are firmly in the past.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Clash on bread strike claims

Sliced white riot? Sent in by Eggy of Stapleford.



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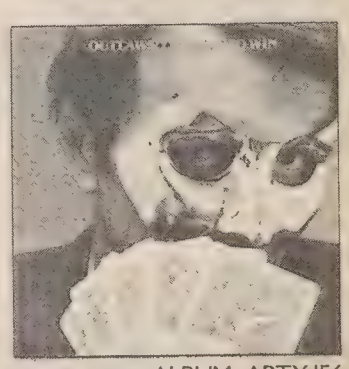

ALBUM: ARTY 156
CASSETTE: TCART 156

ARISTA

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NOVEMBER
21st PORTSMOUTH—Locarno
25th MANCHESTER—University
27th PLYMOUTH—Metro
28th BRISTOL—Locarno
29th LIVERPOOL—Mountford Hall
30th LANCASTER—University

DECEMBER
1st NEWCASTLE—University
3rd MIDDLESBROUGH—Town Hall
4th SHEFFIELD—University
6th BIRMINGHAM—Barbarella's
7th COVENTRY—Locarno
8th HANLEY—Victoria Hall
9th AYLESBURY—Friars
10th CARDIFF—Top Rank Suite

NEW SINGLE
TRAN-SISTER
JET 130

Jet RECORDS Monster. PRODUCTION

JET LTD. 1978.

What's all this about?

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

See T-zers page — all will be revealed . . .

BLACKMAIL CORNER

Ah, the random magic of the Brownie 127 . . . Long, long ago, punters, before the world turned sour and the ray-dee-oh discovered Tony Blackburn and (flinch) Peter Powell, and even before the onset of galloping myopia, the young Declan McManus (that's Elvis Costello to you) was wont to party. And how he partied! (Don't be fooled by those drinking straws.) Elvis, by the way, is the beady-eyed brat south-west of the balloons in the centre of the shot.

Observe the tie, knotted just so. Notice the shirtings. Take a good look at the cake, and the gingham tablecloth. Yes, it's all horribly true. And in case you feel like doubting this, our Informant (to whom the thanks of a grateful community) is also seated at this very same hideous feast, and vouches for its authenticity.

A fiver to the Thrills Desk before next Michaelmas, El, or we'll reveal what you were doing with your right hand.

UNCLE MAC
(Kids' Parties a speciality)

THE END

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– *Black Music. Nov '78*

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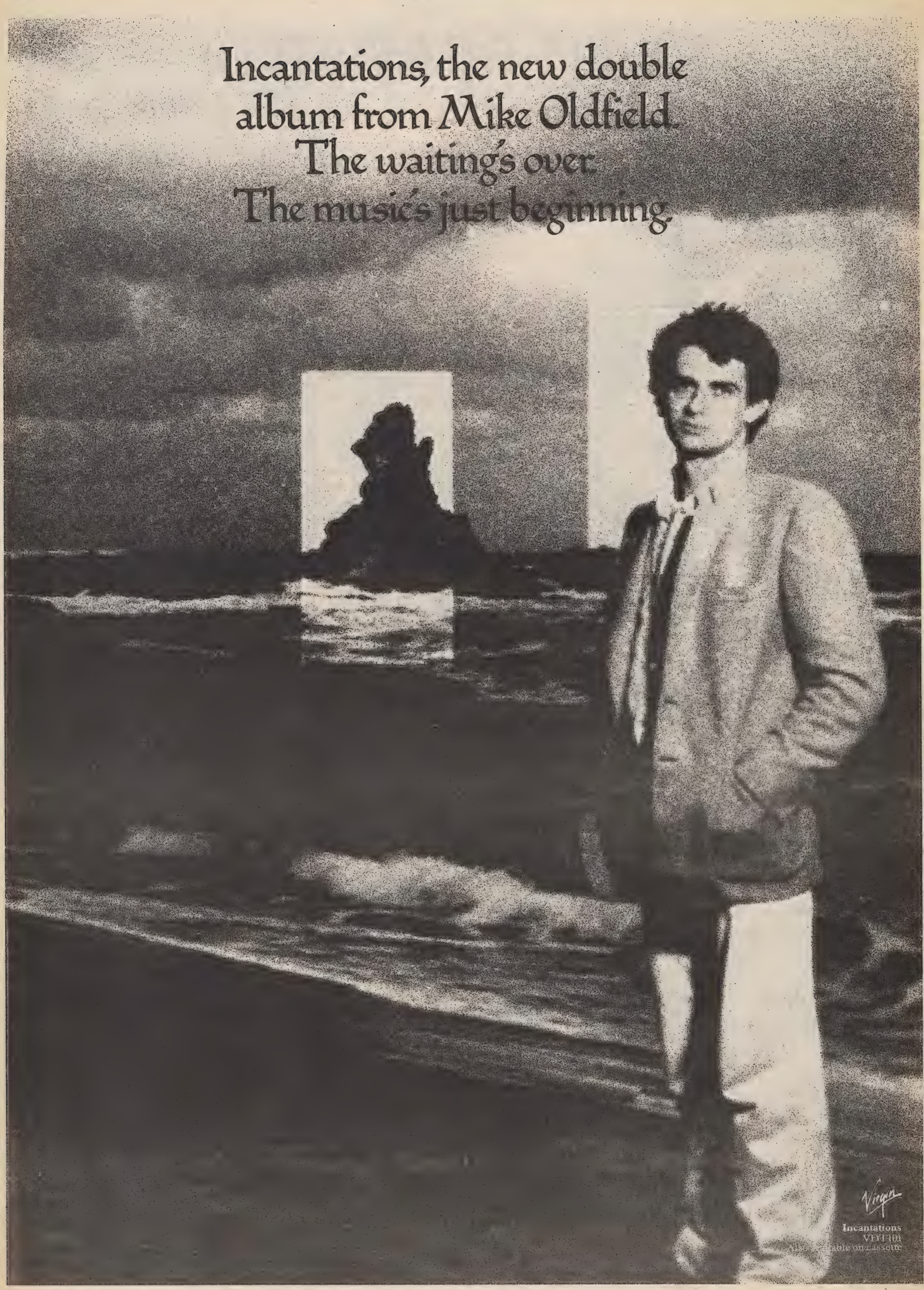

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Penseur in Patchy Light

is either a 3-time loser looking for a way out, OR . . .

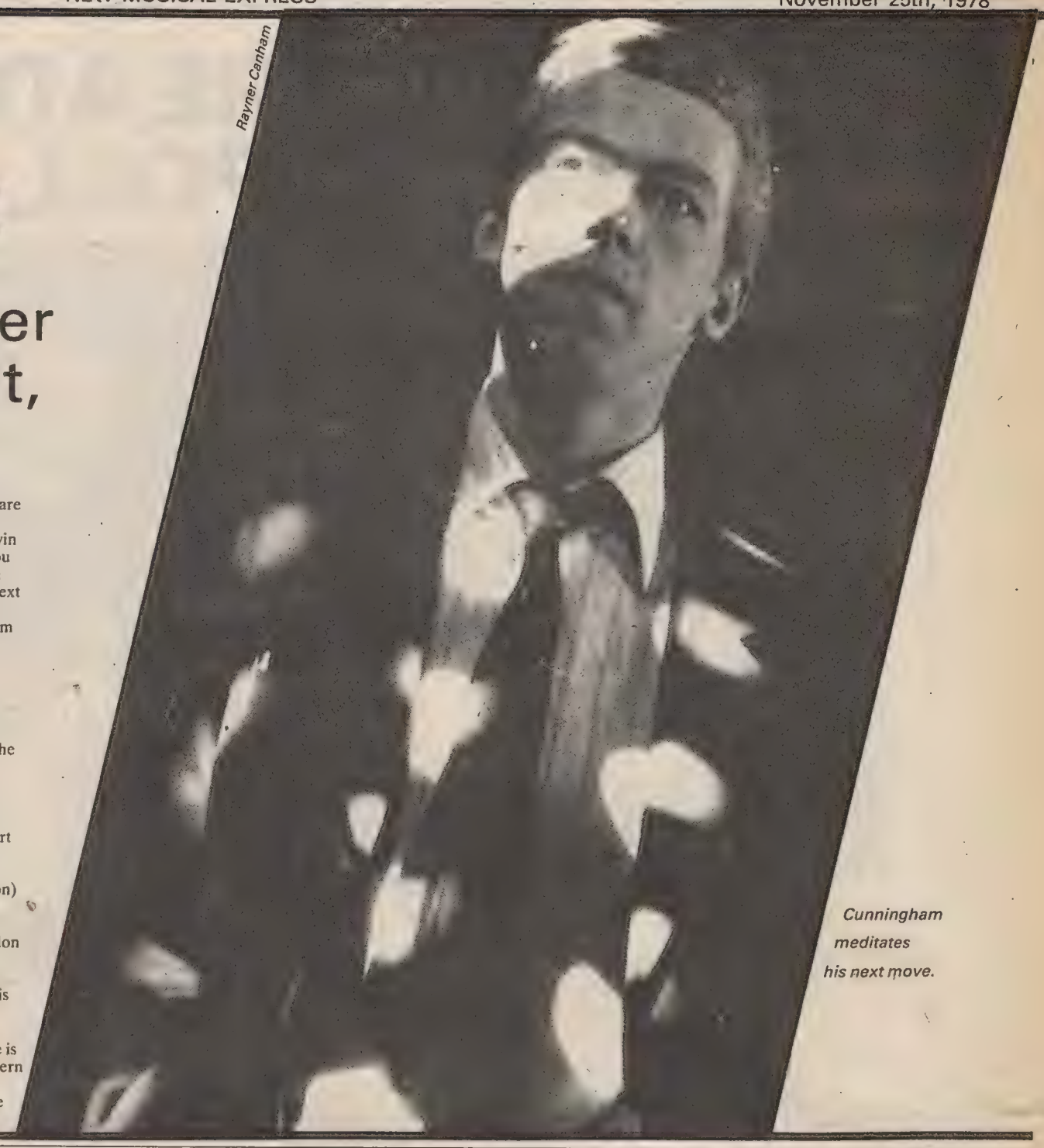
THOSE hip to the trip will be merrily ripping to the dripping and slipping of a sticky single recently released on Virgin Records — Flying Lizards' hazardous, irreverent "Summertime Blues", the Cochran period piece lovelessly turned inside out, dumbly dissected and made for a smile and a new dance. It's a great party disc and would make a fine stocking filler, the missing link between The Smurfs and Devo.

The mainman responsible for this seven inch chuckle is the naughty, affectionate, some say loony, musical exhibitionist David Cunningham. The single was rashly recorded two years ago and inevitably rejected by record company stiffs. Virgin have picked up on it, interested in its now fashionable and marketable eccentricity, and it's selling well and being played in discos.

OUT to Brixton to talk with David Cunningham in a storeroom in a small factory, used as an office/workshop by Cunningham, cluttered with books, manuals, tapes, records, tape machines, cassettes, a violin, magazines, mugs, a bicycle. There are pictures and cuttings on the walls, anything from a photograph of Gavin Bryars (whose work on Obscure you may know) to Roy Carr's article on Andrew Lauder (Radar boss and next year's thing). Framed by the doorway, the soft, pink Cunningham is sat typing. He notices me, we fumble introductions.

I inform Cunningham that I am there as a follower of his activity, which incorporates The Flying Lizards, but is certainly not dominated by it. Flying Lizards is the silly spot in Cunningham's plan, although plan is too strong a word. More, his 'randomness', his 'curiosity.' Cunningham is a busy person, almost obsessively so. Apart from The Flying Lizards (his toy, though he was accompanied by friends Michael and Deborah Upton) he is also manager of progressive scanners This Heat: experimental composer and member of the London Music Collective: wit: writer, producer, musician, listener; enthusiast and artist. He also has his own label, Piano Recordings.

He's nothing if not enterprising, and very matter of fact about it. He is a part, or a focus, in an overall pattern that is emerging in modern rock, somehow a furtive link between the imploring free music scene, the



Rayner Canham

Cunningham meditates his next move.

Words & Music Books.

Words and Music, a brand new series of songbooks. Contain full words and music to the greatest hits of outstanding artists, including life stories as told by the stars themselves. Text backed up by fascinating photographs. All songs arranged for piano/vocal with guitar chord diagrams.

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Let PAUL MORLEY tell you which.

exploding free rock scene and the functions and messages of disco. In short, he's an example of ambition, curiosity, speculation and peculiar naivity, like rock's Mark Perry, Vic Godard, Mark Smith and free music's David Toop, Paul Burwell, and Steve Beresford. (And disco's Giorgio Moroder?).

The Flying Lizards is but a small part of all this, a quarter glance at the possibilities of repetition and sound, a giggle a fragment. It is the one Cunningham activity that you are familiar with. Cunningham has never gone out of his way to attract your attention. Not that he's a snob or an elitist, just that he's steady, and realises that his particular musical fascination is not something that you thrust onto people. And couldn't. This is unfortunate.

WE go to a cafe and we enthuse about Tony Friels (ex Fall) and Dick Witt's extraordinary trio The Passage. Cunningham tells me how he met up with This Heat, a fascinating, furious trio, drawn to their sound and attitude. He now finds himself heavily involved. "They're very strange, I can see them being a rock group on such a level as King Crimson, or I can see them being totally obscure." This Heat's album should be released in the new year . . . On Virgin E.M.I., even own label." There is a vague hint of desperation. Cunningham pays for the snack, and asks for a receipt — the advantages of a record company contract, however small.

Back in his workroom, he tells me that in his youth hearing Terry Riley intrigued him. "Just the sound, a very sensuous sound. And the idea of repetition, I've always like repetition. I think it's great and no one seems to use repetition very much — except, it's a very curious mixture, it's either very intellectual people or it's disco people who use it."

But Riley was just a vague impetus, not a momentous mark in time. Nothing really developed from there, it's just something Cunningham remembers hearing early on. "It didn't appear to have much in common with what I was doing at the time. I was really just messing about with music, mostly doing paintings and drawings. I wanted to be a graphic designer, really, so I could produce something visually stunning without knowing anything about drawing. But gradually I worked myself into a situation where I couldn't see any way to work in the visual arts, but I could see there was organisational systems becoming very important in music, especially electronics."

Cunningham dabbled; tapes, loops, noises . . . "I didn't know there were any experimental musicians in Britain for a long time. The first I came across must have been Cornelius Cardew. He taught at the college that I was at. His 'Paragraph' pieces are great pieces of experimental music. And then Steve Beresford. I was very impressed by him. He's like an obscene Rick Wakeman. He's very, very naturally talented."

Why was he so impressed by Beresford? "Because he was weird."

And funny?

"It was weird and it was funny and it was a very nice sound."

Cunningham's musical interest was not confined to apparent 'stock weirdness'. He listened to pop. "Oh yes." As a main interest? "I didn't really have a main interest. I was always looking for one. If you'd have asked me who I liked in rock I would have said King Crimson, and people like Wyatt, people on the fringes of rock. I loved Phil Spector and Joe Meek, that whole approach. And The Beach Boys."

"Really I'm talking about how I found out about things, history, which isn't really interesting."

But your curiosity is interesting, that you become interested in what you did — which is a very obscure but satisfying and provocative sort of music. Most people just don't take the leaps.

"Yeah, but should they take the leaps, if they're happy listening to what they listen to? It's just that I've never been happy with what I listen to."

A reason that he has become so involved and active. Also, his definition of experimental music is similar to Michael Nymans in his Experimental Music book, that the music should expand, take on a bit more that what the composer has written in; a composer should write variables in. It's like a composer denying himself control but in a very controlled way. Cunningham also admits to being quite hard to bore. That seems to be an advantage playing/listening to experimental music, which can often be superficially repetitive and inactive

"I don't think that anyone who bores easily would be interested in experimental music. I went through a period where I refused to be bored by anything. I would sit through anything. I refused to admit to boredom because I thought that was copping out. I have now modified my opinion."

Eventually, finding potential in the music of others, he made an album, the moderately successful exercise in accumulative errors "Grey Scale" (Piano Recordings). Unhurried, repetitive, soft, it is easily grouped with LaMonte Young, Reich, Glass, Riley. "I was very aware of the disciplines of the genre of experimental music when I made 'Grey Scale.' If you listen, some of it sounds like Philip Glass, some is like a version of Riley's 'In C' with a bass line put in. There were some representations of some Glass and Riley groups because I was attracted to the sound of those records, more so than people who just do things on piano. I like the thought of exotic percussion instruments and throbbing bass lines. I don't think 'Grey Scale' works well on an emotive level, it's very much background music."

Cunningham recorded "Grey Scale" at the same time as "Summertime Blues", two years ago. They represent the hard and the soft, the flippant and the determined ends of his sounds. 'Summertime Blues" has sold more in a day than 'Grey Scale' has sold at all. "It's being played in discos" he excitedly reveals. "I thought people might use it for a dancing competition. Like, are you able to dance to this? And everyone would get into it until it came to the missed beat, and then everyone would fall over. The only person left standing would win the prize. That's the vision I had. Maybe it happens, because I don't dare go in those places."

But he remains fascinated by discos and disco music.

"There are basically lots of new ways of listening to and using music, which is very important. Disco is an important change in the way people use music. And play it. After Elvis Presley people *made* records rather than recording performances and the disco people are reacting against that way of doing things. I think."

Making disco records gives whole new access to sounds, and sound effects.

"It does in a way. You can get away with a lot more. But that's always been the case with something that has a steady beat. You can do practically anything, a la Velvet Underground. The more regular the music is the more you can get away with. It's the ear training itself to the beat. It's the difference between Jimi Hendrix and Derek Bailey. Hendrix had the 4/4 rhythm behind him which gave it all a mental focus, whilst Derek is doing it on his own, and it is at its most disconcerting there. And probably at its least attractive as well."

He is interested in everything from Jimi Hendrix to Derek Bailey. Velvets to The Village People. Terry Riley to The Pop Group. Phil Spector to Steve Beresford. But, like me, he is repelled by the perverse construction of the Stockhausen variances. Not interested in that at all full stop. "I just see it as a total abstraction of anything to do with individual spirit. It's very defeatist. It's trying to shock. It's trying to do lots of things and it's doing them in an expensive and ineffectual way. It's not even interesting to listen to. I could possibly tolerate its insensitivities if it wasn't so nauseating to listen to."

It gives experimental music a bad name. The Stockhausen shadow hangs heavy and people think oh yeah burp squeal, whereas experimental music is predominately beautiful, listenable, approachable, all those sort of things. "It's the problems of being categorised into being avant garde. That's why Obscure is so good, because somehow they avoid being avant garde. It's probably better being a pop musicians' pet, a hobby, than being an avant garde musician."

Cunningham has remained off the dole since leaving college, in a way as a self discipline — taking jobs (in a restaurant, scrapyard, etc) almost to find out what experiences could be learnt from such environments. He admits to being a doodler more than a communicator.

"There's no point in my trying to communicate on some levels, because I've got nothing to say to a lot of people. I really don't think a lot about what I am doing."

He's not sure about a follow up Flying Lizards single. A joke is a joke never worth repeating. There may be an album, whether Virgin put it out or not, which would put all his ideas into the pop idiom, serious and silly. He would love to be popular, but realistically doubts that he ever will be.

There is no way to categorise Cunningham. Unlikely looking, faintly absent minded; making music, being involved, is his function; his trap, like being a garage hand or something, and any attention he gets is almost superfluous.

Right now, he gets his picture in the papers. And smiles a lot.

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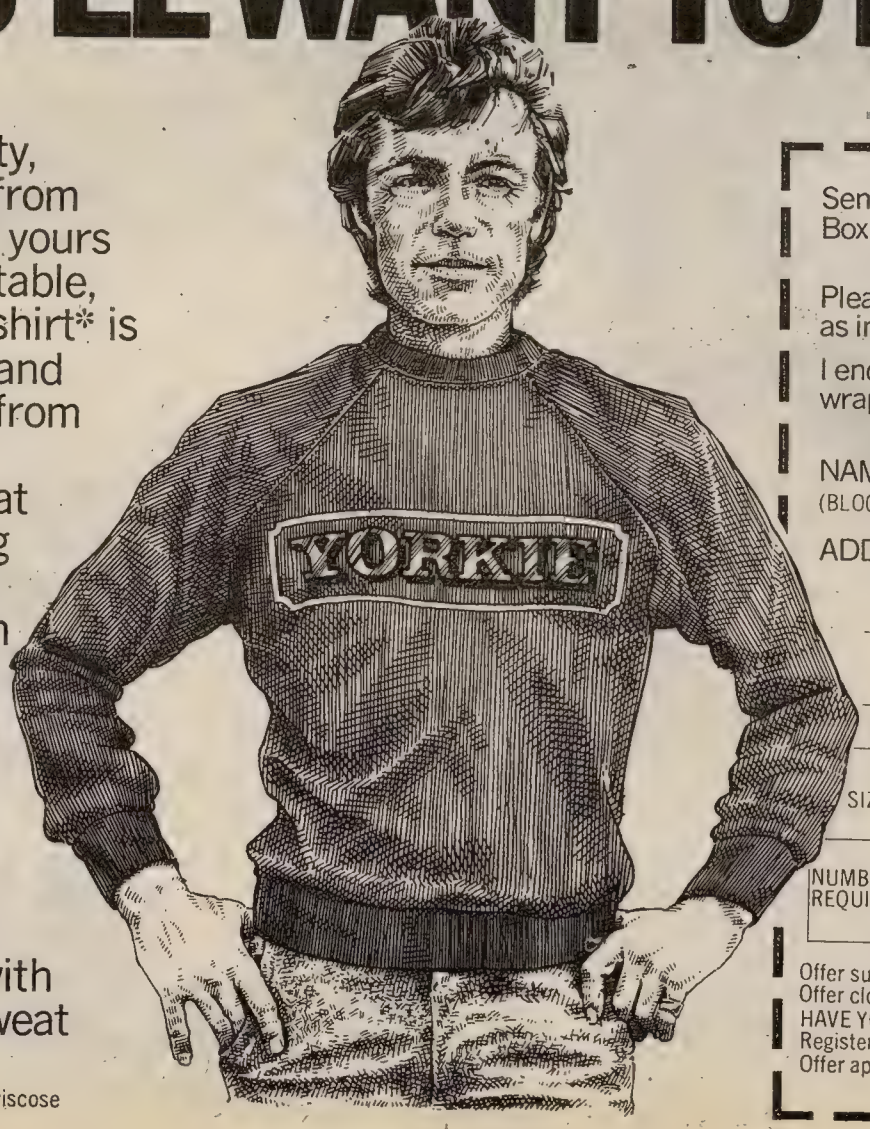

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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER

● **Single Of The Week**
VILLAGE PEOPLE: YMCA/The Women ***(Phonogram)***
Balls! The thesaurus is obsolete! Tell 'em straight!

Village People's previous 45 "Macho Man" was excellent enough (ask anyone from Clarence Clemons to my mate Wardy), but "YMCA" leaves that choking in its slipstream. Disco, born in the main through the gay clubs, is best celebrated by women and gay males (Sylvester, Juvet).

"It's fun to stay at the YMCA!/They got everything for young men to enjoy/You can hang out with all the boys!/At the YMCA . . ."

Y'see, no twilight guessing games with these chaps — but any jokey sneers and there's enough of them to get leery in return. I have no idea who the lead singer is but he bawls in terms reminiscent in strength and feel of the great Levi Stubbs himself. Village People are neither repetitive funk nor sweet hi hat candy floss. Both sides of this cracker are a dragon's teeth mesh of power, confidence, humour and exhilarating, raw pleasure.

"I love the Women/Who know they are Women!" runs the magnificent chorus before shouting call and response of women in history like Stevie Wonder did for blacks on "Songs In The Key Of Life."

If you are one of those ergonomists who believe people pick disco records as singles of the week because of fashion, I suggest you buy this killer and put it on, whereupon you and your friends can touch fingers and try to contact the living.

And the twelve inch just keeps on coming . . .

MELBA MOORE: You Stepped Into My Life ***(Epic)***
Though only released here in a shortened version, the eight minute import is available though it's 30 bob steeper. This is a grand record heaped in great sound, percussion and a razor blade of a handclap section. Melba (and anybody who doesn't remember "This Is It" is a twerp) constantly rearranges the melody line when she finally appears after three or four minutes of essential build up. The two percussion breaks are alert and pointed and the eight minutes fly by. From the vaults of some people called B,R&M Gibb who, fantastically enough, have the same names as the people responsible for . . .

BEE GEES: Too Much Heaven ***(RSO)***
Well, my old Wallamaloo exports, much as I have appreciated your recent plates this particular dish is wet enough for a frog to wear sandals on. It's in the mould of "How Deep Are Your Pockets", but with infinitely less warmth. I dare say this'll keep you in beer money and all that, but for the amount of times we're gonna have to hear it lilting up from the boutiques below I think we are entitled to a little more guts.

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Greased Lightning ***(Midsong)***
Apparently lifted from a film called *Grease* this re-run of the Pepsi ad is too appalling for words once outside the motherslick. Back inside the plastic bubble for you, m'lad.

ANDY GIBB: Why ***(RSO)***
Completing the set of popular vibrators is Andy (Gift of the) Gibb. "Everlasting Love" was a joy and this is too. Mid-paced and floating, he succeeds where the others miserably fail. Siouxsie will lose sleep over it but so will thousands of kids who won't care because they'll be in the nightclubs.

FASHION: Steady Eddie ***(Fashion)***
Apart from its Hotrods rip-off sleeve, a great record indeed. Synthesized and crisp, it's slow and moody with just a dash of evil. Shouldn't count on global distribution, so scour the mail order section.

BIG IN JAPAN: EP ***(Zoo)***
Another independent worthy of a basinful of anyone's airwaves. Actually it's mainly the great "Taxi" track that makes the whole thing value for money, particularly Jayne's (just Jayne) vocals and the climax after five minutes fading out on a drum sound as full as a bull's bum. Big in Bermondsey.

THE RECORDS: Starry Eyes ***(The Record Company)***

THE PLEASERS: A Girl I Know ***(Arista)***
Two pop records. The Records, who did a magnificent job backing Rachael Sweet, sweep along a tune too winsome by half to be really substantial, and while every record has a right to be bad The Pleasers are just taking liverties — abandoning their not totally unpalatable parodies of "Please Please Me" for surrogate acoustic "Till There Was You" babblings.

NICK LOWE: American Squirm/Peace Love And Understanding ***(Radar)***

DAVE EDMUNDS: Television/Never Been In Love ***(Swansong)***
Nick Lowe in strummerlongaMarie Provost mood has an uninspired time with "American Squirm", while its reverse — the old Brinsley bomp — has Nicholas running to the back of the stage, rummaging around in his prop suitcase, donning the bins before turning to receive audience applause for being Elvis Costello. (The Barron Knights too have a record out this week). Dave Edmands seems to have everything arse about face. The very fine and seriously singable "Never Been In Love" is buried behind the OK but passable (in a Mastermind sense) "Television". But if you haven't the "Tracks On Wax" LP, a rare bargain.

AC/DC: Whole Lotta Rosie ***(Atlantic)***
This single is obvious and boring and AC/DC's lead singer quite clearly had a depth charge lobbed into the font when he was being christened.

LAKESIDE: All The Way Live ***(Solar 12" Import)***

RAHNI HARRIS: Six Million Steps ***(Inspiration)***

BROADWAY: Kiss You All Over ***(Hilltak 12" Import)***

MACHO: I'm A Man ***(EMI)***

PLATINUM HOOK: Got To Find A Woman ***(Mowtown)***
The first three are all expensive imports that, as a public service, I can advise you to avoid. Lakeside open with a drum riff identical to the beginning of Paul Simons' "50 Ways To Leave Your Lover" and then bleat bleat bleat for nine minutes about nothing. Junk funk with the nails in the coffin supplied by lyrics about 'parrrttying'.

Rahni Harris takes time off from Chelsea FC to lay down (good choice of words I think) a relative of the saccharine "Love's Theme". It's a lacklustre outing that might learn how to record handclaps from "Instant Replay" or "I Am The Fly" — but ideal wallpaper for cosy dinner parties of which this sweet strain could melt her glares as you proffer the dripping. (In wee letters on the sleeve it says that "Six Million Steps" is released to help gather funds for muscular dystrophy in conjunction with some bloke who's running from Maine to Florida to help the cause).

I thought "Kiss You All Over" was rotten enough first time round but Broadway feel it deserves a ten minute disco riff to fully blossom. In fact, parts of this sound like the music that plays when contestants are trying to piece together large pieces of jigsaw into the face of a well-known personality.

Domestically, Macho disco up Chicago's "I'm A Man" into a dirge delivered in hunky Euro dialect. In Spain next season this one'll clear a dance floor like nobody's business and will in fact (he said, limbering up a fine punch line) put all your Basques in one exit.

Platinum Hook sound like Ray Conniff singing Earth Wind and Fire.

THE CLASH: Tommy Gun ***(CBS)***
After the brouhaha with "Remote Control" has the position been laxed for this album cut to attack the singles market? For long-time followers of Clash this track has been around since early this year, and isn't made any more attractive by a shabby rendering of the ancient "1, 2 Got a Crush On You" on the B side (complete with Pleasers style rising "AH's" intro). With "White Man In Hammersmith" I thought Clash were untouchable, but this is a sad report on the state of things. Collectors item?

STEVE HAYNES BAND: Save Me ***(Black Bear)***
An accusation often levelled at reviewers is the amount of importance shown toward record sleeves. Well here we have what appear to be four close-to-30 men in blazers, leather jackets and Zeppelin T shirts on the front, and on the back a girl in her underwear tied hand and foot with belts sitting in the half light with a menacing shadow looming up. She is looking frightened. On this nasty photo are the words "strong good loving". The actual record is Ace-type pub rock, as if it mattered.

CHILD: Still The One ***(Ariola Hansa)***
The outrageously lame Child all stand looking as moody as their manager commands. Why the long faces chaps/ Heavy dentures?

BLUE OYSTER CULT: We Gotta Get Outa This Place ***(CBS)***
Where Santana meet Leslie West in a live recording (the title originates from the audience interference).

■ *Continues over*

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Thursday 7 Dec
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Saturday 9 Dec
MAYFLOWER
MANCHESTER

SINGLE:
Sometimes I Feel So Low
ALBUM:
Obscure Alternatives

"I STRONGLY URGE YOU TO EMBRACE THIS BAND WITH OPEN ARMS -A RED HOT ALBUM" Geoff Barton, SOUNDS

From previous page

VICTIM: Strange Thing By Night *(Good Vibrations)*
REDUCERS: Limited Edition *(Good Vibrations)*
OUTCASTS: Another Teenage Rebel *(Good Vibrations)*
Good Vibrations, obviously encouraged by the superb "Teenage Kicks" success, lob out two to bounce around in The Outcasts and Victim. While they must be frenzy to local ears back in Ireland, we Brits (touchy word that) are too spoiled to recommend more quick riff punk.

The Outcasts are the weaker (the B side, "Love Is For Sops," would've been lousy in any era) and Victim have the advantage of a great title to boost them — yet sadly neither rise above sub-average. (Ref. Cortinas/Early Saints).

Across on Vibes Records, The Reducers have a great sound down — all top and plastic bass, and the drummer deserves special attention. From Bury, but recorded in Manchester, the title to train the beady eye for is "Things Go Wrong"/"We Are Normal". Sharpened rock with neat echo touches. Write it down.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: San Francisco/Macho Man *(DJM)*.
Well waddya know! They brought it back *(NME* readers don all over black. . .) Full marks DJM for giving MM twelves this time, but why tuck it away behind the fine but inferior "San Francisco"? "By Popular Demand!" trumpets the cover, and by gad the British have rare spunk (five pounds a copy).

'M': Moderne Man *(MCA)*
I reviewed this when it was a French Import and it was a piece of lame futuristic whiskered nonsense. Since then the mix has acquired Disco and turns in a fine rollicking performance. "Low" meets "Once Upon A Time" and produces a teararse tot. Dig deep for good singles — this thing is worth it.

THE CORTINAS: Heartache *(CBS)*.
Ex-Step Forward "Fascist Dictators" stumble and bumble through a would-be love song. Lead singer J. 'Dickey' Valentine has a rough time. Hardly, hardly.

Free The Judas One! Section.
BONEY M: Mary's Boy Child *(Atlantic)*
SMURFS: Christmas In Smurfland (Decca)
CHORALE: Riu Riu *(Arista)*
Boney M revert to form shock! They reggae their way a la "Babylon" through the crusty old hymn and it's a horrifying experience, believe me. Of course if they'd had any sense they would've recorded something along the lines of "Olive Boy On The Cross, Tra Lala Lala!" in the fashion of their recent waxing, but I dare say someone would lodge a three-piece suit and 'ting.

I think The Smurfs are far more lovable and I don't dislike their singles at all.

But now it's prediction time! Atrocious Guys And Dolls lookalikes Chorale are going to waltz off with the Xmas spot with their moody monk chant "Riu Riu". Don't forget where you heard it first (cos you'll try).

FRANKIE AVALON: Beauty School Drop Out *(De Lite)*
Oh come on, enough is enough! *Another* single from the *Grease* soundtrack and Frankie Avalon (83) has his stab at reincarnation as he adopts the guise of a manager of a branch of Lord John. Frankie, me old browner, save the wails.

SYLVESTER: Dance *(Disco Heat) (Fantasy)*
A former single of the week, chopped dried and packaged as a seven-inch probably for some sales drive or other. Editing this masterwork is fatal. Does the Great Wall of China deserve to be reduced to crazy paving! I should say not! Come now, Fantasy (EMI), it's seven minutes and not a kopek less. The idea!

STATUS QUO: Accident Prone *(Phonogram)*
I refuse to buy any SQ albums but a collection of Greatest Hits would force me to fork out the ackers. On the condition that this crystal rhythm is present, of course. It's a sort of departure for Quo (collectively 412 years young), tuneful and with less accent on riffing. Enjoy, enjoy — pure Anglo Saxon with just a dash of Viking.

SMIRKS: Rosemary *(Beserkley)*
I get a feeling that this is playing too fast and an impression that they are releasing weak material hoping to get by with an off-beat reputation. I mean, 'taint that bad but I believe every recording studio should have a huge sign permanently on display. It should read: *You are asking people to pay 90 pence so watch it!!*'

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASHBURY JUKES: I Played The Fool *(Epic)*
SJ has his heart in the right place, and he and the boys don't need a big sign in their studio. A strong blowsy brass construction. Swing high, New Jersey, the world owes ya.

TODD RUNDGREN: All the Children Sing *(Bearsville)*
Todd still has worth and part of it shows on a pleasant (but remember that sign!) and lightweight double-tracked, looped, disc of some crispness. The man has charisma (every December 25th).

SCRITTI POLITTI

D.I.Y. pic

L-R: Green, Nial, Tom

By IAN PENMAN

REFLECTIONS ON IN(TER)DEPENDENCE

MEET SCRITTI Politti: three or four young musicians (one is a floating member), and equally important, a large circle of close friends who provide help, disruption, money for drinks, encouragement and criticism.

The friends are part of an important balance. Just think of other bands who've become steadily more self-absorbed, aggressively so sometimes, losing all perspective. You can't blame those bands: the 'new wave' was, is, or ought to have been about, if anything, a better access to and understanding of the ways and means of our jolly recording industry. But instead of them using it, it has used them.

Scritti Politti have decided to approach the problems and potential of useful action with and in rock music in a discursive, critical, certain manner.

One tangible result is a self-financed three-track EP. On the sleeve (self photographed, developed and designed) is a breakdown of every financial expenditure incurred in the recording, manufacture, packaging, and distribution of the record.

The Desperate Bicycles are another 'rock' group who have made this particular form of helpful, provocative information available, and Scritti Politti acknowledge, and were indeed encouraged by The Desperate Bicycles.

"Why can't Western rock bands work like jazz musicians — sharing equipment and ideas, helping each other at just that basic level of co-operation. We certainly got that from the Bikes, and from people at Rough Trade. If we'd moved straight into 'The Biz', we'd almost certainly have become a very insular band, seeing ourselves as The New Thing, trying to compete with other bands. That sort of idea would have been foisted onto us, by a manager . . .

"If any information comes out of this article and makes it a little more clear why we had to conduct it as we have, that's the realisation of the bankruptcy of a formalist approach . . ."

"You'd better explain what you mean by that . . ."

"What I mean by a 'formalist' approach are the ways of going on and the meanings of different ways of going on and statements you make, which are sorted and are understood and have meaning only by reference back to earlier developments in the same sectional, phenomenal history.

"It's a bit like the way a lot of modern art works. Its meaning is because it acts, purportedly, critically back on earlier modern art. But, I mean, that's bankrupt . . . all the formal limitations of the traditional idea of how to make art ran out, formally expired.

"And I think the same thing has definitely happened in music. But rock'n'roll is a different business because a lot of people like to pretend that rock'n'roll never changes, and that the conditions that inform it are a lot more attuned to everyday life and everyday needs such that it cannot expire formally; but if that were so than I don't think we'd be hearing Bo Diddley riffs on the new Clash LP, 18 years after Bo Diddley played them.

ATTRACTIVE though their images may be, most of our popular, populist rock units — Robinson, Clash, Banshees, etc — have proved to be less about new ideals, new perceptions, and new approaches, then about pure and seductive Marketing.

All that's necessary for a viable alternative is a synthesis of information, considered commitment, and an aesthetic stimulation — and a real 'complete control'.

Control over interviews, for instance, as opposed to walking blindly with no idea of what is to be communicated. Artists and the press are drawn together and drawn apart by excesses of either out-of-hand emotion or reserved, unbudging function (it's just a job, man).

People's expectations are lovelessly manipulated in the press — without any understanding of just exactly what we'll all supposed to expect from new rock bands, and what they expect from their potential audience.

Above all, any new band trying and testing things outside all the usual, used structures, images, reasons, and reactions, deserves *not* to be massively 'built up' — whether through misplaced enthusiasm or muddled hype.

SP: "We don't want to go into any tedious attempt at grand plans and strategies. Our way of going through the Rock Biz is very much bit by bit. It's of no use to anyone if the same old chat, the same old justification are trotted out.

"The rock press really fails to take any account of their own position."

An eager and not over-educated Scritti Politti. Three or four young musicians from various parts of the country, now centred in London, living in a squat (no great shakes, they say).

They don't need to be spoilt by any squashed image of each or all of them. They're actively concerned with establishing some way of working with rather than through the press, the companies, the promoters. A public language rather than image.

SP: "We don't think there's a great deal of use in personal biographies."

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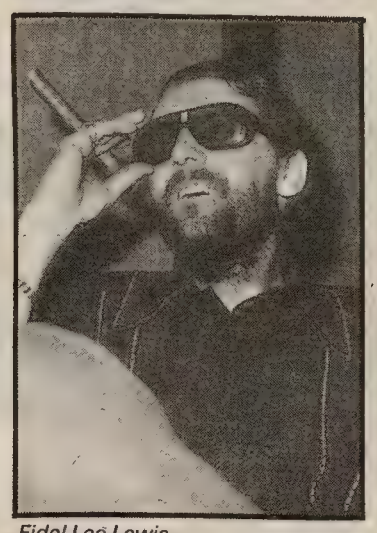
JERRY jaws at the joanna. This year's model. Pic: ROB HALL

Fabian Lee Lewis



Fidel Lee Lewis

MEET THE KILLER

Women, liquor, the devil and me — JERRY LEE tells CLIFF WHITE a torrid tale

"Today he's 40 years old, going on 20,
Don't look for the grey in his hair 'cause he ain't got any,
He's got a young thing beside him, that just melts in his hands,
He's middle-age crazy, trying to prove he still can."

IN TRUTH he was 43 on September 29, his current lady was not beside him on his recent European tour, and other personal details in the rest of the song are not his. But in spirit, when on each night of the tour Jerry Lee Lewis restated in his own inimitable manner Sonny Throckmorton's ballad of a restless man fighting the inevitable, he was owning up. "Middle Age Crazy" indeed.

To be a 43-year-old inveterate rock'n'roller is itself paradox enough for one man to try to come to terms with. To be a 43-year-old inveterate rock'n'roller who believes that his music and lifestyle are sinful but who cannot change to save his soul is a mightier head-banger still. To suffer, on top of that, an equally ambivalent and self-torturing inner-conflict about women and marriage, along the traditional line of "you can't live with 'em and you can't live without 'em", adds up to a sufficiently heavy mental burden to tip the scales towards mixed-up confusion.

Crazy enough, even, to be Jerry Lee Lewis.

Theoretically, this was to be a difficult assignment. "Notoriously unpredictable", "You'll never get near him", "Probably won't talk to you", "You won't be able to understand half of what he says if you *do* get to meet him": all those trips were laid on me beforehand, not to mention the in-house saga of that indomitable duo, Mick Farren and Chalkie Davies, who trekked up north to corner Jerry last time he was in Britain, only to return to the office with little more than sore tempers, hangovers and fleeting impressions of their quarry as glimpsed around slamming doors.

Thanks to the intercession of friends who are somewhat closer to Jerry than he is to officialdom, this time I got lucky. And so it happened that I was escorted into dressing room no. 1 of the Winter Gardens, Margate, there to be warmly greeted by an elusive rock'n'roll legend.

Naked to the waist except for a small towel slung around his shoulders, Jerry sat hunched on the edge of an easy chair in one corner of the room, nursing a half-finished bottle of lager.

He looks his age but carries it well. The once-familiar features that gradually filled out during the '60s have now tightened again and regrouped into a craggy variant of the Kirk Douglas mould, his hair is still all his own and the moderate glob of middle-age spread above his belt shows little evidence of 25 years of hard drinking (although Jerry quickly donned a shirt when photographer Rob Hall appeared).

From the outset The Killer was affable, though dispirited (as were we all in fog-shrouded, off-season Margate-by-the-sludge), and once he'd sussed me out he relaxed completely, speaking honestly about himself and his hang-ups with barely a trace of the fiery proclamations of old.

> *"Stone cold sober? I don't believe in that . . ."*

Despite his self-confessed love of booze he drank very little during the two or three hours I was with him (just the rest of the bottle of beer and a couple of slugs of Seagrams whisky) and he didn't smoke at all.

Nevertheless, his rich southern drawl was hoarse and slurred enough to make him sound like a chain-smoking dipso; a result, I'd guess, of fatigue and prescribed medication. Jerry doesn't like to sleep these days — not on his own, anyway — nor does he seem to eat a lot. When I met him he'd been without much rest or sustenance for five days straight.

WITHOUT GETTING into a lot of phonetical gibberish and theatrical asides it's impossible to relate our conversation accurately. As well as the bayou brogue, he speaks like he sings in a shifting, often contradictory flow of emotions that aren't apparent in the coldly printed word . . . (pause) . . . and his timing is immaculate.

For instance, Jerry spoke with genuine sorrow about the break-up of his marriage to Myra — the marriage which offended puritan society and badly disrupted his career (Myra is his 2nd or 3rd cousin and was only 13 or 14 when they married) but which confounded gossip by lasting nearly 15 years. The marriage ended after many ups and downs when Myra caught Jerry bang-to-rights with an Indian girlfriend.

"I'm sorry I lost her," Jerry sighed, "but I just got caught." Mischievous chuckle. "That Indian girl, I just couldn't turn her down." Laughs, then realises what he's said. "Oh! Please don't print that. If Myra sees that I'll never get her back."

No, I won't print . . . I start to assure him.

"Oh, print it" — reckless again — "I don't care." But then uncertain. "No, wait a minute, let me think about it." Laughs to himself.

Don't worry, I begin again, I won't . . .

Assertive now; mind made up. "Cliff, you print what you want to print, I'm only joking. I'm telling you the truth though; I would never lie to you." Warms to the subject, almost as if admonishing me, or perhaps himself, for thinking otherwise. "I believe in being truthful . . . I don't believe in conning people . . . I don't believe in saying something that's not right. Tell it like it is. Be what you are, man. Don't give me no phoney person."

As you can see, it's a bugger to transcribe. Anyway, we'll do our best

FOLLOWING ON Lewis' train of thought, I ask him whether he has had any regrets in his life.

"Regrets?" He pauses just long enough . . . "Yup. I can't find that Indian girl." Collapse of everyone in the room. Jerry laughs right along with everyone else at the effect of his punch-line but wonders if he's said the wrong thing. Again.

"Nah," he finally assures himself, "Myra'd get a kick out o' that. She'd laugh right along." Pause. "But it *is* true."

Later in the day, when marriage once again cast its tangled net over the conversation, another convolution of Lewisisms chased each other round his mind. Try this lot without stage directions.

"I have been married ever since I was 15 years old and now I'm gonna be a single man. I wonder how that's gonna be? Not very, very good, is it? I need a woman around, but I'd hate to have to live with one without marrying her. I love to say, 'I do'.

"I'm easily talked into it. Really. Every woman I've ever married asked

> *"Boy, if me and Linda Ronstadt ever get together, we'll make it!"*

me to marry them, I didn't ask them to marry me. Sumpin' wrong, somewhere.

"They done me dirty . . . and I've been an angel . . . in disguise. *Nahh*, that's not true, I don't regret *any* of my marriages . . . I don't think. Yeah I do! I wish I'd never got married in the first place. I should *never* have gotten married. *Nahh;* I should have. *Nahh;* I shouldn't have.

"If I had to do it over I'd do the same thing. I love it. They were good people . . . it just didn't work out. It's funny, ten years ago I come out with 'Another Place, Another Time', a tearjerker, y'know? Put me back in the charts . . . and doing a Shakespeare play at the same time . . . I had my wife, I was happy and I was doing good. What happened?"

ONE SMALL thing that happened was that Jerry got wed to the country charts, where he has been consistently successful for the last decade, despite rarely managing even a minor affair with the pop charts. So, apart from occasional appearances on American oldie-but-goodie shows and the odd sprint round Europe now and then, he has been out of the centre-ring spotlight for a good proportion of his career. In his own estimation that's as much due to lack of promotion as anything, so after 16 years with the Phonogram corp he has just recently signed with Elektra/Asylum, for whom he will record . . . what? That's the question.

Now remember, dear reader, the words may look staccato on the page but you gotta read 'em slow 'n' easy, taking in the measured drawl and turnabout moods.

So what then for the future?

"Rock'n'roll, I believe. I don't classify myself as a country singer really and I never have. I'm just Jerry Lee Lewis, that's all. You could call 'You Win Again' country but it was a pop hit. 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' was country and pop *and* rhythm'n' blues hit. But whatever you call it, I'm no guitar plucker from Nashville. I'm a piano, rock'n'roll, mutha humper from Memphis.

"I don't dig that country crap . . . hillbilly guitar pluckers, ya know? What is country music? Is it Roy Acuff? If it is, to hell with it. Is it Hank Williams? I like it. You can't classify Hank Williams as a country singer . . . he was too smart; his words, his pronunciation and the way he had it. Not like, say . . . well, I'm not gonna say 'cause I know all these people.

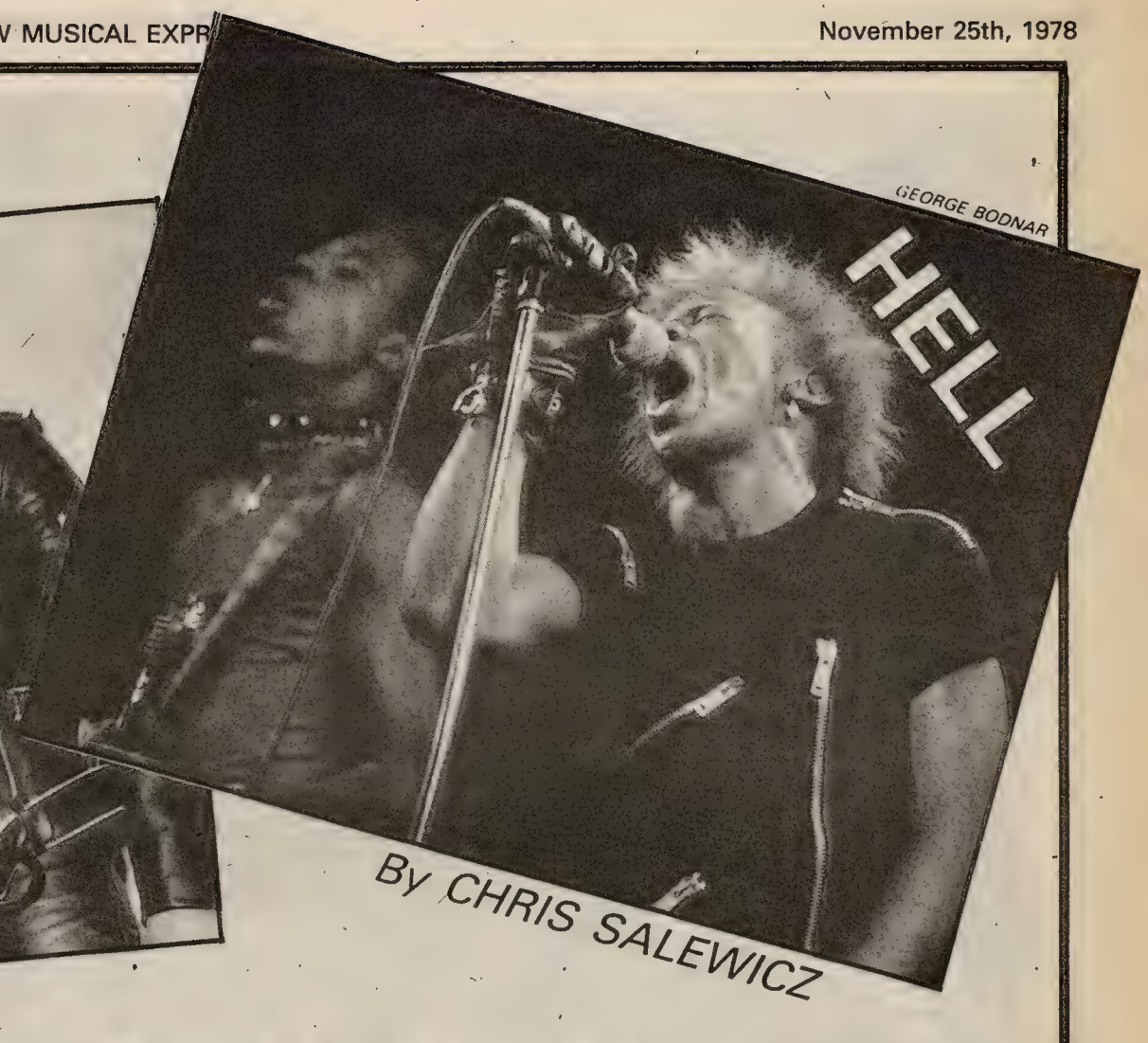
"Willie Nelson is fantastic but it took him 20 years to get a hit, gotta remember that. And Waylon Jennings . . . those two together, man, they're something else. But they're still just guitar players and singers. I always tell 'em that, it makes 'em mad. I play piano; it's got a lot more strings on it . . . a lot harder to tame."

On the other hand, they're writers as well. You've written very few songs in your time.

"I don't want to get into writing because I'm scared of it. It'll kill ya. Anybody that writes songs, like Hank Williams or Kris Kristofferson . . . Kris had to quit writing. If he hadn't he'd be dead. It killed Hank Williams.

"All your great writers . . . it takes something out of you. You get in different moods . . . I don't know, I

Continues page 61



JUST ANOTHER BUNCH OF MIDDLE CLASS KIDS WITH SILLY NAMES AND SPIKY HAIRCUTS

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

"HE-E-EYY . . ." Pure Hell drummer Spider Blaze tousles his Rita Hayworth red crop and slaps his right palm down on mine, giving me one of those Yanqui jive street greetings to which I'm never quite sure how it's best to respond.

Ah, but I'd thought that androgynous face with its Hendrix clone nose and mouth looked familiar the second I set eyes on it, when bassist Lenny Steel showed me into the front room of the Chelsea town house where Pure Hell have holed up for their sojourn in London.

It'd been about Day Three of the Joseph Stevens Guide to Manhattan last April. Somewhere in between being shown the best methodone clinic in town and the restaurant where Joey Gallo got blown away, the sterling photog took me into the building that housed the New York branch of the US Passport office.

Suddenly there was a yell and a shout and this figure that I see before me now had come hurtling down an escalator like he was trying to escape after just wiping out the entire section.

All that had happened, though, was that Spider didn't have enough signatures on his passport application form. Would Joe help out?

Joe Stevens (Services And General Hospitality To The Punk Generation) sure would.

Which was good of him. If Joe hadn't done that, Spider might never have made it over to England to take part in the final attempt to resuscitate The Heartbreakers — the aim of his mission that day at the airport.

It was impossible, of course. After a month Spider upped and returned to the States.

"Johnny Thunders' . . . urrhh . . . *personal habits* . . . were just totally out of hand. It was like we weren't even there," he shrugs.

Besides, no way was The Heartbreakers intended to be a permanent gig for Spider. He was just helping out a bunch of old loft-mates.

Pure Hell was the real gig. It has been on and off for some five years now.

There'd been a few hold-ups, of course since the band's formation in 1972. Like the move from their home town of Philadelphia the hundred miles or so to New York City itself. And then — even though Sylvain Sylvain assured them that they need use nothing more complicated than a four-track recorder to cut a demo on — they were so pigheaded insistent on the need to make a proper recording that they sold all their instruments to pay for the studio time. And then record companies wanted to come and watch them play gigs. Uh-uh . . . How come we didn't think of *that?*

Then it was decided that the group was all arse-end-backwards anyway. Okay, Spider'd stay on his drums and Chip Reck would remain on lead guitar, but it kinda seemed that if Stinker was gonna write all the material then he might be better off shifting up from bass-playing to actually interpreting the material on stage as vocalist. So Lenny Steel and he changed places. Except that naturally that all took a while or two.

AS SEEMS to be the case with the vast majority of US new wavers, Pure Hell's roots are certainly more middleclass black than ghetto. At least they're honest about it — the band freely admit that they grew up in the very best part of Philadelphia. Even so, says Stinker, de-immersing himself from a copy of Linda Goodman's *Sun Signs,* "People used to say we were like a black MC5 even back in '72 when we just started."

The sound of Mayor Rizzo's city can be heard in Pure Hell's music, though, maintains Spider: "Instead of shooting people and throwing bottles at them and destroying people and property with violence we stuck the violence thing through our music."

The time Pure Hell first formed, of course, coincided with the initial strong breakthrough from the Philly Sound, whose sweet soul was surely the antithesis of the four-piece.

"Gamble and Huff wanted to change us around," sneers Spider. "And we could've made it that way. Bernie from Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes said they could help us out. But when they found out how free we were and that we weren't going to change, then . . . they didn't really think they could help us at all."

"See," adds Chip, "people like Jimi Hendrix just turned my head around. You listen to The O'Jays and you don't hear no guitar. I just couldn't lay back with that music and not try and get my rocks off. Once I'd got into that rock guitar sound I couldn't look back. Just headed on towards this direction we got now. Besides, a lot of that music is just part of the surroundings."

"Sure," agrees Spider, "they're programmed alright. They don't want to get into punk or even rock'n'roll because they're too scared. Believe you me, I go through *hell* when I'm in Philadelphia for looking like this."

Maybe there's a master plan at work, but one can't help thinking that for Spider, as with so many US punks, the trappings are of far greater importance than any, er, 'attitude'. His references to having made it into the Stones entourage — he seems keener to emphasize the two months he spend staying with Mick Taylor in London in 1975 than that Charlie Watts (along with Jerry Nolan and Mitch Mitchell) is his biggest drumming influence and his constant reminders of Ricci Burns' having just coloured the whole band's hair and his obvious infatuation with a Kings Road way of existence suggest an almost *Ritz* vision of life.

But maybe, like so many US rockers, he's just an obsessive Anglophile who's got some of it a bit wrong.

Also, though their recent clothes-buying visit had made them the talk of Beaufort Market when I dropped in there the other afternoon, there is more to Pure Hell than simply cool posing and well-hung leathers. Led Zeppelin riffs, mainly, but still . . .

Their manager Curtis Knight (The Man Who Discovered Jimi Hendrix) obviously reckons he can score them a deal right here in the UK. Judging by the way the crowd went apeshit for Pure Hell at the Music Machine, I'd say he's just gone and picked another winner.

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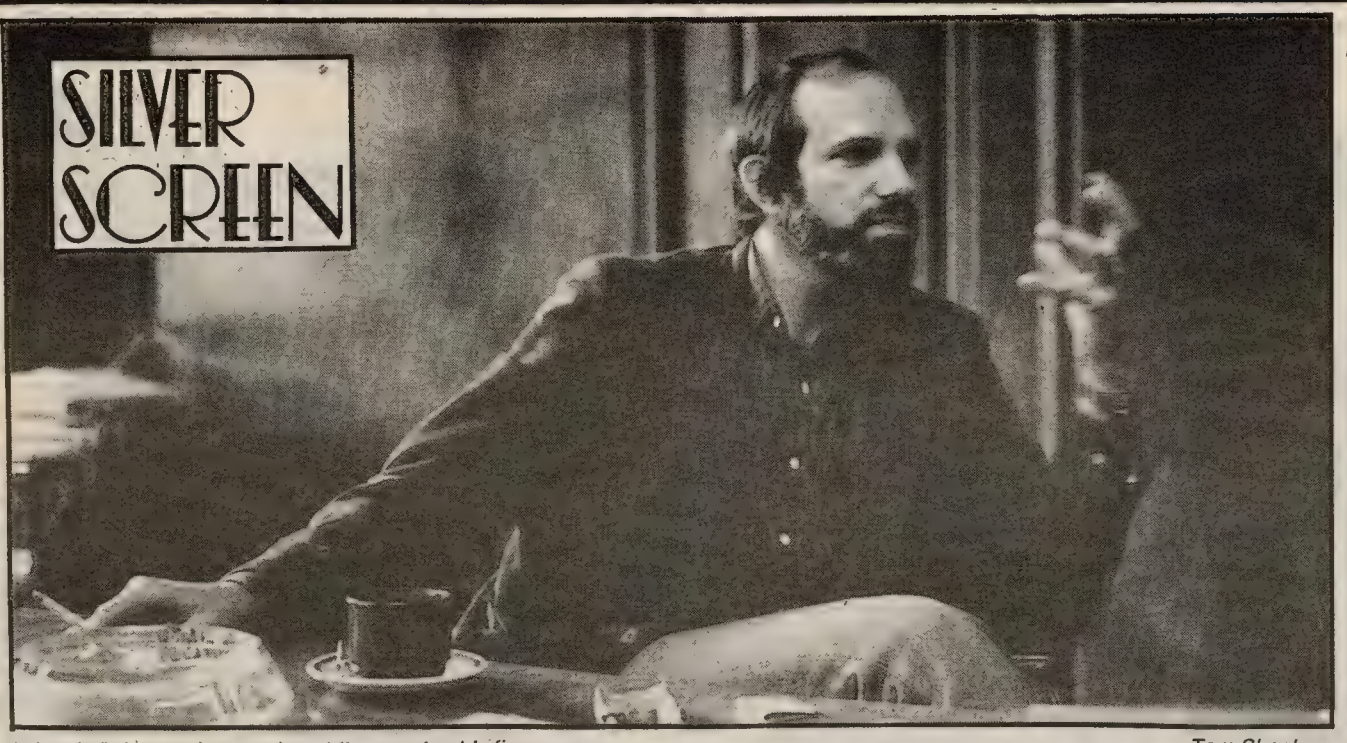

Brian de Palma makes a point while counting his fingers. *Tom Sheehan*

The fist and the fury

Brian de Palma talks to Monty Smith

Not many people care for Brian de Palma's latest film, *The Fury*. In fact, even he's not quite sure about it.

"I saw it for the first time in six months recently and I thought 'What is this?'"

A big man in a battered brown jacket, he sits back in the smart chair he's occupying in 20th century Fox's London office and laughs quietly to himself.

"I think I've done too many of these movies, as some critics have pointed out." He speaks softly through his beard, with the merest trace of a lisp. "I'd be the first to agree."

A 37-year old film-maker from New York, de Palma has been touted as one of the New American Cinema's leading lights since he made a couple of establishment-bashing comedies starring Robert de Niro, back in the late '60s.

A decade on and — despite the qualitative success of *Carrie* — he has yet to tuck under his belt a blockbuster on the scale of his contemporaries: Coppola's *Godfather*, Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, Spielberg's *Jaws*, Lucas' *Star Wars*. He doesn't seem bothered: "If a movie makes back its money, then that to me is successful. The important thing is to keep making movies."

Which he has done consistently and well, after his first encounter with Hollywood in 1970 resulted in a sad debacle called *Get To Know Your Rabbit*, a Tommy Smothers 'comedy'. Since then he's made two overtly Hitchockian thrillers — *Sisters* (after *Psycho*) and *Obsession* (after *Vertigo*) — a ghoulish celebration of horror-rock *(Phantom Of The Paradise)* and a convincing essay in telekinetic terror *(Carrie)*.

A diamond-hard quartet of films, all of them reveal their maker to be a stylistic baron, a man fully conversant with the capabilities of the camera and possessed of an impish hand in the cutting room. He spent his high school years designing computers, hence his felicity with cameras, and didn't become interested in movies until a teenager, hence his healthy preference for form over content. A stance, incidentally, which places him diametrically opposite all of those berks who persist in criticising films as though they were books.

"It's very distressing," he says, wearily adding that, yes, he is fed up with the Hitchcock comparisons. "I keep getting asked the same stupid questions that they've been asking Hitchcock for 30 years and all the answers are in the Truffaut book. I just refer them to the text. People were always telling him that there wasn't any content in his movies and he would reply: 'What is the content of a still life?'

"I'm not too expressly interested in content. I'm concerned with coming up with cinematic conceptions for various sequences. That's what occupied me the last three or four films. Once I've gotten past that — which I think I have now — I can start using the grammar I've developed in other material."

Even so, *The Fury* is extremely disappointing. It stars Kirk Douglas in an unlikely tale of intrigue and derring-do, dragging in telekinesis (again) and secret agents. It's all daft as a brush and seems to exist solely as an excuse for the director to pull off a few spectacular set pieces — the best of which features John Cassavetes exploding to smithereens in slow motion ("Hell, it's just a dummy blowing up," says de Palma). And without placing *too* much emphasis on the content, it does have enough plot for seven different movies. "Yeah, I know", he concedes, smiling. "It's very complicated and it's difficult to engage the audience's identification with so many characters, it's true."

So is *The Fury* an experiment, or what?

"Well, I was trying to lick this very complicated story and I don't know how successful I was. It certainly works in that you watch it, but I don't know whether that's in fascination or not. It certainly goes by fast enough. But what is it, ultimately? People flying through windows," he laughs. "Cars being dumped into water.

"Some people think that *Carrie* was the best and I shouldn't have done this stuff,

De Palma: "What is The Fury about? It's about people flying through windows."

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and maybe they're right. But I was interested in doing something of that size. I'd never never done anything that big before and I learned a lot from it.

"I don't think you can make any fine movies until you've developed as a director and it takes a long time to do that. It may take 20 years. Few people survive that because they don't make enough movies now.

"People like Ford, Hitchcock and Hawks made lots of movies, had a lot of chances to develop their craft. Nowadays, Steven (Spielberg) and George (Lucas) have made two or three movies, phenomenal successes but—" He shrugs. "George is just producing now, you know? So I try everything. I make lots of different kinds of movie."

Already, he's made a comedy since *The Fury* (a low-budget job with some film school pupils), and is now preparing to make *Prince of The City* (about narcotics cops) and an adaptation of Alfred Bester's SF classic *The Demolished Man.*

Does he watch a lot of movies?

"Yes I do. And I think the most interesting movies are being made in America now. This *is* the decade of the American director. I'm not too interested in the French anymore. Some of the Australians and the Germans are quite good."

He asks if I've seen Wim Wenders' *The American Friend.* I tell him that, like most German films, I admire it in a cold, detached sort of way.

"You probably like Lassie pictures," he says, laughing. "I bet you were a sucker for *Dumbo,* right?"

One of my favourites.

"Yeah — isn't that incredible, when the mother's holding on to the truck? Not a dry eye in the house. And when Bambi's mother gets it?"

Yes, but *Bambi's* got a duff second half.

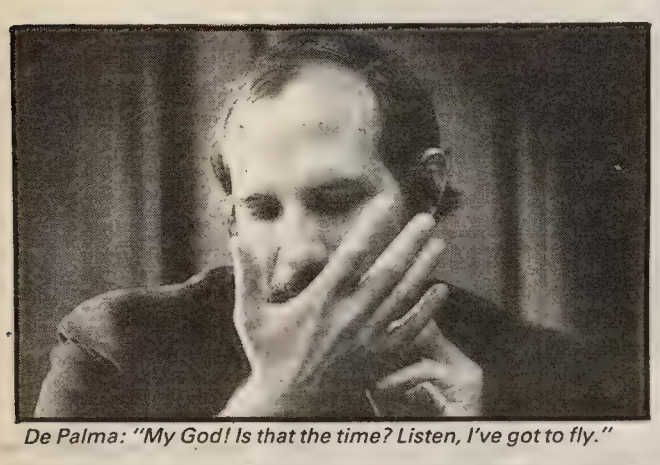
"Yeah, it certainly does. But if you want heart in a movie, go see a Martin Scorsese film."

No thanks. Not after *New York, New York.*

"Oh, you put him in the dustbin so quickly. Think of his better days."

Which will happen again?

"Oh yes, I'm sure."



De Palma: "My God! Is that the time? Listen, I've got to fly."

Oscar-winning director **John G Avildsen** recently revealed why he walked away from *Saturday Night Fever.* Avildsen said he didn't want **John Travolta** working in a paint store, didn't want the Puerto Rican scene and wanted the dance contest to take place in Manhatten. "I'm not saying more people would have gone," he said. "But I think it would have been a more dramatic film." And now Avildsen has dumped *Rocky Part II,* over script disagreements. Still, he does have three projects in the pipeline: *Robin,* a re-working of the Mr Hood legend, **Aldous Huxley**'s *The Island* and *The Corporation,* about abuse of big business . . .

And talking of **Johnny Revolting,** the Disco King's brother, **Joey Travolta,** has a few buns in the oven of his own. Not only has he made an album, he's doing a TV pilot for a series called *Flatbush Fungo,* a feature film called *Sunnyside,* and has just signed a deal with Paramount concerning his book *Steal Away,* based on his teaching experiences. So who needs scientology anyway . . .?

With their usual egotistical ignorance, American film critics have given **Robert Altman**'s latest, *A Wedding,* a rough ride. We will soon be able to judge its merits for ourselves, since it opens over here shortly before Christmas. Meanwhile, lined up for Altman's next project, *Health,* are **Lauren Bacall, Glenda Jackson** and **James Garner** . . .

Well-preserved 38-year old Muppets star **Raquel Welch** currently considering a star role in *Velvet Gloves,* about women boxers in Las Vegas. Squelchy Welchy is already signed opposite **Anthony Quinn** in *Caracos,* the real-life story of the Mexican narcotics king . . .

Jean-Luc Godard, the leading light of the New Wave (the original one, you bozos, the French one in the '50s) is preparing his latest film, *The Bugsy Siegel Story.* Godard has approached **Robert De Niro** to play the famous gangster and the film will be set in the Hollywood of the '40s . . .

After their success with *The Stud* (at the box-office, if nowhere else), and with it's sequel, *The Bitch,* on the way, Brent Walker continue their production schedule with *Dracula Rocks,* a horrible — er, sorry — a horror musical . . .

Can't wait for this one either: Bionic **Lee Majors** in *Disco Mania* . . .

For some reason, Warner Bros are planning two movies based on **Patricia Bosworth**'s biography of **Montgomery Clift.** One that dwells on Monty's **Jason King**-like activities, perhaps, and one that doesn't . . .

Part-time singer **Keith Carradine** — brother of the Kung Fu one — is cast as **Edgar Allan Poe** in an upcoming biopic on the deranged dope-addicted writer of macabre minor masterpieces . . .

Till now, hardly a prolific film-maker, **Karel Reisz** will be working on two films next year. His latest, *Dog Soldiers,* starring **Nick Nolte** in a tough story about smack smuggling from Viet Nam, opens in London next month and is his first film since *The Gambler* in 1974. His new projects include a comedy set in New York and an adaptation of **John Fowles'** *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* to be scripted by **Harold Pinter** . . .

An item for sale at a recent Sotheby's auction in New York was listed as: "Crow hide trousers once tried on by **Robert Redford.**" Not near the heat of his desert home, we trust . . .

Godfather of American movies **Roger Corman** is lining up soppy *Happy Days* star **Ronny Howard** for a *Star Wars* satire called *Car Wars* . . .

Probably even sillier will be *The Kirlian Witness,* a film about the psychic powers of plants in which one of our little green friends is eyewitness to a murder . . .

And **Dr Michael Crichton** — whose new film *Coma* will be reviewed in *Silver Screen* soonest — has been offered a million dollars to write the screenplay of his latest novel, *Africa.* One slight snag — he hasn't even written the book yet . . .

Kirk Douglas gets furious.

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Got Mah Ego Workin'

ROBERT JOHNSON, native of North Memphis, Tennessee, is a very self-satisfied "person".

At first it isn't difficult to understand the root of an assurance that seems to border on arrogance. He rose out of a predominantly poor working-class background, a black ghetto, and, like the white man in the Clash vignette, it was a case of prove yourself or get stomped on.

Always at the back of his mind lurks an image of Elvis Presley, his childhood and adulthood idol who made the grade in a similar neighbourhood, a few blocks down from the Johnson tenement. The Sun Records mythology is ingrained in his memory bank.

As I knocked on the door of his London hotel room I was prepared to admit that familiarisation with his debut album "Close Personal Friend" and the excellent chartbound single "I'll Be Waiting For You" were testament to the gent's talents; but even if I had never heard of Robert Johnson he soon made it clear that he was privy to a genius so wondrous in design, and so bursting in "vitality" and "energy" that a contrary view would amount to sacrilege.

Yet the Johnson vinyl presence is hardly matched by the visual evidence; the real man fails to make the connection. The record suggests a braggadocio comparable with Tom Petty but the flesh and blood is a slight, bespectacled figure, short haired fifties cruisin' flash, customised soda pop chic. As with all such specimens, the regimented emulation of an era as dead as its pensioned off heroes smacks of high camp, a twee nostalgia quite at odds with the current age.

Behind the gentle Southern twang, its syllables as thick as better half Eddie Wright's goggling physiognomy, one senses constant intimations of the Johnson immortality. That knack for the hook line and sinkya melody is soon matched and overtaken by our subject's conceited appraisal of his abundant virtues — guitarist, pundit, clothes designer and shifter of round plastic things.

Johnson's reasons for keeping the ego on full inflation might make him good P.R. copy but like Carter's economically bankrupt administration they rub the third world English up the wrong way.

Taking it from the top (and events actually take a catastrophic dive hereafter), at 17 Johnson won the post of rhythm guitarist with Isaac Hayes during the Shaft megalomaniac's catapult to stardom via "Hot Buttered Soul": "I was the only white man for fifty miles, pretty amazing considering the young age and stuff."

Cue applause and massed genuflections.

Straight out of high school and whitey is swapping the bro's shuffle and shake with the Stax organisation. He became an accepted sessioneer, too, Hayes being lazy and rich enough only to work the weekends, leaving Johnson free to notch up credits with Anne Peebles, The Staple Singers, Willie Mitchell and Eddie Floyd.

"One of mah first gigs was at the Apollo Theatre; it was quite extraordinary, seein' all them black faces."

I wondered if the presence of an upstart honkey called for any adverse resentment from the Hayes' circus but I needn't have worried:

"Nope. See, I come from the same neighbourhood and I can act and talk just like them. I got a black man's feel, you can hear it on the record. That's why Isaac though I was the greatest rhythm guitarist ever . . . 'cos I had it all, everything the other guys had plus something a bit special . . ."

He scratches his head briefly.

"More brains I guess. The guy who took mah place, Skip somethin' or other, man he was dumb. They lost him on the road, he was all strung out on drugs, went off with a bunch of junkies and they lost him. They found him agin' since though . . . heh . . . heh. . ."

BETWEEN 1971 and 1973 Johnson put down his guitar and delivered furniture to Elvis's Graceland estate. He and Wright rebuilt fifties cars and presided over a prosaic custom club, chopping and channelling the baroque shark-tailed Fords and Corvairs which rotted on the highway rust heaps. He also bought and sold guitars. Chris Spedding purchased an axe from the kid and, hearing of his prodigious talents, offered him a gig as bassist. The offer was declined but a link has been forged over the pond . . . with John Entwistle, then in the process of completing the Ox lineup to promote "Mad Dog".

"That was totally disorganised. First we had to persuade him to reduce Ox from a fifteen piece to a five piece band. Then the producer, John Alcock, asked me to erase the original guitarist and overdub my parts, which I did. The record came out with his name on, though. The conflict of interests was immense. By the time we got to America the album sounded stale. Entwistle had cash to blow, he was the financier and we were the hobby. The Who roadies were used to going mad, it got impossible."

Even then the perennially tedious "Who to continue or split" schtick was raising its crashingly dull question mark. Inevitably, Entwistle rejoined his cronies to finish off the legend once and for all.

Through a newly-acquired set of superstar English friends and business associates of Mick Jagger, Johnson now decided to audition for the equally somnambulent vacant Stone seat — this farce being acted out by Larry Coryell, Jeff Beck, Wayne Perkins and other luminaries too redundant to mention. But Johnson turned up to find that his slot had been set aside for some other mug who couldn't even find the studio. Jagger had a flunkey let him in and immediately put the Yank at ease. (Assume pseudo cockney man of the street drawl: "Great to see ya mate but we're expectin' someone else to show and they ain't made it, knowarramean . . .")

Johnson set up next to Beck, Richards and M.J.P., filled in with some blues and cut one song that never materialised on album, took his cheque and went home to Memphis. "I was not waiting by the phone. The Stones obviously wanted an English guy, it was like a jam picnic, I wish they'd tried to see who could boogie the best on 'Jumpin' Jack Flash'."

On return Johnson joined Country Funk, later Ardent house band Hot Dogs, contemporaries of Alex Chilton's Big Star, before opting again for the lucrative black sessions which gave him room to display his self-styled "legendary right hand". It is this rhythm attack which sets him apart from the common herd:

"On the album I only had to use sixteen tracks but the trio sounds like a six piece. The bassist Dave Cochran and the drummer Blair Cunningham are excellent musicians — special like me. I never have to practise. I could pick up my guitar now and play you a song and it would have the vitality of the album. The right hand — man that knocked Isaac out — mah soulful right hand. I take rhythm guitar to different ground than most other musicians."

Hey Robert, meet Ted Nugent.

SUFFICE to say, Robert Johnson doesn't feel the need to keep in touch with the competition. There isn't any. The Sun classics are enough for him. In his spare time he designs and sews his own clothes.

"These pants I made, an' I designed this here shirt, and here's a pattern I'm adapting, this is an original . . ." Make someone a nice wife. Eddie Wright peers nervously over his glasses lest we soil the precious florescent cloths. These two oddballs should meet McClaren and Costello.

Or not. Johnson offers short shrift to *les nouveau punques*.

"The teddy boys are neat but I ain't impressed with the punk rockers. Elvis was the first guy in Memphis to wear pink and black. Two weeks ago I had to fight my way out of a hamburger joint for wearing the same stuff . . . long haired Woodstock veterans," he sneers.

"Ten years ago I got beat up for growin' mah hair, ironic ain't it? Recently, I was drivin' my fifties car and we pulled up by a park wearin' our gear" (cue soundtrack to *'American Graffiti'*) "and a buncha long hairs started hollerin' at us. I says 'Are you yellin' at me?' Picked up two clubs . . . 'If you wanna take these clothes off of me boy you're welcome to try.' I had my nose bust before."

One would have imagined then that Johnson could sympathise with other fashion minorities. Not at all: "The Sex Pistols came to town and they was lucky to get out alive . . .

A . . L . . I . . V . . E.

How so, I enquired innocently. "OOOWHEEEE, they called out the SWAT team!!!" I gasp and fall off the bed. "Man . . . you don't mess with the SWAT team. They are T.H.T.H." Come again? "Too hard to handle. Besides, Nickey Horne" (and he should know) "told me that last year it was the fashion not to be able to play your instrument. He liked me 'cos I obviously had melody and virtuosity."

Johnson particularly detests the idea of Elvis Costello: "I never heard his music and I wouldn't listen." Why on earth not? "For . . . for taking the king's name in vain. Elvis is a name you don't hear fifty miles out of Memphis."

Perhaps that's because it's such a stupid name.

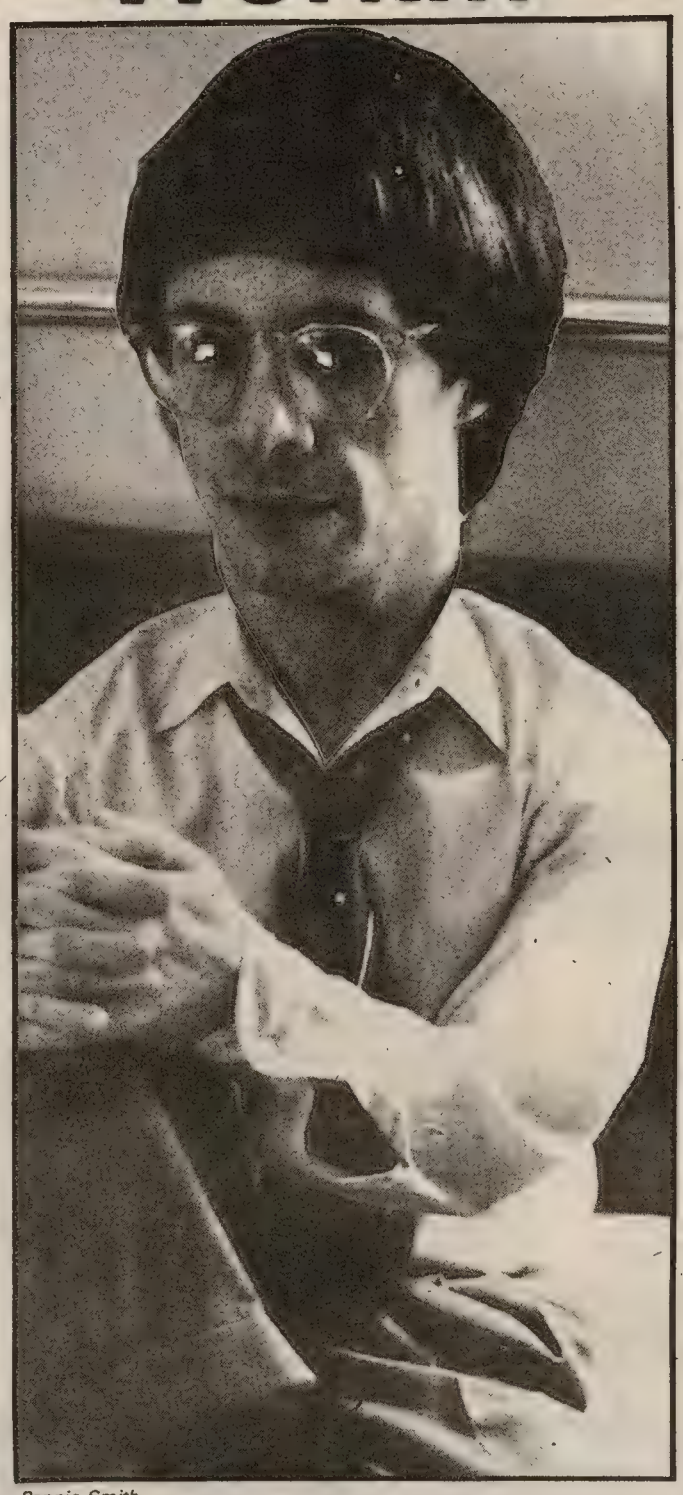
"Tell him from me he should be called Danny Costello. Elvis Costello, that's a hype, it's disgusting and silly."

AND so it goes. Johnson transpires to be no more than your standard ranch stash reactionary. He professes no interest in anything outside the soul circuit. "Ernie Isley is fabulous, he's like me, plays great rhythm guitar and good drums. Didja know that he plays drums on all the Isleys' records?" I didn't. "Yup, he does. I play the drums too." Either that or the nauseatingly mundane Boston: "Tom Scholz is real good. My record is the first to come out on Infinity/MCA in America and the president of Infinity is the same guy who signed Boston to Epic." A staggering coincidence.

By this time photog Pennie Smith and I are looking exit-ward, and Johnson is assuring me that Jerry Lee Lewis was the only original punk (only never call an American a punk or they'll punch you out for accusations of faggotry). "Jerry Lee could out cuss, out drink, out fight, out fuck . . ." It's time to leave.

When I got home I put on the album again and its lustre was already fading. I was only sorry that I'd omitted to ask Mr Robert Johnson, why, if he's so miffed with the great pretender's apostasy, assumption of the divine right of kings, gods etc., he rejoices under a monicker not a million miles removed from that more normally associated with the erstwhile King of the Delta, Miss. blues?

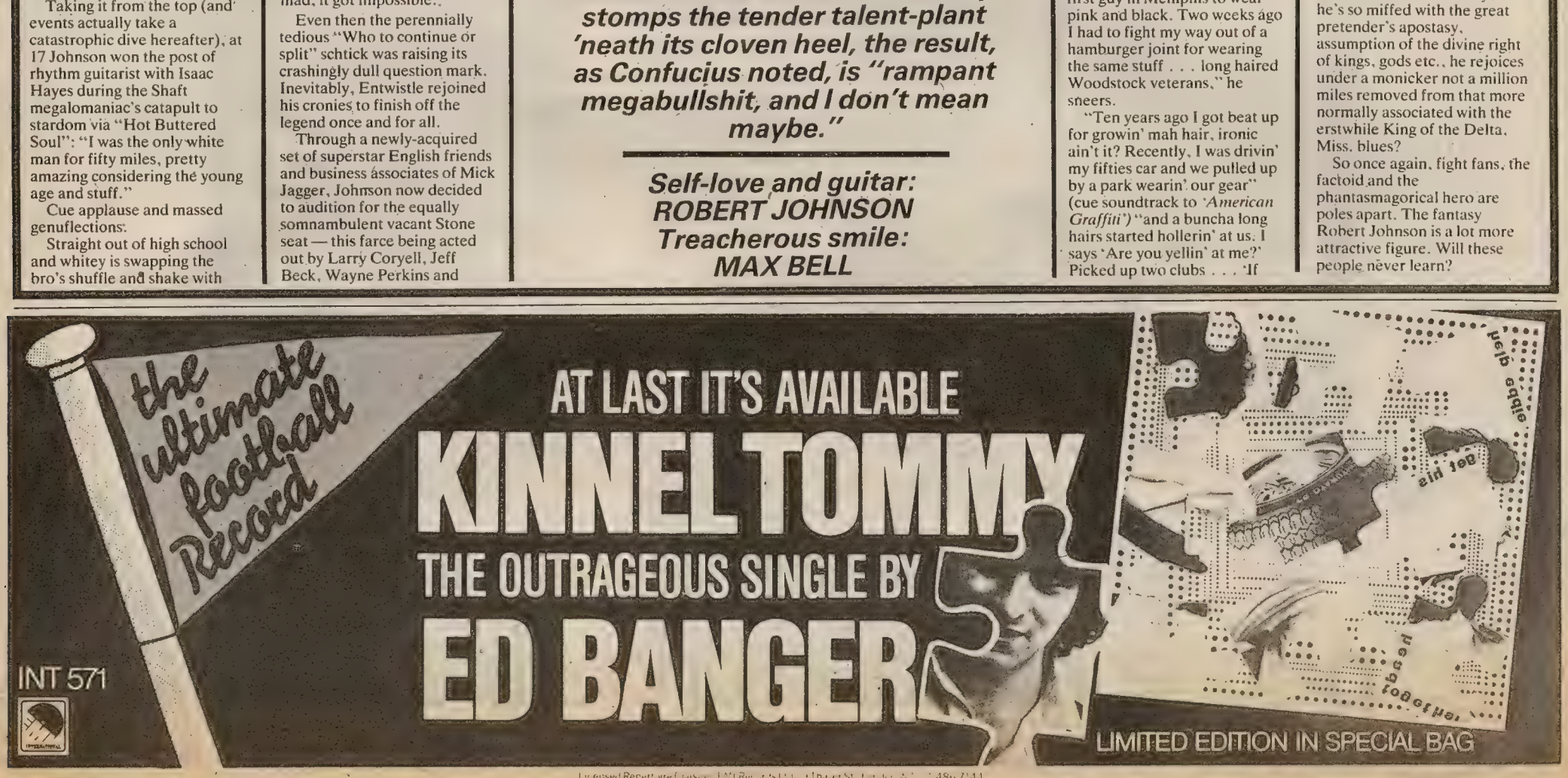
So once again, fight fans, the factoid and the phantasmagorical hero are poles apart. The fantasy Robert Johnson is a lot more attractive figure. Will these people never learn?



Pennie Smith

When the Buffalo of Immodesty stomps the tender talent-plant 'neath its cloven heel, the result, as Confucius noted, is "rampant megabullshit, and I don't mean maybe."

Self-love and guitar: ROBERT JOHNSON
Treacherous smile: MAX BELL



Hi there – Let us at Roxy Leisure Inc. introduce our new concept in Modern Entertainment

I SAT in a pub at the Sloane Square, upmarket end of the King's Road (a minimum thirty minute stroll to the nearest tee-shirt depicting Snow White in carnal combat with the seven dwarves, spiky), staring morosely into a vodka and coke bought to slake my thirst by affable Roxy Music *aide-de-camp,* Simon Puxley.

I thought deeply upon the fate of a much-maligned major artist, his lovingly crafted work ripped to shreds by talentless bores twisted with such overwhelming jealousy that the oafs dropped all pretence of serious critical analysis. Philistines!

"Weeelll, now we're respected in society, we don't worry 'bout the things that we used to be!!" jeered the Juke Box.

I smiled ironically, in spite of myself. Well, we would see the true worth of the work in time. The ultimate judge would be the *people.*

And then let the fools . . .

"I'm afraid Bryan's going to be a little late. Would you like another drink?" murmered Simon Puxley.

I snapped out of my reverie, automatically ordered the same again and remembered what I was here for . . . okay, that's enough about *me,* but what's Bryan Ferry been doing lately?

He's experienced eighteen months of unprecendented commercial pratfall — from the world tour that he apparently had to finance with his personal funds through to the disappointing "The Bride Stripped Bare" album and a lengthy sting of singles to get close enought to the Top Thirty to see it with the naked eye.

Ferry's also been the victim in a human *Debrett*-version of Jilted John, Julie and Gordon folk-lore, when his Prairie Clothes-Horse — long, lithe, Texan model girl Jerry Hall — gave Bryan the elegant elbow in favour of the whiter pastures to be gained hanging onto the arm of Mick Jagger.

On the plus side, he'd been courting Irish novelette Edna O'Br en, while "Sign Of The Times" was a rrighteningly contemporary record loaded with subliminal, provocative imagery, the music a kind of wired lucidity, *everybody's* Most Modern 45 in '78 unless your life had no taste of here and now, hard lines, lipstick and leather (and if so — you *sure* you're alive?).

But with every credit a let down . . . the relationship with ol' Edna (no oil painting on anybody's canvas, anyhow) was strictly platonic, and the kids who put Ferry (with and without Roxy Music) into the hit parade in the past, they just weren't interested by the time "Sign Of The Times" was released last summer.

More than anything he'd done in years, Ferry was obsessional about that single. He *knew* how great it was. But an upwardly mobile dilettante stylist off on a world tour, followed by six months in a pink movie-star pedigree mansion swanning around Bel Air film-folks cocktail party frolics, and later still howling at the moon in the off-season Swiss ski resort of Montreaux . . . well, that wasn't quite the image the glitter-kids and more mature, periphery punters into Bryan and Roxy in the early '70s were looking for by the second half of the decade.

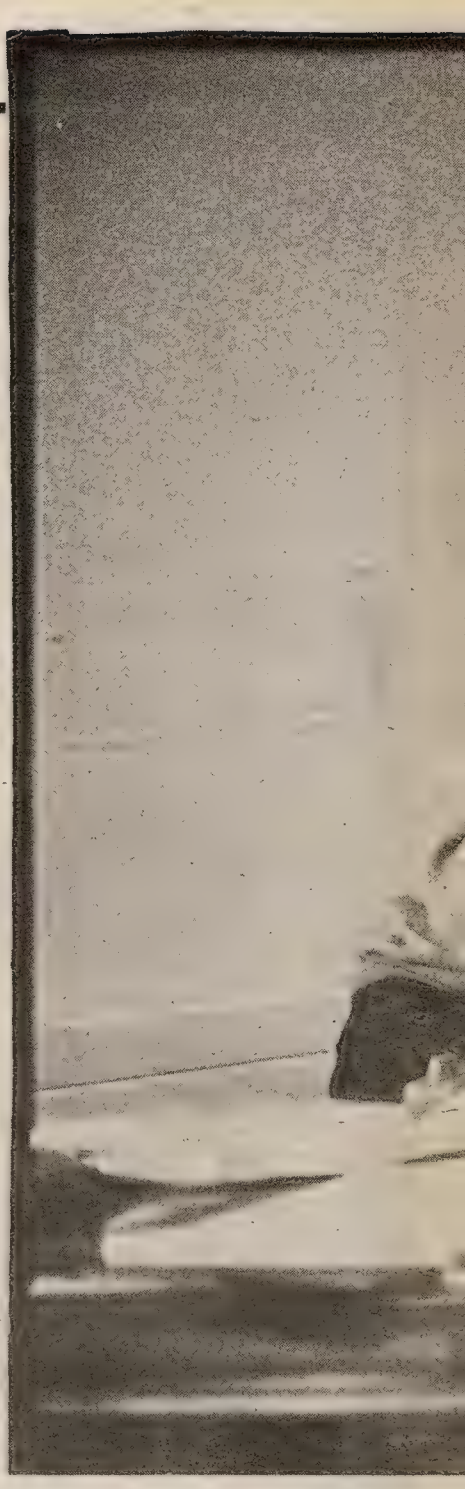
The younger kids toned down their make-up and got into The Sex Pistols, the older ones saved up for the curtains and saw Man Tran at the Palladium and the intellectuals got into Kraftwerk until they had their nervous breakdown.

Winter passed, spring and fall, you never wrote us, you never called, Lounge Lizard — you bin gone too *looong!*

Basically, Punk happened and Ferry suddenly looked like Lady Muck From Cowshit Farm. So — in Modern Times the Modern Way! — Bryan got on the blower some three months ago and contacted his former Roxy Music colleagues. They said "yes" and Roxy Music are in the studio for the first time since "Siren" in 1975, are planning to go out on the road at the start of next year.

GEE, a Roxy Music re-union, I dunno, Roxy the band that paid no dues, that appeared already fully formed at the dawn of the decade bursting with killer kitsch, flamboyant glitz, the promise of a figure of light some twenty millimeters across on a thin strip of celluloid, the band who appeared like this out of nowhere when it hadn't been too many months ago that David Bowie had been a bubble-cut hippy with bad teeth and Oxford bags, singing, *"Coz if you live with us you're gonna be pretty Kook-ee, too!"*

Do me a favour, mush. I don't know where I parted company with Roxy Music — those first two albums *were* the finest moments but then their finest song was on "Siren", "Both Ends Burning", probably the only speed song closer to the truth than "Here Come The Nice". I also like a lot of those early cover songs — people always underestimated the underlying sense of humour in Roxy Music — and back then you could chortle along to something like "It's My Party And I'll Cry If I Want To" without being accused by hysterical sociologists of having some personal grudge against unaccompanied party-throwers. I packed up my gaucho gear and rode off to Pampas anew after either seeing Ferry duet with Cilla or Lulu, I can't remember which. Bryan had no cause for complaint — he was the one who *taught* us how to be snobs . . .



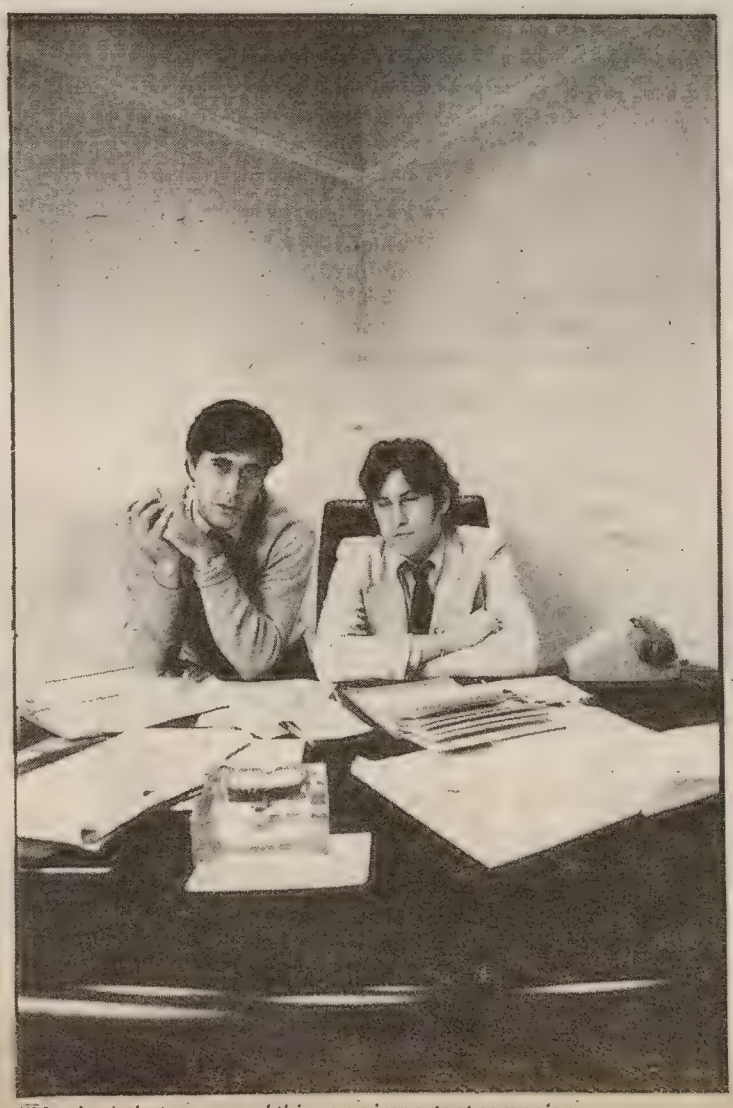
Chairman Bryan 'World's Most Elegantly Wor

A re-union, huh? Just like The Byrds — funny how the circle is a wheel, etcetera. Hey, Simon, I really like those sleeve notes you did for the first Roxy Music album!

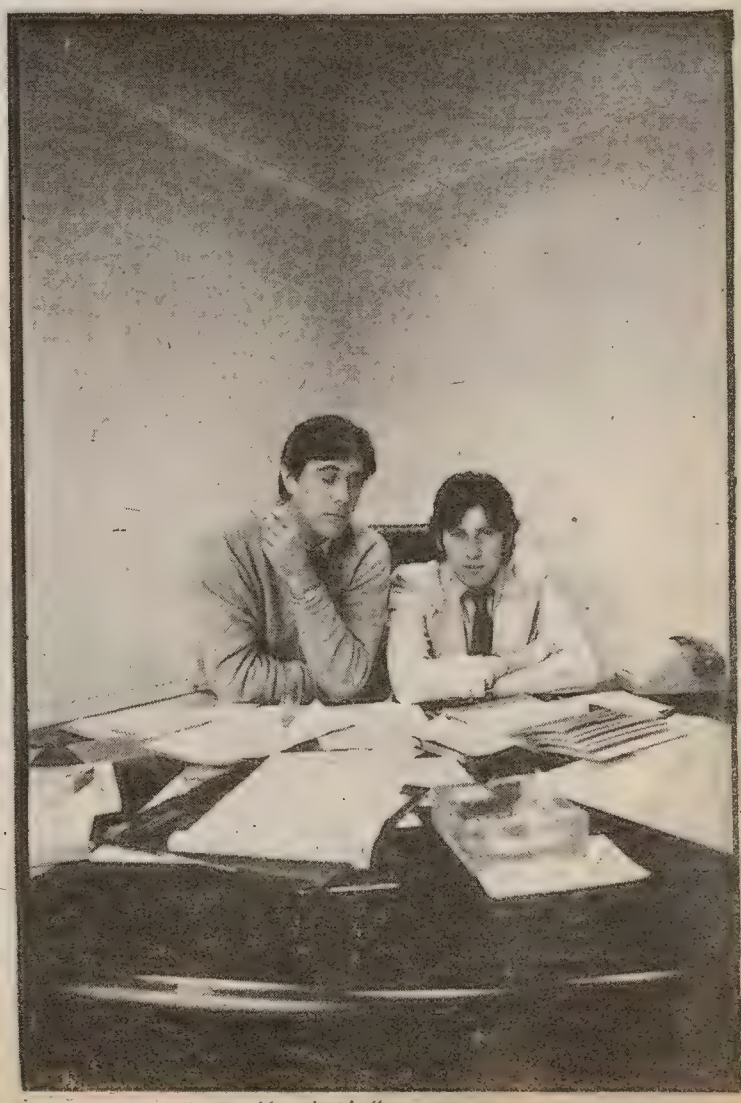
"You really liked them? They were about twice as long. Andy Mackay cut them without telling me. I was quite upset."

What were you on?

"Nothing. I'd have to be now, though. Do you take anything when you write other than speed? No? I don't know how people can smoke



"May I say that we regard this as an important campaign: . . .



"Demographically speaking that is."

sted Human Being' Ferry with a personal message for all of you.

Tony Parsons on the Roxy Music Renaissance

and work, do you?"

I'm just about to ask this fair-haired, spaced-out rake Puxley how come he never asked the best model in London — Polly Eltes of recent Colman's mustard fame — to be on a Roxy album cover. Perhaps the next one. But Puxley is whisked off by his secretary to take a call in his office across the street.

"It's probably Ferry," hisses the unsmiling Pennie Smith as she bites the end off her Havana. "I bet he can't find his bloody aftershave."

When Puxley ambles back into the pub he tells that Ferry and Mackay have refused to leave a restaurant in the next street they headed for the moment they "hit" "town" because their stomachs are bloated with malnutrition. We curse and make our way around to an intimate expense-account trattoria, eventually locating Ferry and Mackay in a secluded corner remembering old times and getting dewy-eyed over the romance of candles.

WE TAKE our places at the table and Puxley does the introductions, Ferry polite, detached, as cool as David Niven's fridge. He looks in good shape — must have been all that wheatgerm Jerry used to rub in his boat race. Teeth capped well, nice and even, good tan, hair dye grown out leaving barnet dark brown colour, clothes are from his English-Gentleman-abroad *couture*-shock wardrobe — cashmere sweaters, knitted tie, tab collar shirt, green anorak thrown over the back of the chair, fine spun Norfolk wool strides. There's no doubt about it, Bryan Ferry is the world's Most Elegantly Worsted Human Being.

He's also an exceedingly bland interviewee if given the chance. He doesn't enjoy it — nerves, shyness, laziness, a bit of each — and right now he's trying to play Amos to Mackay's Andy (who looks exactly like he did in Roxy except that he's twice as fat and appears twice as old), so I really have no choice but . . .

ROXY MUSIC RE-UNION? WHAT'S THE POINT? (Ferry didn't touch his liver and bacon after that).

Ferry seems stunned for quite a while, his mouth half-open, and then he fixes me with an icy stare and draws himself upright like Flashman about to see *you*, young Brown, me lad.

"That's kind of a *rude* question! It's an insult to our intelligence!" Ruffled, but regaining control. "If there isn't any point we wouldn't be doing it, basically. We could say there's *no* point."

Come on; now, don't sulk, it's not like you, is it? Tell me how permanent the new Roxy Music is going to be.

"We're working on the vow sheet at the moment. If we hadn't liked it after the first few days we wouldn't have done it." He turns to the mole-like Mackay. "and we found out that there really isn't any point at all, didn't we?" Ferry smirks.

"More or less," blinks Mackay.

A funny geezer, this Ferry, an obvious enigma. He's got all the camp upper-crust affections of Prince Charles if Dumbo had fumbled to manhood in the rag-trade instead of the RAF. His cultivated dulcet tones and his father the County Durham miner are never in your mind's iris at the same time unless Ferry gets a bit flustered, then the social explorer tends to get his roots in a knot.

This is just personal conjecture but I think that Mackay *enjoys* seeing Ferry like that, in those seldom, vulnerable moments. There could never be another leader in Roxy Music other than Ferry — it was he whose vision gave the band its innovatory power — Ferry seeing rock music as one dimensional years before anyone else with the possible exception of Jack Nitzsche, the distorted imagery of his lyrics drawn from popular culture instead of pure abstract work (the technique passed down from Marcel Duchamp to Richard Hamilton to Bryan Ferry), the passion, showmanship and verve of the Stax stable in mid-'60s, Ferry coming along and putting the *stage* on a pedestal.

No, there couldn't be another Roxy leader, but I think that Mackay enjoys having Ferry as the Geordie Art School Social Explorer who couldn't get his vowels totally in shape if he had plastic surgery on them.

I can't explain it. Mackay just looks shifty to me that's all.

I keep imagining this advertisement where Ferry and Mackay are on this life-boat after getting ship-wrecked and Ferry tries to be all smooth by going, "I say, where's the Cock-burns?"

And Mackay will really laugh and say, "Haw-haw-haw! Where's the *Cock*-burns! *Verry* good!"

STILL, it seems that if the iced camerarderie that existed between both Roxy Music and their audience and the individual members of the band was to disappear, then this come-back operation would be better off still-born and they can all go back to their own bands,their concept albums, their pulp cathode ray soap-muzak, songs originally recorded by Negroes, whatever.

But it was imperative that Ferry *did* want to learn about etiquette like they do in magazines, want to try to talk correct like they do in other scenes. What was the alternative? Alan Price as the leader of Roxy Music?

Ferry, I reckon that the reason you got into rock music so late in life was because you were manufacturing yourself for many, many years before you were ready.

And I don't mean learning to play piano and just the mechanics, I mean this entire thing about trying to drop strict-morality, hard - graft - ethic of working class life in the North in which you were brought up and become, I don't know, an indolent, decadent, aristocratic rake with artistic aspirations and the type of friends that you read about in books.

"I wasn't older than anyone else!" Bryan shrieks (he knows he's lying). "It depends on how you look at it really!"

"Girls like older men," leers Mackay, licking his lips.

"Girls needs a fatherly figure every now and then," smiles Ferry.

Look, Bryan, if you want to flog the inside dope on Jerry Hall then try *The Daily Star*, okay?

"But what you're saying about the glamour thing in Roxy," he says seriously. "People underestimated our sense of humour. It was a lot of it tongue in cheek. See, if a band starts out at sixteen they become manufacturered, become monsters, get destroyed — but Roxy Music manufactured *ourselves*. But the glam thing, that whole uptown thing with Roxy rebounded on me in particular everyone said how I'd become a terrible snob, but I was the same person I always was . . ."

Which was?

Ferry guffaws. "A terrible uptown snob sort of person."

I dunno, let a Jarrow lad put on a sodding white tuxedo and he loses all persepctive. Ferry still thinks he can get to Blue-Blooded Posh Git nirvana and live happily ever after whenever possible.

For the best part of a decade he's been, at turns, monumental, a precious jewel or just a fool.

Ferry says that it was perfectly natural for Roxy Music to split up in 1976 as the members of the band were too individually creative to remain an efficient product, going the rounds. Ferry and Mackay both say they find being in a group wearing.

"It sounds smug but it's easier to come up with something new every year than sustain the same thing over a period of years," said Ferry.

"Y'know, Bryan, I think it's strange how your solo career got its initial push when Roxy Music first hit big with "For Your Pleasure" and "Stranded" both in 1973, then you broke the band up in 1976 when your solo thing was really getting into its stride but now, late 1978, you've had your driest period ever as far as hits are concerned. Seems to me that the spans of life that Roxy Music enjoy are timed to the split-second, with your solo career acting as a barometer. You crafty bastard! Who do you thinks gonna buy this new record, huh?

"Well, it's hoovering music," reveals Bryan. "I always imagine hairdressers clipping to it. I'm actually very fond of hairdressers."

But will non-hairdressers be banned from the new Roxy Music gigs?

"Oh, I'd love them to come into the salon any time! Some people would never get into what we do because they thought it was too glamorous, manufactured, stylist . . ."

What, like that snot-green anorak of yours?

"There's a kind of latent hippy that wouldn't get into it on principle — but we extend open arms to everyone! Peace and love! Get into it!"

Mackay: "When were we last in the studio, then? Three years ago?"

Ferry (taunting him): "Can't really remember, can you Dad?"

"Something cosmic happened and time telescoped."

"It's that time-warp you went through when your side-boards got too long", teases Bryan.

Ferry discusses the reason for continually covering standards that have been done better elsewhere. He explains his desire to record quality songs exceeds his ability to write the same and considers himself to be lucky if he can write five good songs a year. I think that he was a perfectionist when he started and he's copped the upper-crust, I am - a - man - of - leisure attitude. An idle perfectionist — fatal! Hopefully the other members will have learned enough in the last two years to keep Ferry from sitting on his riding stick and sucking up into his mind as he peruses the rock press.

You have a morbid fascination with the music press, don't you, Bryan? Why is it? Because you're a music lover? Masochist? Egotist? Or you just wanna be with it?

"No, this isn't true," Ferry claims. "It's just that sometimes they strap me down in the studio and," he clutches a spot in the centre of his forehead," as I have THE ALL SEEING EYE! I cannot avoid reading them. Who is Julie Burchill and why is she always writing bad things about us?"

You were her hero when she was twelve. She thought that you were going to save the world but you didn't. She feels betrayed.

"But Bryan *will* save the world," asserts Andy.

"You have every hope of me saving the world?"

"Yes, I feel quite confident. We're waiting for a phone-call from the Shah Of Iran at the moment."

"Maybe I'll call myself the *Cannes* Of Iran, no, the *Sham* Of Iran," Ferry says dejectedly.

IT'S alright, Ma, he's not whining. Ferry's taken some hard knocks over the last couple of years and his old self-indulgent self-sufficiency of the post Roxy Star days has entirely transformed to the self-doubt and self-examination that motivated him to search for a more creative environment when he began to realise that the other men at the colliery were staring at his dinner jacket and eyeliner all those years ago down the pits.

He's turned out some dross over recent years, as have most artists, but the difference is that none of them have written anything as good as "Sign Of The Times."

He's in the studio with Andy Mackay, Phil Manzernera, Paul Thompson, Paul Carrick on keyboards and Alan Spenner and Garry Tibbs on bass recording the new Roxy Music album. I think it's gonna be good, I think Ferry knows that if he blows it this time, even Cilla Black won't have him back. Either show us a really good, really good time, or we'll abuse you and then we'll lose you. And that's *really* something.

Ferry glances at his watch and realises that him and Mackay are late for the studio. "We should mince," Bryan advises and off they go.

And don't let this happen to you.

Pix- Pennie Smith

AFLOAT!

Yes, it's the tang of the salt spray in a Force 9 from Finisterre with regard to this one, hipmates; A rollicking tale which tells how Silver's parrot changed his name (to "VIVIAN STANSHALL"), beached himself in a foetid creek and weathered the uncanny storms called up by the sea-djinns of Sargasso. AND promoted his new album. Word processing: BRIAN CASE.

MAYHAP A MOLE, unavoidably bespectacled and sedentary withal, tickled and pinked by the prick of curiosity, flung aside his quill and quitted his rustic escritoire — interrupted work-in-progress: 'Milne, A Memoire' — "Oh, sod these crashings and cursings!" — to present a snout at once investigatory and reproving in the threshold frame of a riverbank bunker.

Certes, the citified source of this commotion, a vocational hack, was too preoccupied with the onslaught of insect and snaggings of briar to note the velvet balefulness of the future artisan's trousering, and his progress along the towpath continued to bugle out his discomforture. Some hovering hawkshaw, hacktracking for a consideration, would have found the assignment "a toughie", necessitating a duplication in canon of every spasm, blurt and yaw ahead: morse from an epileptic fist.

Parting at last a sheepshank of scenery, our hero came to haven. There, caulked and confident athwart the stream, rode the venerable First World War submarine-chaser which now housed Vivian Stanshall, former Bonzo Dog wallah and reputedly reclusive as all get out. Setting a grateful plimsol upon the boarding plank abaft the boat and doffing — "BUZZ OFF!" — the composite hat of gnats, the newshound jounced aboard.

Negotiating the narrows with the ease of an old China hand, no crock, blocky Winfield Jumbo Jotter at the hip and a species of bowspriting eagerness playing about his profile, the man who had once given "Panther" Panchali a piton start on Anapurna, rounded the fo'c's'le and knocked.

"Hullo."

"Hullo."

With intercourse fairly joined, scribe and subject exchanged appraising shufties. Substantially, Stanshall could have stepped from the pages of some medieval Booke Of Hours, accoutred as he was in a lounging-gown of deepest maroon, puffed at the shoulders, nipped at the waist, a heraldry of house rats ramping colourfully at his feet. Ginger locks, severely drawn back into a decent rubber band, burst out behind him like a rusty mains-leak, while, from his chin, an uncapped hydrant of a beard plashed about his frontage until further orders. The phiz between these ginger geysers was alight with pure intelligence.

Coffee was prepared in the little galley, and conversation turned to the serviceable fowling piece propped, oily as buggery, in the snuggery.

"Ah — I'm thinking of joining a Small Bore Club," Stanshall confessed, with the accompanying chortle of the seasoned punster.

By dint of crouching, a gibbon-armed and truculently-canted posture reminiscent of our simian past, the hack launched into an urbane investigation of the low-ceilinged quarters accompanying himself with little cries. A stuffed tarantula passed under review, a glass tank of shellbacked turtles, giving rise to the reflection that a sub-chaser stocking this lot would have had the Bosch in the backward caps huffing at the periscope.

"Stinkpots," explained the host. "One of the few defensive turtles. Their design is hopeless. Lousy swimmers, knackered on land, hmm — I suppose they're passable scavengers — and they haven't changed design in a couple of million years. How DO they get on? Something like that appeals to me. Just the fact that the freak made it."

Thankful that he had retained his bicycle clips, and tremulously resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could, our hack wrung out a watery smile.

"Like snakes a lot," Stanshall continued. "Had several constrictors and a python." His keen eye took congratulatory inventory of the spartan surroundings, the grotesque masks, the jester's cap, the musical artificial leg, the solitary eyeball. "Where I used to live, it dawned on me that the rooms were Aladdin's, just bristling with the inside of my head made tangible. Didn't like looking at it — and when that broke on me, real Road to Damascus job. I've had to hack down, be really ruthless with myself, tearful pyre. Just getting rid of things and saying, 'You really are interested in tomorrow and what you're making now?' — 'Yes I am, so I don't need all this'."

"I'd like a monkish annexe, a white room with a rrrrough table." He savoured the burly towerish syllable like a scrub-lady in the grip of some Mahdi-like possession, a chap reclaimed, it was whispered, from the hobgoblins of the bottle. "It's only recently, and almost entirely due to that wonderful woman — " — a tip of the titfer to his wife, 'Longfellow' — " and living down here that I'm beginning to find some kind of balance. I NEED to write and paint and sculpt — that's going to look awful in print."

OUTSIDE, in the sunshine, our hack was soon water-vagabonding at full strength upon the deck, a votive shag tin in the shadow of his head, a beverage at his heels, tidings that the rats had buggered off below stilling finally those contractions of the anus which resemble a goldfish at feeding-time. Thus it was a relaxed hack, stripes of arcadian green and duck-dotted blue hovering under the eyelids, who drowsily contemplated the corpus of his quarry's achievement.

Quite a corpus it was! The Bonzo days alone, from the magisterial "Noises For The Leg" to the infinitely moving, infinitely compassionate "Mr. Slater's Parrot" revealed a wordsmith of the first water, "a lexicographical ibex" as 'The Pink 'un' put it, "At the apex of his art". Parody and pastiche rubbed shoulders, bathos and pun merry-andrewed mercilessly, while, threading through the woof of the ex-Dog's oeuvre, a patrician sensibility which could sound a pea through a mattress and a fleur-de-lis birthmark on a buried bottom, ran its fine-spun thingummybob. Yes, not an easy head to live with: gothick, phantasmagoric, a prey perhaps to its pillow-crouched progeny . . .

"I get bits and pieces," said Stanshall, and, lifting his drowsy lids, the visitor saw that his host had changed, resolving the barley-sugar twists of whisker with a knot and anachronism with blue denim jeans. His torso, freckled and lately heckled by gnat-bites, resembled a cross section of salami.

"I get, for example, Sir Henry Rawlinson's reaction to something or other, and that goes down. Reams, miles and miles of reactions to situations, and situations in which words and phrases might find themselves. In the eleventh hour I can concentrate — but at no other time. Three days before deadline, I have this cathartic synthesis which winds up with pieces of paper all pinned together." A muscle flickering in his jaw. "It's real Backs to the Wall stuff."

"And fed by what tributaries?" enquired the hack, riffling a pack of referents suggestive of owlishness and a library card tied down for the speedy draw.

"I can't think of anyone off hand," confessed the author of "Rawlinson End". "I don't want to give Working Class Background or any of those hides, but I rely entirely on instinct. I don't want to be influenced — silly, isn't it? I don't want to be influenced — silly isn't it? I know if I read it'll

come out somewhere and they'll say AH-HAH!

"I hear the thing rhythmically, and the game is to make that sensible. Rhythms like 'blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-di-blah gazing dreamily through the tenebrous gauze, and farted. It's really a music hall construction, isn't it? I like things like Bertrand Russell teaching his kids the precise meaning of words. As far as the Shorter Oxford will make it, everything I do in 'Rawlinson End' I can justify. It may be a fairly tortuous and unlikely justification, but it's wrenched out, I mean, you've got to be fair."

His eyebrows rose and quivered like the brazen scales of justice.

"I find it immensely embarrassing that I'm stilted? stumped? in conversation. I find it very difficult to communicate; and it's expected that because I use polysyllabic words in my work, I should be like that in conversation. That would be an affectation. You know damn well that if you put 'pusillanimous' on someone, hardly anyone's going to know what it means, so why say it? It's all right on the record if it's the precise word and it's also got a doo-tee-doo-doo in the rhythm. That I'll buy.

"Anyway, that's why I do need to make abstractions — I mean, to relax painting or sculpting. By the same token, I think everything's the same, and had one the wit, one could translate a poem into a piece of music, or whatever."

"Why the patchwork of parody?" The hack's question, with its lemon-sucker censoriousness, implied a preference for wholecloth.

"I think it allows me to argue with myself, and get my own way in the end."

"Is your Rawlinson dynasty alive to you?" Through the hack's head, Sir Henry, Great Aunt Florrie, Lord Tarquin Portly, Hubert and Ralph Rawlinson, Reg Smeeton and the wrinkled retainer, Scrotum, passed in bizarre review.

"Doppelgangers," vouchsafed their creator. "They are as I am — a constant wonder. Well," he asseverated, "I think that's honest. I mean, otherwise it's BANG, isn't it?" A bony finger tapped at his temple in token artillery.

A LAUNCH puttered past with its cargo of resolute profiles. Backwash oiled under the sub-chaser, lifting it lightly and rocking the bows like an houri with a dicky ticker, while, upon the twinkling wavelets, condom-fed mullards buoyantly bobbed. An idyll indeed, reflected the hack — and knew, suddenly, surely, from God-knows-what unfathomable well of intuition, the chill of winter's damp invading the spokeshaved planking, beading the candle-lit cabin window behind which, blanketed, bothered and bemufflered, the anchorite wrote. The petalled pattern of a paraffin burner on a bulkhead, its perfume plainting with patent decongestants — yes, the writer's lot was not all Johnnie-head-in-air . . .

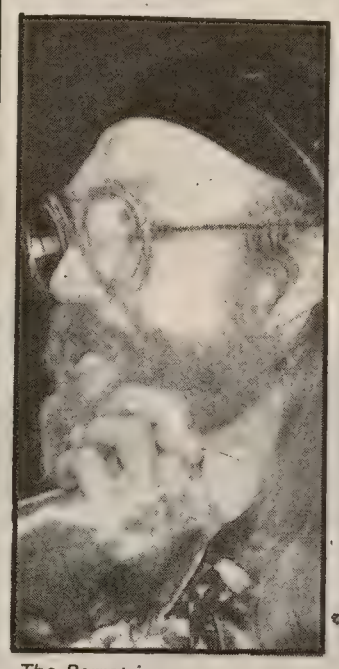
"I'm flogging this as hard as I can without losing face," Stanshall was saying, apropos his album and the upcoming public recital, "my face. When the old Bonze band went out, it was a good two years of being professional before it dawned on me that this might actually be a job. I'd thought all along — still do — that someone would find me out. They were going to realize that for the most part this was rubbish. See, this is working class shit — that work by its very nature couldn't possibly, conceivably be enjoyment. You shouldn't be up there LAUGHING, should you?"

"Or even warm," replied the hack, with a waggishness which heralded the dispersal of his wintry reverie, a clinger tenacious as a tramp's fart. They laughed unrestrainedly.

"The beauty of the old band was that we has such empathy that we could all afford to take risks, and go off on a blurr - blurr - blurrr stream, and if I started waggling and faltering on the end, someone back there would sense it, and then we would belt into another number. That I found exciting. But the public over here don't want to see blokes up there walking tightropes. You get ticked off, could do well, see me, should concentrate more, as you go along after every number, which doesn't leave much room to take chances. 'Canyons Of Your Mind' — I changed the recitative part of that because I was sick of doing it, and I knew damn well people'd shout for it as soon as I trod the boards. They hated it! Can't have that! If I muck about with 'Big Shot' I get heckled. Ha! You're responsible for violating an Ur. I can't live with that rot."

Was it possible that eight years had elapsed since the demise of the Bonzo Dog Doodah Band? Neil Innes joined the Monty Python team, Roger Ruskin Spear took to his Giant Kinetic Wardrobe, Rodney Slater channeled his talents into Social Work, whilst Legs Larry Smith embarked for India to hunt tigers. Ah, the moving finger, once given, moves on . . .

Like some jungle predator, Stanshall suddenly stiffened. Not a few thews and a quorum of sinew pronounced a chap ready for the off. "It's — it's — the crossword!" he burst out. "Even as we were speaking I was being



The Parrot in a pre-metamorhosis situation

wrenched because my wife is inside there typing out the clues I've done to a crossword. It's to advertise my album. 'The whites lose 'em and make tiny Albert a tramp'." His eyes narrowed to F6. " 'Tiny Albert' is OK, but 'the whites lose 'em' that's not fair on people. Also, I don't know how to spell meringue."

Clearly an emergency, and both fellows kneed and knuckled down the narrow companionway ladder without regard to the niceties of descent until they fetched up, pell mell and hugger-mugger, in the author's quarters. "Here," said Stanshall, handing the hack of a sheaf of papers, "try your hand at the crossword" — and unceremoniously dived for the dictionary.

Silence spread its sombre wings there below the Plimsoll Line, save for a regular gnawing of hack-teeth at the tip of a pencil.

"'The incontinent Spaniard caught short in earshot'?" muttered the hack, pitting the addled wits good-eggishly at 23 across. His gaze arose from the poser and snagged upon an advertising model of a throttled chap in a tight shirt, the legend DON'T SUFFER SHRINKAGE DISCOMFORT diverting the thistledown concentration before giving way to the Stanshall tuba.

"LP", said Stanshall. "Not that hard, is it?"

"Er," said the hack. He ate the pencil and stared hopelessly at a porthole of nasturtiums.

"Ah, well," cried the compiler, when a wicketless hour had elapsed, "I dread the day I'm understood!"

REMINISCENCE rose from the shadows of the dying day, a jacket spud in embers.

"My blood resonses are to working-class people," Stanshall confessed, "but unless I affect a working-class accent, filter the accent somehow . . . it's all so dada. My grandmother had a music shop in Walthamstow but I only saw my grandfather when he was dying and trying to give me a withered orange, which is a very strong picture for me.

"My father rollerskated to The City in order to become a chartered accountant, I suppose in a mackintosh to keep the suit clean, and assiduously and commendably threatened his marriage by studying six nights a week to get this great string of litter after his name. I don't know at what point he affected this accent, but that's what I got. All my contemqories in the streets of Walthamstow were 'ordinary'. It was very difficult. Took me through a bit of a hard time really. At school I was running with a gang of diddycoys, and being called 'The Professor' at the same time. Because I was a toff or something, I wasn't a proper Teddy Boy, wasn't any cop at fighting, got round that by drawing cartoons and telling jokes."

"Danvers," he said abruptly. "Anthony Danvers. Used to be my pseudonym. Got into Awful Scrapes, police'd ask my name, I'd say Danvers. Got away with lots of things."

His brows bit defiantly into the rim of his monocle. "I suppose I've had to pretend almost the whole of my life."

Stanshall tilted from left to right, his slender frame describing first an acute and then a grave accent as the backwash from a passing craft jogged his lodgings. Heartily, he slapped his thigh. "This leg is much stronger than the other. I was in the merchant navy. You get a sea leg, thing pitching and tossing, recommend port or something. Great brawl in Port Said. Pure Douglas Fairbanks. There was a bloke flogging squizamaroos, a dirk in a plaited leather scabbard, quid or something, bloke did a switcheroo on the squizamaroo. You bought the thing and it was just a length of plaited leather with no squiz in the middle which is a bit of a swiz. I was with this giant ex-barrowboy, Tony, enormous arms, grabbed the first bloke — they're all in turbans, expect we all looked the same to them too — and started thrashing him to get my squizamaroo. Then all these dusky men started pouring out of bordellos and windows, dropping down with daggers between their teeth, vegetables sprawling all over the quay. Great fight! Swim back to the ship in lukewarm water full of barracudas."

The dose of old salt's tales stirred something fine, something British in the listener. It seemed to him as if, landlubberish and prone to blub though he was, some steadfast snotty's spirit coursed through his veins, on draught, as it were, should the hornpipe of a national jam be sounded.

"In Hong Kong, whatever you asked for, rickshaw or something to eat, they'd take you to a brothel. Inescapble. Had them all on parade, feel their tits, I'll take that one. Absolutely no way I could get an erection, strap a lolly-stick to it, nothing, not the slightest bit interested. Wound up with this woman doing an obscene, suggestive dance while a toothless gagool held a portable revolving fan over my penis."

"An odd business, this little span of ours," mused the hack. "A bit dislocated, the old allotted." He gathered his pate for a further conceptual leap. "Rum," he said, and sat back.

"In the Oxford Motel," nodded Stanshall, "there's a little pamphlet. It says, 'There are shoecleaning machines and trouser-presses placed in the corridors for your convenience. Should you wish to purchase one or all of these, please contact the manager.' It's all balletic. It's all there. If I have any function at all, maybe it's just to point it out"

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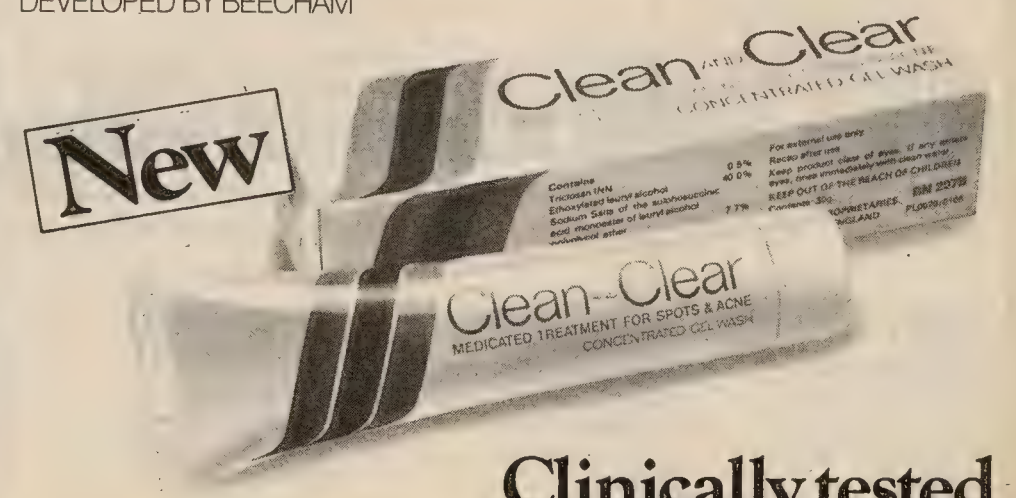

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ALBUMS

Keith Emerson attacked by keyboard (we can but dream, etc.) *RICHARD AARON*

The new face of techno-rock

(On the beach, out to lunch)

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER
Love Beach *(Atlantic)*
MIKE OLDFIELD
Incantations *(Virgin)*

Jean Paul Sartre took mescaline once, to prove to himself that he wasn't necessarily the institution people thought he was, and as a result became convinced that he was being followed by a giant octopus. Don't *laugh!*

Those loyal and hardy existenchialists Emerson, Lake & Palmer emerge from their massive "Being & Nothingness" maze — "Works Volumes One & Two" — with a quite imaginable nausea. "Love Beach" is, at a guess, an attempt to reassure themselves and their audience that beneath it all symphonies, snowbuggies, singles for the commoner — they are still Real Men, with all the attendant passions, philosophies, and tasteless pendants which this inevitably entails.

Secret longings and decimal-sexual ceremonies? Monsters created by advertising and the accretions of urban existance punctuated, from time to time, by encounters with extremely *mysterious* women? Prometheus himself?

Well, Pete Sinfield runs him a bloody close second, eh?! Yes, this is ELP's Pop album, their Song album. The archetypal ELP settings and trappings are discarded in favour of a simpler, more sensual approach, unearthing the band's primal chemistry, their brutal, blunt, water and sun-charged Aquarian empathy, their . . .roots. In fact, it's almost as good as the new Clash album and — one up, Joe! — "Love Beach" was even recorded in the same studio as the last (Mighty) Diamonds album — Compass Point, Nassaue, Bahamas — with the same engineer in Karl Pitterson.

For some reason the opening track "All I Want Is You" — a Sinfield/Lake composition — sounds remarkably like high period Jethro Tull. *"I'm coming to you . . ."* runs the lyric — *"I'm on flight 112/The airport's straight ahead."* It's a very brief, introductory song, hints and muted desires twining further within each fatuous rhythmic climax. Why are they making this music, we are invited to ask? When will all be revealed?

"Love Beach" keeps us holding our breaths. *"The coast is clear"* we continue *"I'm movin out of here"*. The protagonist — he will remain unnamed throughout — moves through long hot night after long hot night, *"full of plans . . ."*. He finds the object of at least part of his quest, anyway, and he tells it: *"I want you by by side/Don't look so mystified!"*

The realisation dawns on us as dawn is realised on "Love Beach". What we're dealing with here is *a woman: "Down on your knees with your face to the wall/Saying 'Please please please' . . ."*

"Taste Of My Love" continues with a sublimation worthy of Bad Company, Thin Lizzy or Graham Parker: *"Call up room service/Order some peaches and cream/I like my desserts first/If you know what I mean/Yeah! Tasty tasty tasty!"* Cockroaches and cocaine don't come into it, he knows what he wants and by God she's gonna get it: *"Get on my stallion and we'll ride/ . . . I want to dynamite your mind with love tonight/ . . . Climb on my rocket and we'll fly . . ."*

Something shifts — the seasons, the night, a pectoral — and the long hot nights are no longer a time of plans, but of *"hungry women"*. Perhaps poverty has befallen them. Our benevolent hero turns to gambling: *"Rock'n'roll, bless my soul!/Lay your money down/Satisfaction guaranteed!"* But, "The Gambler" intimates, *"I'll never gamble on a woman"*. Who can blame him? Isn't it true, after all, that *"one moment they're hot/Another ice cold"*?

And then. Aw, do you really need to hear any more? That the 'music' is proportionately shallow, — a squashed, farty, cardboard and tin whine. The same old ELP *twaddely paddely tweet weep woop* compressed into meagre, mumpy backing tracking. Curtain rails.

Side two is called "Memoirs Of An Officer And A Gentleman". It is a concept. I think someone must have trodden on it. Will you sleep tonight, zombies?

Well, there's always Mike Oldfield. Mike has once more tapped the Great Cosmic Sap, working and wishing in wondrous synch with that mysterious, swelling, all-embracing social ritual we have come to know as The Christmas Rush.

As Debussy himself wrote, "music alone has the power to evoke as it will the improbable places, the unquestionable and chimerical world which works secretly on the mysterious poetry of the night, on the thousand anonymous sounds made when leaves are caressed by the rays of the moon."

Ah, "a thousand anonymous sounds"! Who could have summed up the work of Oldfield more succinctly?

"Incantations" takes up two records with its spells and spills, continuing on from wherever it was Oldfield last left us. Hergest Ridge? In a Box? Up Swaffham without a peddlar? Fiddler's cave?

"Incantations" is an elongated, gibbering, insubstantial derivation, trying vainly for a turn of the century impressionistic feel for suggestion of place, the correspondences between environment and thought, the 'interior landscape'.

"Incantations" is merely decor. Dribbles and oddles of creme-caramel pastoral soundscaping, even encompassing some insulting 'ethnic' passages: neo-African (just beat some o dem dere drums), neo-Indian, and neo-Red Indian (Maddy Prior singing Longfellow's *Hiawatha,* would you believe?) Sterile, snowy flutes, horns and whistles are overlaid, overlaid, and overlaid; battery hens would need benzedrine to keep apace.

"Incantation" stinks — damp and hollow. It stinks softly. While the turkeys sizzle, the snowdrops glide, and thoughts atrophy. "Insultations". "Tubular Bells" part 101.

Mike Oldfield has had his hair cut, his beard and moustache shorn. He stands alone, forlornly and fearlessly on a dark beachhead: out of reach but still in touch, kids, a rock music cover for 'classical' rock music (which is really the ultimate trick). It is thoroughly empty but refuses to lounge back and muzak *(muzak:* vb. — to know one's place, to osmose rather than occupy. See also ENO) as it should do.

It has a fussy facade to make you think grand thoughts. To wholesomely hallucinate. The sun sets behind your coffee table. Under the sunlamp for another tab? (Watch out for those bastard little crabs).

And on "Love Beach" the breezes they do blow, as three anachronistic, condescending, elderly and very paranoid 'rock' musicians from a by-gone age stroll about trying vainly to be mistaken for The Bee Gees.

Or maybe they're convinced that they're being followed by a giant Barry Gibb. Don't *laugh!*

(Who *are* Emerson, Lake & Palmer?)

Jingle all the way. Hey. Ho. What fun. It is.

Ian Penman

On yer bike, Freddie

QUEEN
Jazz (EMI)

Freddie, dahling! I'm sure you think I won't have a single good word for Queen, don't you now? Well I do. I have some very good words for Queen.

Obsolete, for one. Without a shadow of doubt, Queen are one of the more unwelcome relics of the ogre battles and self-adoration of the glam-rock heavy metal early '70s.

They took the worst elements of both styles and added a wide-screen production technique of their and Roy Thomas Baker's very own. For about half an hour or so — the duration of "Sheer Heart Attack" — it actually seemed like this queening quartet, who in fact had little or nothing to do with real life rock'n'roll (one wimp academic, one gloating prima donna, one dumb bystander and, in Roger Taylor, the macho pretty-boy exception proving the rule), might come up with the goods that were so obviously there for the making. But they didn't — nor did anyone else for that matter, really — and now, when it seems that every week brings another outstanding record to the deck, the very thought of Freddie Mercury and his posturing crew in these Seger-Springsteen-Costello days is a sheer laugh attack.

They flit from tree to tree just like a butterfly. Remember the initial connotations of their name? Glitter slags, right? And "Bohemian Rhapsody"! According to Capital Radio listeners, that bloated techno-flash epic is one of the greatest singles ever made — up there with "Bridge Over Troubled Water". And as for their inane leap on to the soccer chant bandwagon with "We Are The Champions". . .

Their commercial acumen would do Larry Lamb proud. It comes as little surprise to see that the latest straw Queen have clutched at is that old

Continued on page 45

ADVERTISEMENT

LOUD! LOUD! LOUD! LOUD!

Ted Nugent, Manchester

DESPITE ROUGH spots, the opening date of Ted Nugent's latest British tour at Manchester last week served to convince me, once and for all, that the madman's band is the greatest gonzoid heavy metal outfit to be found anywhere — but *anywhere* — on the whole of our beleaguered planet.

And if you don't believe me, just go and ask any of the several thousand screaming, yelling, cheering, sweating, applauding, crazily enthusiastic kids present at the Free Trade Hall last Wednesday. They'd back up that comment with a vengeance, for sure.

Nugent had only arrived in the country the day before, but of trans-Atlantic jet lag there was not a sign. 'Stranglehold' sonic boomed its way into the senses like Ted was as eager as a hungry hunting dog and the audience was his prey.

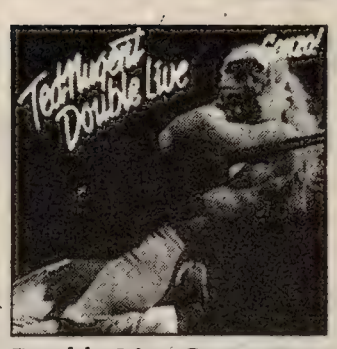
Whites-of-eyes flashing, tangled mane tossing, teeth bared for the kill, the Nug brought the hammer down with the ferocity of a malicious demolition worker and left wanton destruction in his wake.

His band — Derek St. Holmes (rhythm guitar, vocals), Rob Grange (bass) and Cliff Davies (drums) — at first appeared a little stiff from a month of inactivity, but soon loosened up and became tight enough. While St. Holmes seemed content to stay rather more out of the bright glare of the limelight than usual, Grange and Davies presented an inevitable, unstoppable, relentless rhythm section, the bass work itself being especially pleasing.

Basically, the Ted Nugent set was the same as before, with numbers from the 'TN' and 'Free-For-All' albums, balanced out by a nod back to the old 'Tooth Fang And Claw' days, 'Hibernation'. Two newer numbers were showcased, however — 'Cat Scratch Fever' and 'Wham Bam Sweet Pootang' (the latter could well be subject to spelling changes at a later date). Each hit as low and as hard as a punch to the crotch, yet at the same time were infinitely, immediately memorable, Nugent's larger-than-life personality stamped indelibly all over them both.

The encore included 'Motor City Madhouse' and by the end of the show Nugent's guitar was left propped up against the onstage mini-PA, wailing, screeching and thrummimg away like a zillion transistor radios tuned haphazardly across the Medium waveband.

And, as always, it was LOUD, *LOUD*, LOUD, L-O-U-D. I'm writing this four days after the event, on a Sunday evening, and my ears are *still* ringing. — **Geoff Barton.**

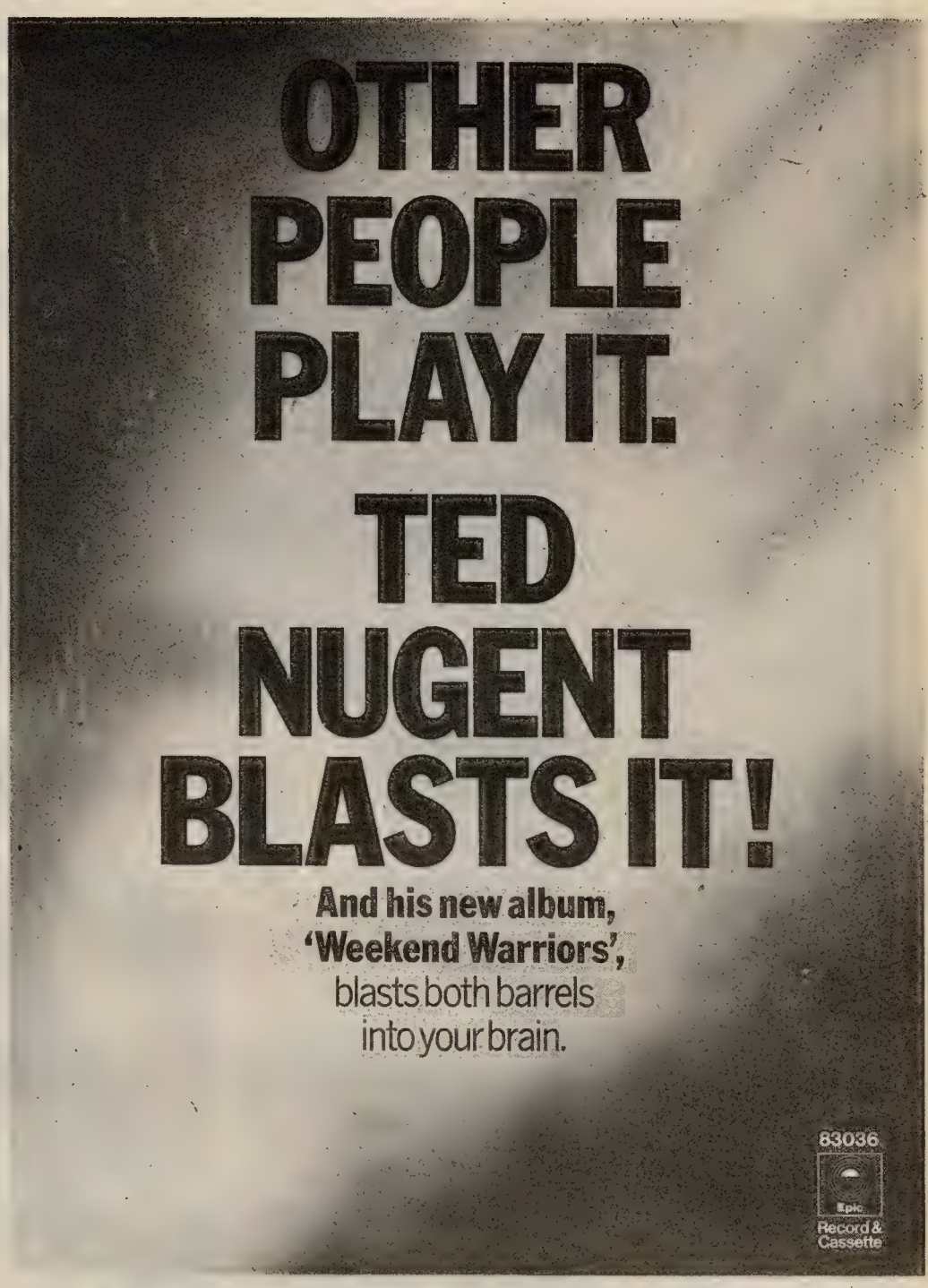


Double Live Gonzo!
Ted Nugent
Epic KE2 35069
By Charles M. Young
Rolling Stone

TED NUGENT BELIEVES he is God, and this is not necessarily a bad thing. He comes as close to running his own life as anyone I ever met, controlling everyone from his musicians to his truck drivers right down to his last T-shirt seller. Nugent *is* God in his own world, and he has something to say to the rest of us who would rather drink beer and watch TV.

The problem with such a universe is that you need to duke it but with a credible Satan now and then to establish dramatic tension. Like Muhammad Ali getting into the ring with a fourth-rate fighter, Nugent battles straw men. "Anyone who wants to get mellow," he tells the audience before "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang," "can turn around and get the fuck out of here."

In all fairness, this music is the best heavy metal in a long time, and given the genre's generally mildewed state, things aren't likely to improve in the foreseeable future. I know I'll return to *Double Live Gonzo!* occasionally for a shot of Nugent's energy (particularly "Baby, Please Don't Go," his old Amboy Dukes hit.


OTHER PEOPLE PLAY IT.
TED NUGENT BLASTS IT!
And his new album, 'Weekend Warriors', blasts both barrels into your brain.
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Another Loudman gross—out

TED NUGENT
'Cat Scratch Fever'
(Epic JE 347)***

"AWWWWYEAHYEAHYEAHYEAAAAHHHHOWOWOWOOOOWWWW!"

D'you realsise that it's under a year since the famous Ted Nugent howl first resounded throughout our land? Under a year — 10 months in fact — since Loudman made his debut appearance at the 1976 Reading festival and the whole of Berkshire buckled under the bulldozing megawatt force of a Gibson Byrdland, unleashed in the hands of *the* Motor City Madman?

A lot of water has passed under the proverbial since then. Ted Nugent has, in inimitably outlandish style, quickly progressed from being a little-heard, little-known Detroit legend into becoming one of the ace exponents of the heavy metal guitar. And, really, could it ever have happened any other way?

From the outset he came on strong like a guitar hero should, with tales of raw meat-eating, glass-bowl shattering, murder and menace, with overblown, pistol-packing proclamations such as, "I'm the greatest guitarist there ever was, ever is and ever will be".

And, believe him or not, it got the kids talking throughout the length and breadth of the country, got interests running so high that there was no escape, people had to — *had* to — go see this big-headed, loud-mouthed Yankee axeman, if only to gloat as he fell flat on his face.

But, of course, there was no chance of that.

OK, so that premier Reading performance *was* a little shaky, was (with its multitude of high speed "Let'sgetitononetimeallyoumotherfuckersoutthere!" raps) rather more geared towards an American festival audience than a British one. But by the time a tour proper got under way all hell broke loose, there was no way you could not succumb to the Nug's onstage gross-outs.

Which is what 'Cat Scratch Fever' is. A gross out. From the first track to the last.

As most punters seem to regard the 'Ted Nugent' album as the man's 'first' LP, it would be logical not to harp back to the past to any great extent and slip in references like, 'This track's good, but not half as good as that song released as a single on Rhino records way back in '68'. After all, and despite the reissue of the 'Two Originals Of Ted Nugent' album recently (comprising 'Call Of The Wild' and 'Tooth, Fang And Claw'), the 'TN' platter *is* something of a landmark, *is* where Nugent's career really began in earnest and finally took off.

You see, I've always thought that if the 'TN' album had had the production of its successor, 'Free-For-All', it would have been a genuine, gold-plated, 22 carat classic. But it didn't, so both albums are lacking in one way or another. 'TN' had some great numbers, 'Stranglehold', 'Stormtroopin', even 'Where Have You Been All My Life' (check out that guitar opening — a 'Smoke On The Water' greatest riff of all time contender if I ever heard one) but it wouldn't, just wouldn't, go *loud* enough. 'Free-For-All', while being well upfront production-wise, was let down by its song content (I hardly ever play the second side) and the inclusion of dumb vocalist Meatloaf, who *he* was I've never been able to discover.

With 'Cat Scratch Fever', however, you get the best of both worlds. Not only does it leap out from the speakers and go for you like a rabid dog, it's got some positively terrific songs.

Some of them you may have heard before — the title track, 'Wang Dang Sweet Poontang', perhaps 'Sweet Sally' if you were lucky enough to be treated to three (count 'em, *three*) encores on the last tour.

No surprises, no let downs. Just definitive Nugent from beginning to end.

— GEOFF BARTON.

Waits and measures

TOM WAITS
Blue Valentine
(Asylum Import)

Where I come from they say you can tell where a man's going by the shine on his shoes and where he's been by the look on his face; Tom Waits still don't know how to shave properly, but his winklepickers would do a quarter moon proud.

When a person's born at sea, they're allowed to choose their nationality. So, if a person's born in a taxi — as Waits says he was, then they ought also to be able to choose what they want to call home.

Tom Waits would feel at home in places most people wouldn't walk ten yards to spit on.

The settings for "Blue Valentine" nearly all seem invested with a sleazy, sordid melancholy that has to hide its shame somehow — most readily under cover of darkness. I bet daylight makes Waits' eyes hurt.

It's a pretence, of course. Like the fake tenements of the "West Side Story" showtune that opens this album at an offbeat pace, it's an act. Waits has been working on it for five albums and who knows how many years — refining it from the sometimes maudlin angle of viewing the bottom of life through the bottom of an empty whisky bottle to altogether more poignant observations of his key characters, the loser and the used, both victims of either circumstance or the Big City or even an ugly coalition of the two. And he's good at it too. A tale-spinner worth his salt should suspend your belief for you and this Waits can do.

If last year's watershed "Foreign Affairs" passed almost unnoticed, don't let "Blue Valentine" meet with a similar fate. Waits' cool bop scat — succinctly backed by a combination of his road band and a pseudonymous George Duke — never sounded more supple. And when a crew of top draw New Orleans musicians weigh in on two tunes with some rhythm for his Ray Charles-styled blues, Waits fair blows me away.

Sample the devil-defyin' collage of classic blues imagery called "Whistlin' Past The Graveyard", and dig the tangle of lost pretty girls and petty crime that on "A Sweet Little Bullet From A Pretty Blue Gun" evokes the stale smell beneath the glamour of Tinsel Town so well that Marlow himself would have had to nod sagely.

There are a thousand stories in Waits' naked city, and that was just two of them.

Paul Rambali

LONNIE DONEGAN
Sundown *(Chrysalis)*

When Donegan's first comeback album came out, the rock press expended many column inches recalling the great debt modern music owed to him. Well, at least we can focus a bit harder on the real issue — that someone wants us to spend five quid or so on Donegan's newest offering, and frankly it's not really on.

It's the old dilemma. Donegan did his definitive version of songs like "The Battle Of New Orleans" back in the '50s. It's not clear who'll want a re-tread. The likes of Jim Keltner, Albert Lee, Ray Cooper, and Doug Kershaw are all on hand to bolster the (relatively) modern image. Donegan is in strident form on songs like Leadbetter's "I'm All Out And Down", and maybe the Americans will like what they hear.

In truth, though, this chewing gum has been on the bedpost for far too long.

Bob Edmands

CHALKIE DAVIES

Fat Bottomed Queens

From page 43

sales-force standby, tits and bums. The significance of nude women on bicycles totally escapes me. Certainly it makes a more desirable free poster than a pin-up of the band, but the emphasis Queen have chosen to place upon the visual mileage to be made out of their dreadful single "Fat Bottomed Girls" / "Bicycle Race" smacks of desperation. It's just the latest in a long line of grasping gimmicks.

Which is not to say that they're only in it for the money. The packaging and the single may be a bare-faced hard sell, but the sole object of the bulk of Queen's music is audience adulation. There is no message, nor even any communication: only performance and applause.

Which, again, is not necessarily a denigration. I like to be admired as much as the next person; I can also admire sheer technique, whether it be gymnastic, literary or musical, as much as the next goggling spectator. As long as we remember that that is Queen's only use to you or me: for us to goggle at.

Why else would anyone open an album with what they claim to be "the first Moroccan rock & roll song"? "Mustapha", it's called, and I'll take Fred's word that he's singing in yer actual Moroccan (probable translation: "Beelzebub you have a fat bottom"). Were it not for the usual stentorian clever-cleverness, it would actually be quite an interesting exercise; their need to be admired kills it.

Professor May's stupid "Fat Bottomed Girls" song follows. I can only reiterate *T-Zers'* group should write a song called "Fat Bottomed Queens".

Next, Mercury dons his choirboy's uniform for one of his sloppy piano ballads, "Jealous", replete with cloying multi-tracked harmonies oohing predictably along, followed by "Bicycle Race" — convolutions for convolutions' sake.

Finally, a worthwhile track! John Deacon's obviously been listening to Boston: "If You Can't Beat Them" has depth, flow, melody and surprise going for it. The side closes on Mercury bellowing one of those frenetic Zep hangovers that Queen have always used to simulate onstage excitement; the exhortation "Let Me Entertain You" will no doubt become a future set opener.

On t'other side, Brian May's "Dead On Time" gives us some fast riffs to gawk at, Deacon's "In Only Seven Days" reruns a holiday romance in unexceptional fashion, and then May, who seems to have become irredeemably mawkish, offers a sanitised music-hall fantasy called "Dreamers Ball", which is as wet as it sounds.

At last, Roger Taylor gets his oar in — this after all is the bloke who wrote "I'm In Love With My Car" — with a muted, raunchy offering called "Fun It". One thing in their favour: they do still stick on principle to basic guitar, bass, drums and piano.

Exit with May coming over all Wings-like — quite effectively, mind — Mercury harking daintily about *"having a good time"*, and finally the title cut, suitably and cynically called "More Of That Jazz". *"Only football gives us thrills/Rock'n'roll just pays the bills."*

So go and play football, chaps. Even Queen don't believe in Queen any more.

Phil McNeill

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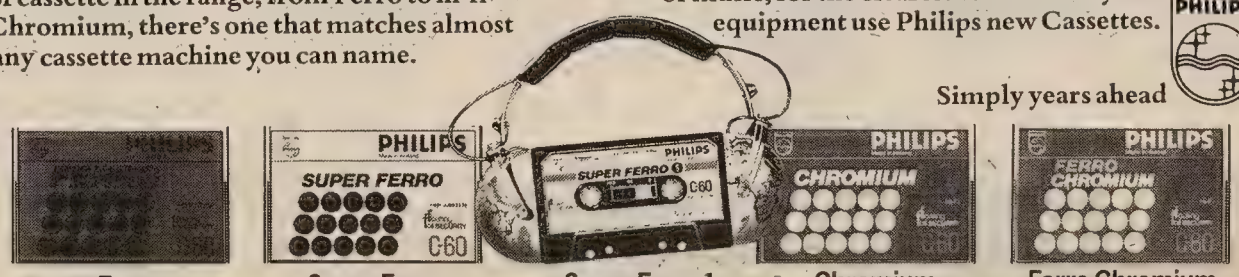

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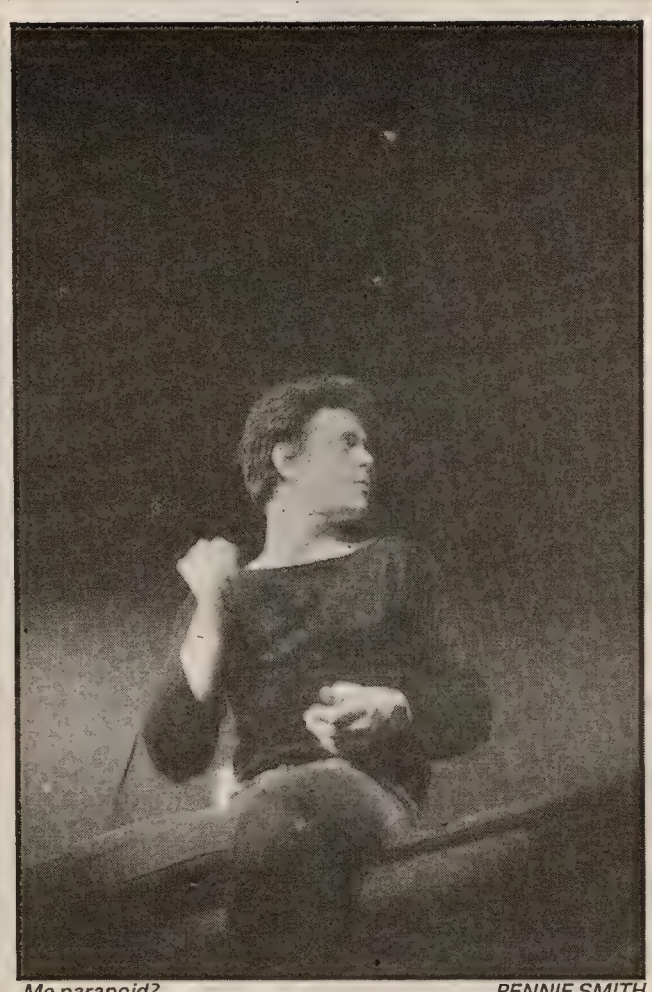

Me paranoid? *PENNIE SMITH*

Sweet Hassle?

LOU REED
Live: Take No Prisoners
(Arista Import)

Ah, Lou, we meet again. How long it's been. Ah, of course, don't tell me — "Rock 'n' Roll Heart", wasn't it? A right piece of piss that was too, as I recall, directly in the tradition of "Sally Can't Dance", "Coney Island Baby" and "Transformer".

Then I gave up bothering to even check out your subsequent product because after turning your whole style of perception — those bold, deft songs of sin and redemption, the melancholic humanity of "Pale Blue Eyes", the succintness, the street suss, the rock lyric as dagger-sharp new journalism that you created with the Velvet Underground — into a spintered, shit-stained prostitution of the above that would have been merely obscene, were it not so goddamnably *sad*.

Because by the time of "Rock 'N' Roll Heart" the writing was on the wall so clearly and brutally it hurt the eyes to read the statement "Lou Reed is a zombie with no compassion, with nothing to say — just another gnarled, bitter old arsehole who couldn't even get the vitriol up long enough to shoot a focused wad of venom into the face of his overwhelming misery" (Even if you wrote it yourself? — Ed.).

Enter "Street Hassle". With its dumb title and lousy cover, it looked like more low-rent scum-surfer corn but, after being virtually tied to a chair to hear the thing, it hit home with a vengeance that I had formerly believed Lou Reed would never again be able to muster. Not that it was a masterpiece — nor even a flawed masterpiece, come to that. At least half the record was shoddy and self-indulgent lobotomised slop.

I mean, who really cares when Reed sings *"Gimme, gimme some good times : Gimme some pain / To me they're both the same"*. Ho hum, my, my and boo hoo-hoo. But then there was the title track itself — and suddenly you were face to face with the old ghoul gain, except that this time there was passion, eloquence, focus, conviction and a grip on the subject matter that revived all the hallmarks of Reed at his best.

The plot line was archetypal Reed sleaze but most startling was the passage when Reed, taking on the character of junkie-host, reaches the climax of his dispassionate narrative with the lines: *"You know some people got no choice / And they can never find a voice to talk with / That they can call their own / So the first thing they see / That allows them the right to be / Well, they follow it / You know —it's called Bad Luck"*. Great rock lyrics, and also some of Reed's best.

The fact that Reed himself knows this only too well is shown when he delivers the same verses on the version of "Street Hassle" sequestered here as the last track of side four of this double live album, itself following hard on the heels of "Hassle". In fact he even wipes out the original's savage realism by playing the role to the hilt in a manner that reminds one of nothing less than a '70s mondo-rock Montgomery Clift.

"Take No Prisoners" is another in a seemingly endless flood of double live effluvia and, although it could do with judicious sluicing down to red-hot single status, the fact remains that Reed's vengeful return from the zombie line affords this record real forcefulness.

On "Rock 'N' Roll Animal", Reed's first solo album to see his stupor supported by the twin axe grindings of Dick Wagner and Steve Hunter, the old lush was so out in the ozone that the speed-dervish rock toasting of the original "White Light / White Heat", into which Reed once interjected such brainbelled methedrine jibbering as *"splutter, splutter, mutter, everybody wants to kill their mother"*, was instead reduced into some kind of "aw, it ain't funky now" routine.

On "Take No Prisoners", however, from the very first words uttered you get the distinct impression that Reed *has* just killed his mother. Two minutes of rap insulting the audience, some odd ball humour and then he states his case with *"I'm gonna quote a line from Yeats . . . uh, I think, which goes 'The best lack all conviction while the worst are filled with passion and intensity'. Now you figure out where I'm at."*

And then, before you've had time to mull over that pearl, Reed and his band whip into the best version of "Sweet Jane" ever recorded (better even than the studio version, better than the live workouts on "1969" or "Animal") heaving *that* riff through eight minutes of mind-blitzed Reed verbiage — to the point where the song's original lyrics almost become an excuse for his persistent asides.

"You wanna know my politics? You give me an issue, I'll give you a tissue (pause) and wipe my arse on it" — Half of it's pure blabber, half bullseye wit worthy of Lenny Bruce, but the total is so damn relentless you can't help but be knocked out by the old sod's sheer panache. In fact, this song's power is so awesome you don't even have to care that the side degenerates through "I Wanna Be Black" (better than the original, funnier, but still basically a peurile conceit) right down to the awful "Satellite Of Love".

"No Prisoners" is very much of a hit or miss affair. Where Reed scores with "Sweet Jane", he becomes a monumental speed-freak bore on a whacked-out "Walk On The Wild Side", wherein some 17 minutes are spent babbling dispassionate vitriol at targets as diverse as American rock critic Robert Christgau and Candy Darling. It may be hilarious for the cute elite Reed's in-humour is directed at here, but most of us couldn't give a damn. "Leave Me Alone", a straight workout of one of "Street Hassle's" better tracks, fails to redeem the side.

Similarly on side four one has to hold the piece de resistance that is the version of "Street Hassle" against the maudlin drivel of "Coney Island Baby". Only side two really holds its ground with a perfect "Pale Blue Eyes" played as is and thus made genuinely moving, also the cocktail lounge languor of "Berlin", in camparison a trite song but with a complimentary pacing that sparks into the quiet fire of a drastically revamped "I'm Waiting For My Man", wherein the old rock and roll dynamo is dragged down to a squalid nod-out blues that hangs in a limbo far closer to the actual limbo that smack places you in.

The rendering of "Man" segues into "Temporary Thing", the best track from "Rock 'N' Roll Heart", becoming at once obtuse but strangely compelling as Reed spits out asides that seem to form some obscure sort of confessional. It holds you though, even though it teeters on the verge of tedium.

So there you have it. A brilliant single album — "Sweet Jane" "Street Hassle" and all of side two — and a compelling, perplexing, annoying double album. It's either the best or it's the worst and, since I don't have to choose, all I need to add is that Reed is back, negative and bitter, but this time he's closer to a rock 'n' roll Lenny Bruce than to the pitiful slut of yore. I'm even waiting for his next album.

Nick Kent

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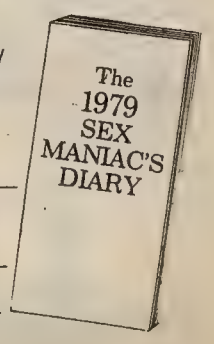

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Meanwhile, back in Tehran . . . *APWIREPHOTO*

Hot streets? What streets?

CHICAGO
Hot Streets *(CBS)*
MUD
Rock On *(RCA)*
THE POLICE
Outlandos D'Amour *(A&M)*

Three examples of modern mediocrity that could just as easily be Chase, Chicory Tip and The Clash. Dance in the old fashioned way.

Considering all Chicago's ideas and intrigue were exhausted by their third album (as with all rock groups, except two or three) and remembering how useless their attempts to transpose big band tight blasts into hard soul and taut rock were anyway, it may seem odd that they still parade and pretend, ten years — and Ellington knows how many facile regurgitations of those early transparent themes — on.

But, of course, they sell millions of records. It's difficult to envisage what pleasure all these sorry consumers derive from such clumsy embroidery. A recent survey discovered that 86% of Chicago consumers purchased this pitiful product because the instruments are in tune. The remaining 14% couldn't understand the question (a bit fascistic, that — sorry).

The Chicago hybrid is actually worse these days than ever it's been. They fondly cling to the docile rhythm section, derivative brass parts, feeble solos, scrappy over-arrangements and 'soulful' vocals and chant unbearable lyrics. But they've made obvious contemporary concessions, gracelessly introducing tepid disco rhythms, shiny harmonies and a repulsively air-blown production. It sticks in the back of the throat. Chicago ain't no good for a blow job.

Fake, lame music. In fact, another definitive 70s rock album. Doncha just love 'em?

Mud are the missing link between Led Zepplein . . . (more idiotic and integrated, less derivative and dour. This long player is haggard and banal, but more musical and matey than, say, The Who's latest collection — indeed, Mud could equally be the missing link between Brinsley Schwarz and Bethnal as between Led Zeppelin) . . . and The Police.

The Police comprise motley mercenaries Stewart Copeland (ex-Curved Air), a decisive drummer, Andy Summers (ex-Kevin Ayers and Kevin Coyne), a distinctive guitarist (which isn't hard), and Sting, dishy model-actor and diffident bassist, a natural but dutiful singer and a tame but negative composer.

These three plain lads are a self-styled loud hard rock group. They are immersed in punk visual butch clobber, fond of rippling neo-reggae structures (as on their wary current minor-hit "Can't Stand Losing You", included here with their previous single "Roxanne") and not averse to a bit of bop.

They're competent and detached craftsmen, hard working at staving off the army. The album's ten well designed songs are neat but strained, and tend to run into each other. This tendency could be a plus.

Actually, as a trio, The Police achieve as much 'dynamic' density as The Clash, the same 'poetic' intensity as The Jam, even if they are twice as studied. Image (age and attitude, etc.) ultimately detracts from The Police's commercial potential. Without the trappings of The Clash or The Jam, without the comedy of The Rezillos and The Rats or the forced idiosyncrasies of the XTC animal, they seem bare. But, on the merely musical levels that such product is appreciated, they have just as much with which to lightly enthral.

Or just as little, depending where you're sat. The Police have no ambition and too much complacency. They're not alone. Neither am I.

Paul Morley

THE O'JAYS
So Full Of Love
(Philadelphia International)

On which the O'Jays, Philadelphia's finest, demonstrate the depth and width of their front line and produce evidence that there is still an option open to young people wary of funk and disco. (Not that I feel obliged to step into that particular ring, you understand: disco vs. every musical form devised and executed by the entire gamut of western musicians over the last twenty years, with the possible exception of Bruce Springsteen and a few women).

You want dance music with a warm heart? Don't despair, you are not alone, and the O'Jays will see you all right. From the cloudy-eyed, soft-sell charm of "Brandy", through the tall, thin, mid-tempo ease of "Use Ta Be My Girl", to "This Time Baby" with its sharp waves that skip and pop their fingers this way and that, the O'Jays demonstrate their ability to do anything you can do. Only better, and with more sass, more cool and less sweat.

And yess, if you really want disco then they can do that also. "Strokety Stroke", produced by the once great Bunny Sigler, would make the toes of at least 90% of the latter day saints of the disco circuit curl up. It's not even a well-matched bout. More like some young muscle-mouthed jerk fresh from the pinball arcade going up against the ghost of Bruce Lee. Shit, the O'Jays can do this sort of thing in bed, before getting up to go to work.

As is only to be expected from the Philly team, the musicianship is faultless and the production immaculate. And as for the O'Jays vocals, they're *so* much better than any other black trio's . . .

John Hamblett

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
A Legendary Performer *(RCA)*

Louis Armstrong was such a brilliant, inventive trumpeter that any record of his is bound to have numerous highspots. That said, this one is very uneven.

It's partly due to RCA trying to "sell" an essentially jazz artist by pushing his more commercial sides — most blatently in the inclusion of the schmaltzy 1970 hit "What A Wonderful World", but also discernible in the choice of two 1930's pop medley's, which are as irritating and unsatisfactory as medleys always are — but it's also due to Armstrong's own quirkiness. His fondness for crooning spoils a few tracks, and the clowning on "Rocking Chair" become tiresome after a few hearings.

On the plus side, there are beautiful, spirited versions of "High Society", "Mahogany Hall Stomp", "St Louis Blues", "Ain't Misbehavin' " and "Basin Street Blues", the latter two of which also feature some moments of his delightful scatting.

There are six tracks with his 1933 big band, two from 1932, and one from 1946 (with Kid Ory) and three from 1947 (with Jack Teagarden), two of which are live. The 1933 tracks are easily the most exciting on this album, though I'm inclined to think Armstrong's best work was done in the '20s with the Hot Five, the Hot Seven and with the accompaniment of the great Earl Hines. The pick of those recordings are available on a CBS double, "The Genius Of Louis Armstrong", which I recommend wholeheartedly.

"A Legendary Performer" has some nice stuff, but it's not all the kind of which legends are made.

Graham Lock

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GREGORY ISSACS
Cool Ruler *(Front Line)*
VIVIAN WEATHERS
Heavy Weathers *(Front Line)*
HARRY MUDIE MEETS KING TUBBY'S
In Dub Conference Volume One *(Moodisc)*

Pete Ubu have summed it up better than anyone, of course, better than all the impenetrable elitist verbiage of sociological skank: dub (reggae) *is* housing.

Or should be, and should be conveyed as such. A framework which *functions* in and through the present. Throw a way.

Gregory Issacs and Vivian Weathers slip nicely and noiselessly off the Virgin Front Line conveyance belt. Lifeless and never loud enough. Like the German ECM jazz label, the Front Line seems to operate a recording process wherein the finest and firiest of artists are lacquered into a limp, commercial, wicker craft-work whole. Approximately the sum of its pitter pats.

The latest in a long framed line; Issacs is a Master whose indefinable, essential quality has been flattened not flattered by release on the Front Line. Recorded at a better studio (Channel One) with better musicians, but "Cool Ruler" seems redolent of measurements rather than the expected magnificence. Channel One and Issacs enjoy a privileged reputation amongst reggae fanatics, one which first time buyers — the Front Line's aim? — will find wanting. This is flat and featureless. Bungalow music. Second best.

Whereas Weathers seems to be a case of pre-fabrication. A singer-songwriter FL protege and, as an honest accquaintance remarked, somewhat of a reggae (muzak) Cat Stevens. If that's what you want (a Christmas TOTP skank?) . . .

Nah, you don't want that, won't take what's just given, what's made to be made available. Dub isn't an official secret! Wake up your walls!

"In Dub Conference" is a random hold, a pick a little dated you might say, but then who cares what you say anyway? On tracks like "Full Dose Of Dub" and "Heavy Duty Dub" all dry dummy definitions and distinctions are forgotten: no packaged warp, dance your way out of the constrictions . . .

This is chance, sharp change. A piercing, slack, nutty split-atom jigsaw - sea - of - sound which, you realise suddenly, is out - of - synch not only with its own rhythms but with most Western reasoning and rationalizing over and above musical relationships.

There are no degrees of importance between 'foreground' and 'background', producer and artiste, improvisation and technique, etcetera (listen to the knots some Western musicians get themselves into when trying to justify either the absence or existence of technique in their 'free' music).

DUB: if Yes or AC/DC were spliced up and fed through an architextural computer or Concorde's pieces put together by a 'primitive' civilisation (making it a mosaic about the impossibility of flight?).

A mood not a chapel. A style not a sermon. Now there's nothing between Dub and housing bar YOU!

Ian Penman

PETER SKELLERN
Skellern *(Mercury)*
MANHATTAN TRANSFER
Live *(Atlantic)*

Like Ian Dury, Peter Skellern sings with a distinct English regional accent. But where Dury takes the music hall as his starting point, Skellern works in a far less hallowed tradition: schmaltz.

Skellern's forte is romantic crooning, and you're bound to admire the skill and the nerve with which he does it. On the ten cuts here, he's backed by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band, whom we may take it have little time for limp-wristed poseurs.

And yet, here's Skellern softly whispering his way through songs like "Love Is The Sweetest Thing", like a dinner-jacketed gigolo trying it on with a society hostess. No doubt it's the Lancashire accent that stops it all from seeming horribly precious. That, and Skellern's understated delivery which lends even the most banal sentiment some integrity.

Clearly, Skellern's a man out of time. His own song "Put Out The Flame" would have been a smash in the '20s or 30's. It's unlikely, though, that the same would have been true of the Manhattan Transfer. Their pastiches in a similiar style are hideously glossy and overbearingly smug.
Their best known songs are "Chanson d'Amour" and "Tuxedo Junction", and the delivery is so flawless, it makes you want to throw up into your top hat.

Bob Edmands

DAVID BYRON
Baby Faced Killer *(Arista)*

David's name is familiar. Uriah Heep, I think (but not often). You couldn't tell from this album. He sings, smug, smooth and suffering from internal discomfort, ten self-composed songs, wondering along the way whether he's in heaven or hell and judging that the way to the good life is to try a bit hardly. Brave man, shrewd men.

These erratic if humble pop-rock songs rip off styles made famous and classic by such a suffocating array of popular mediocrity as Queen (hard), Wings (silly), ELO (hopeful), 10cc (slick), Leo Sayer (earnest) and David Essex (boppy). There are lots of carefully organised arrangements and David directs himself unashamedly towards the rewarding adult-orientated rock audience, TV shows and being A Personality. Towards a sense of well being. He should get some advice from Bob Geldof or Frankie Miller.

David appears to schizophrenic or deaf. *"I'm a rock'n'roller"*, he croons at on point *"it takes a lot to bowl me over"*. Stubborn man, foolish man.

Paul Morley

VANGELIS
The Best Of Vangelis *(RCA)*

From the name — surely a Cretan warlord straddling his mountain territories, ruling with unrepentant, omnipotent force — the the names — "Pulstar", "Spiral", "Bacchanale" — to Jon Anderson — "So Long Ago So Clear", a song — this is an awesome collection, a real Rock music collection.

Wish sublimation, Nietzschean climbing, another grand guignol world, astrology, science as cabaret, synthesisers as coathooks, classicism as a railway signal box.

Have a teabag. Or, as Stravinsky once said— 'I consider that music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to *express* anything at all . . .'

As for the co-ordination between man and time: (The Best Of) Vangelis is a timeless, endless bubble. A tepid bath. Listen to some dub music.

Synthetic, superficial, hackneyed, condescending — a real Rock music collection.

Awe way! Go deh like a navvy!

Ian Penman

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Ms. Bush at London Zoo *Barry Plummer*

Grrrrrnrrhhhh!!!

Repressed reviewer laments a bird and her bush

KATE BUSH
Lionheart EMI)

These are the seductive voices of the year.

There's a lot of swooning, but not enough choice. Ms. Sioux, yeah, but Ms. Bush especially — she seems destined, anything from *Ritz* to *Rolling Stone* could conceivably process this coy, clean, photogenic prodigy into appealing copy. Is ours or hers a convenient age, or what?

Ritz probably *is Rolling Stone,* actually, and the readership could do with a new "accessible", 'intellectual' pin-up. Kate Bush fits snugly, somewhere on a line from model agency cheek bones through a young Joni to Janis Ian at 17: manageable melancholy.

She got the mime troupe tuition, the Gurdjieff teaching, the vegetarianism, the beauty that stops nicely before being out of reach, and what this adds up to, as has been remarked, is the ability to "cover markets". What can stop her?

She plays cute, pastel-doldrums piano; she looks 'good' on "Lionheart's" cover, although a pernicious phenomenologist could question the presentation of Woman as Object or as Mystery Object — or, further, as Child Mystery Object.

All these themes run through her lyrics and this, presumably, acts as some kind of justification for the cover photosnap of our Kate crouching seductively atop a (costumer's?) crate in an empty, dusty attic. She is wearing a fancy dress lion's outfit, the head of which rests on the floor. There are songs called "Oh England My Lionheart" and "In The Warm Room", "Hammer Horror" and "In Search Of Peter Pan".

I look at the photo and I see *an object* . . . and this, more than anything, is the David Bowie (both taught by Lindsey Kemp, mime artist) connection, as it indeed is with the pantherish, pale, prima(l) donna Banshee. And, like Sioux, Kate is sometimes rather clumsy when it comes to hanging lyrics on the image (or is it the other way round?).

"Lionheart" starts with words which could easily slot into "The Scream": *"Blue on the walls, Blue out of my mouth"* ("Symphony In Blue"). But where a Banshee might follow that up with, say, *"Blood on the walls, Blood out of my mouth"*, Kate goes for *"The sort of blue between clouds when the sun comes out"*, and thereby covers the markets.

She can even get away with *"When that feeling of meaningless sets in"* — that, and *"The more I think about sex/The better it gets/Here we have a purpose in life"*.

I hate quoting lyrics, but when they're printed on the sleeve it must be for a reason — usually that the singer in question thinks of himself as a songwriter, a communicator of meaningful messages, and as such is up for discursive analyses from the scurvy, common likes of I and you.

Kate's trick is the way she clings to thoughts of Innocence (capital Me) and Better Times, at the same time hinting that, *you know,* she knows and has known more than she's letting on. 'Mature' lyrics sung in that twee, irritating schoolgirl-siren voice. I know you can't help your voice, dear, but then I can't help being irritated by it.

Actually, most of the time she's nearer a vague British lineage — Barbara Dickson to Lindsay De Paul — than any Joni/Janis wonderland. It's the 'up' side of melancholy: muted, mellifluous piano backed by a lame, loveless cradle of pristine and processed acoustic/electric guitar, drums, subtle synthesiser, bass and varied additions where necessary, harmonium, recorder and harpsichord in the tree top. Her musicians add little or nothing to most of the songs, and her own piano playing is too 'nice' to merely be the prop it mostly is.

The songs range from "In Search Of Peter Pan" *("I've been told, when I get older/That I'll understand it all")* to "In The Warm Room": *"She prepares to go to bed/She'll let you watch her undress/Go places where your fingers long to linger/In the warm room/You'll fall into her like a pillow/Her thighs are as soft as marshmallows."*

Now, for all I know, that last lot might well be an attack on traditional, mythical ideas and ideals about the mysterious, silent, seductive woman who somewhere waits for you and *you* only. But nothing in the way it is presented and nothing in the way Ms. Bush presents herself in the glossy, glazed photographs suggests that this is indeed the case.

Other cameos and scenarios flit with the exotic ("Kashka From Baghdad") and historic ("England My Lionheart", "Coffee Homeground") without really *saying* much, mostly metaphors for dewy romanticism, the pleasures and pains thereof.

Nothing wrong with that?

The Sirens, too, sing that way. Trying to disguise that which pressed them into their fame and fashion but allowed them to feel nothing but function. They lamented this aloud. They could not help it if their laments sounded so beautiful.

(Poetic, huh?)

Ian Penman

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TOOLS OF THE TRADE

INSTRUMENTS: BY JOHN POTTER

If they ever do a disco version of "Chopsticks" . .

ONCE UPON a time, as the fairy stories go, there were basically three types of keyboard instrument. The harpsichord, with its quaint zinging tone, whose notes were produced by means of a leather quill twitching its strings. The piano, whose strings were struck with hammers to provide the required note. And the very elaborate organ-type instruments, whose notes were produced by compressed air going through pipes of the required diameter.

These were the instruments available in the days before electricity changed things.

When music began to take on more complicated, even mathematical proportions — about the middle 1800's — the keyboard seems to have been one of the few instruments capable of expressing the ideas of most contemporary composers.

But time marches on, and the advent of electricity did very definitely change the situation. We now have electric harpsichord/pianos, electric organs, and a whole range of keyboard instruments which are partly mechanical, partly electronic and some wholly electronic, except for the actual keyboard itself.

So, today we have an amazing range of sounds to enjoy, compose with, substitute with (strings etc.) and this can in itself cause problems, believe it or not, because where do you actually begin to explore the keyboard world?

Well, I for one still tend to be rather conservative so far as keyboards go, and the conventional piano, for me, is still the king of the musical instruments.

In a studio the conventional steam piano has no particular problems, but on the road it is a totally different story. It is difficult to move, difficult to amplify, and rarely stays in tune. Even the celebrated Yamaha electric grand CP 70, which is an actual miniature grand piano, has tuning problems (especially at the bass end) and the "feel" of this mini-grand also tends to be rather abrupt.

During my spell with Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, I used one of these and I must say, at first I found it very refreshing to play an actual miniature grand on stage; but, at the Manor Studios, recording the "Solid Senders" album, the tuning problems developed. We phoned Yamaha and they sent down an immediate replacement, but the new one was not that much better. Nevertheless, top marks for their service department.

Other quite good substitutes for an almost-real piano sound on stage may be the Roland EP 20 and the R.M.I. piano, both of which have ceased to be manufactured, although they can still be obtained (R.M.I's being like gold dust and EP 20's looking rather puny on stage unless surrounded by lots of other keyboards).

All of which leads up to a gap.

The clavinet is another strung keyboard instrument which has quite good pianistic qualities, using hammers for the action, and being touch sensitive — that is to say, the harder you hit the keys, the louder they play on the end of each string.

The total sound reproduced by the clavinet is quite attractive in its quaintly percussive tone. In fact we use clavinet "D6" on one of the tracks on the "Southend Rock" album due out in January, a song called "Better Get Out."

Although the clavinet is not an instrument that can be used on all types of songs and music, it can still be used to great effect in moderation, particularly on very rhythmical music, funk, rock, etc.

Hohner have hit upon a new instrument in this field, a single keyboard, called the Clavinet-pianet Duo. If you lift the lid on this fine tool, you'll see that it incorporates the mechanicals of both the Hohner Pianet 'T' and the clavinet. Being very portable, with a very good feel, and with this unique combination of sounds, not being an organ type instrument, or synthesiser, it is much nearer to the rock, boogie, funk keyboard players' heart.

I used one of these Duos on a gig last week with my new band Potter's Clay and it proved to be an admirable asset. The stage sound through an H.H. 100 was at very least earthy and powerful.

ONE OF my favourite artists since the year dot has been Jerry Lee Lewis. Particularly for his magical left hand boogying, which I unashamedly admit that I try to imitate (and think maybe I succeed a little, especially on a conventional piano.) Electric pianos are not so easy to do this with, as the sound is normally far too thin to be effective, the feel being a little like playing a bag of feathers.

The new Duo seems to have sussed these problems to some extent. As the instrument is basically of a schizophrenic nature, one can obtain the mellower sound of the pianet, or the more edgy sound of the clavinet. As the keys are played, both clavinet and pianet notes are struck, and one can obtain both sounds at one time — or a combination of both — by means of faders.

Other switches on the duo are basically tone controls, and a selector switch can make half the instrument — say, the bass end — into a clavinet and the other half into a pianet; and vice-versa, although quite what the purpose of this is, I'm not too sure.

The only fault I would say is the fact that the clavinet fader, when pushed to full position, tends to feed back; but using 100 watts or more will more or less eliminate this. Maybe a slightly longer keyboard, say one more octave or less, would give it just that extra bit of range. It would then be very hard to find another competitive electric piano.

However, overall it is a very fine instrument as it is, and I'm sure there will be many happy Duo players soon thumping away.

George Bodnar

John Potter, now leading Potter's Clay, served formerly with Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders. Here he is enjoying a joke, while reviewing the fab Hohner Clavinet-Pianet Duo. "Mmmm", says John, "Gimme".

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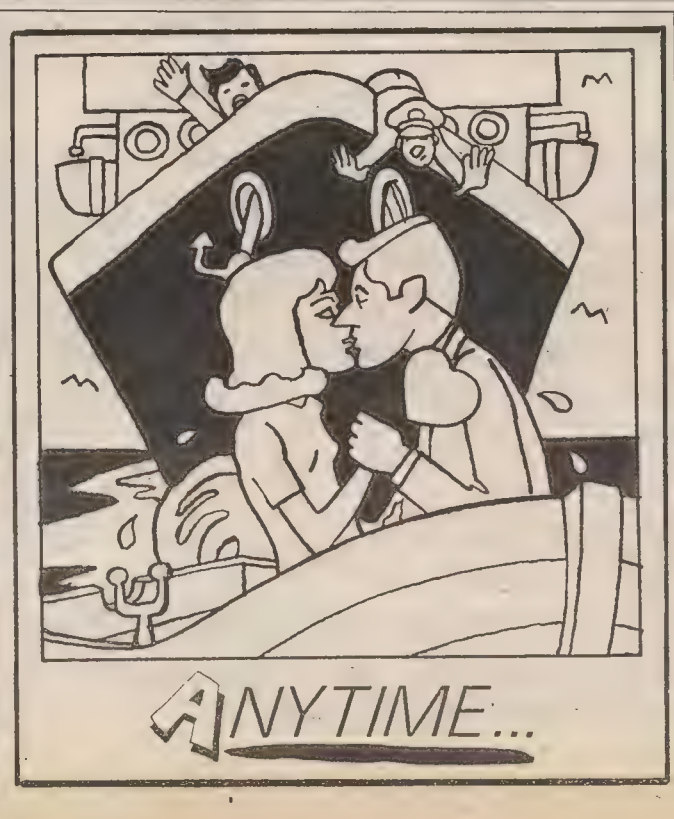

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **No Dice**
Basingstoke Technical College: **The Boyfriends**
Bath Hat and Feather: **Kinnersleys Favourites**
Batley Crumpets: **Dave Lewis Band**
Belfast Queen's University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Belfast The Pound: **The Lurkers**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Chairmen Of The Board**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ricky Cool And The Icebergs**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Ocean Boulevarrd**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Norbeck Castle: **Wild Life**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Tours**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Flying Saucers**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Squeeze**
Bradford Sadie's: **Muscles**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Bristol Tiffany's: **X-Ray Spex**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Judas Priest**
Cheltenham Pavilion Club: **Dansette / Fusion**
Corby Town Supporters Club: **Band Of Joy**
Coventry Warwick University: **Mud / The Cruisers**
Coventry Wyken Pippin: **Reno**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Lindisfarne**
Derby College of Technology: **Skrewdriver**
Derby King's Hall: **Sham 69 / Cimarons**
Derby Tiffany's: **The Real Thing**
Dumfries Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**
Dundee Art College: **Wild Horses**
Eccles Labour Club: **Belt & Braces Band**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Tools**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Charley Browne**
Grangemouth Town Hall: **The Jolt**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **The Chieftains**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Flys**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Rednite**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
Huddersfield Peacock Hotel: **Mike Elliott**
Hull University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Lancaster No. 12 Club: **Witchfynde**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Skids**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Bethnal**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Gaffa**
Liverpool Eric's: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Bedford College (Regent's Park): **Downes & Beer**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes' Over 21**
London Camden Irish Centre: **Clannad**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zaine Griff**
London Chelsea (King's Road) Breaking Point: **The Homosexuals**
London City University: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **John Spencer / Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Hammersmith Swan: **Straight 8**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Sinceros**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Blast Furnace / John Potter's Clay**
London Marquee Club: **Wire**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Bees**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Cars**
London Twickenham Winning Post: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Magazine**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Young Bucks**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Clash / The Slits**
Manchester Kelly's: **Fast Cars / Sister Ray**
Manchester Mayflower: **Stadium Dogs**
Manchester University: **Johnny Coppin**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Kettle (for three days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: **Black Diamond**
Newcastle University: **John Martyn**
Norwich Cromwells: **Detroit Emeralds**
Nottingham Boat Club: **The Bishops**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Art Failure / Flexible Toys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The D.P.'s / Butterflies**
Nottingham University: **Pere Ubu**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Speed-O-Metors**
Plymouth Drake Club: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Polesworth Working Men's Club: **The Kidda Band**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **The Piranhas**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Malcolm Stent**
Seaford Third World: **C Gas 5**
Sheffield Art College: **Molodoy**
Sheffield Limit Club: **David Johansen Band**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Stoke Knutton Ex-Servicemen's Club: **Vintage**
Stony Stratford College of Education: **Scratch**
Sunderland Fusion Disco: **Rokotto**

BILLY IDOL of Generation X

Tonbridge Hugh Christie School: **Chris Barber Band**
Wantage The Swan: **Vesuvius**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Leo Sayer**
York Barge Club: **Those Naughty Lumps**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **White Horse**
Amesbury High Post Hotel: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Ashford College: **The Condemned/Iron Pig**
Basildon Double Six: **The Cruisers**
Basingstoke Technical College: **Grand Hotel**
Belfast Harp Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Belfast The Pound: **The Lurkers**
Birmingham Aston University: **Bethnal**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Italians**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham University: **Rokotto**
Blackpool Norbeck Castle: **Johnny Curious**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **The Squad**
Borehamwood Civic Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bridgend RAF St. Athan: **Muscles**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Executives**
Brighton Fortune of War: **Airport**
Brighton Top Rank: **Dillinger**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Demis Roussos**
Bristol University: **Boys Of The Lough**
Burton 76 Club: **Jenny Darren Band**
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **Touch of Class**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **X-Ray Spex**
Cannock Troubadour: **Quartz**
Cardiff University: **Mike Harding**
Chalfont St. Giles Newlands Park College: **Scratch**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Bishops**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Mary O'Hara**
Derby Bishop Lonsdale College: **Supercharge**
Derby King's Hall: **The Clash/The Slits**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Dave Lewis Band**
Dundee College of Education: **No Dice**
Edinburgh Clouds: **The Skids**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Tools**
Edinburgh University: **Fairport Convention**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Eric Clapton Band/Muddy Waters**
Glasgow Jordanhill College: **Pigment/Flat Out**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Samson**
Hamilton College: **Underhand Jones**
Hamilton College of Education: **The Jolt**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Canned Rock**
High Wycombe Bucks College of Higher Education: **Simon Townshend Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Here & Now**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Generation X**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Huddersfield Holmfirth Civic Hall: **Jet Harris/Vintage**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Ilford Odeon: **The Chieftains**
Ilkeston Festival Inn: **Strange Days**
Ipswich First Floor Club: **Heathcliffe**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Simple Minds**
Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre: **Redbrass**
Lancaster University: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Marseille / Red Eye**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Leeds University: **Pigsty Hill Light Orchestra**

GEN X AND DEVO TOURS

GENERATION X *go back on the road this week, after their long summer layoff, and their return is admirably timed to coincide with the release of their new album "Intercourse (Old Meets New)". Their initial bill-topping gigs are at High Wycombe (Friday), Northampton (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday) and Cardiff (Tuesday). Then on Wednesday, they appear at the giant Wembley Arena in North London, along with The Jam and The Pirates — this, of course, is the first of the three concerts being presented at that venue under the banner of Great British Music Festival.*

DEVO *are about to begin their first headlining tour of Britain, the opening three dates being at Edinburgh (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday). It's the first time they've been back here since their rather controversial Knebworth appearance in the summer — which produced widely mixed reports, some critics hailing them as brilliant, and others dismissing them as trivial. Either way, there can be no disputing their popularity over here, judging from the success of their recent album "Are We Not Men? — We Are Devo!". And that, after all, is the name of the game.*

DEVO

Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Alwoodley Jets**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Luxaound Deluxe**
Liverpool Eric's: **David Johansen Band**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Boyfriends**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Acton Town Hall: **The Satellites-/London Pride/The Pack/Black Enchanters**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fischer-Z**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Tidal Basin Tavern: **Scandal**
London Central Polytechnic: **Tradition**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Street Chorus**
London City Polytechnic: **The Inmates**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bob Kerr's Whoppee Band**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Jags**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Speed-O-Meters**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Survivors/Private Parts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **James Brown Revue**
London Harrow Road. Windsor Castle: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tribesman**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
London Kilburn Polytechnic: **SW1**
London Marquee Club: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Mottingham Dutch House: **The Fridges**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Landscape**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night.**
London Regent's Park Bedford College: **Advertising**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos**
London S.W.4 Larkhall Tap: **Highway Patrol**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Reality**
London Victoria The Venue: **Magazine**
London Willesden White Horse: **Mystery Train**
London W10 Acklam Hall: **Gonzalez / Night Flight / Liz Christian**
London WC1 Institute of Education: **The Young Bucks**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Manchester Kings Hall: **The Mighty Sparrow**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Snips & The Video Kings**
Manchester The Factory: **Pere Ubu**
Manchester The Squat: **Teen Dreams / The Out / Mekon**
Manchester The Venue: **Eric Bell Band**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Max Boyce**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Hinckley's Heroes**
Newton Abbott Seale Hayne College: **Mechanical Horse Trough & Cocky**
Norwich Boogie House: **Zaine Griff**
Nottinghham Club Malibu: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Gang Of Four**
Nottingham University: **Hi-Tension**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Albion Band**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Pattingham Village Hall: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Penryn School Hall: **"Salute to Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttleton/Alex Welsh/George Chisholm**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Judas Priest**
Plymouth Guildhall: **The Jam/The Dickies/Patrick Fitzgerald**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Vamp**
Preston Polytechnic: **Merger**
Reading University: **The Real Thing**
Retford Porterhouse: **Penetration**
Rochdale Brickcroft Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Rochford Rocheway Community Centre: **Clannad**
Rugby Emmaline's: **The Kidda Band**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Stadium Dogs**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Sore Throat**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Japan**
Sheffield Scotsmans Pack Inn: **Johnny Coppin**
Sheffield University: **John Martyn**
St. Austell Cornish Riviera Club: **Matchbox**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Andy Desmond/The Actors**
Tipton Brewer & Baker: **Chris Chivers**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Hawklords**
Walsall Town Hall: **Mud/The Cruisers**
Weybridge College of Food & Technology: **Autographs**
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: **Andy Caven**
Yeovil Camelot Suite: **Warm Jets**
York Revolution Club: **New Jets/De Tian**

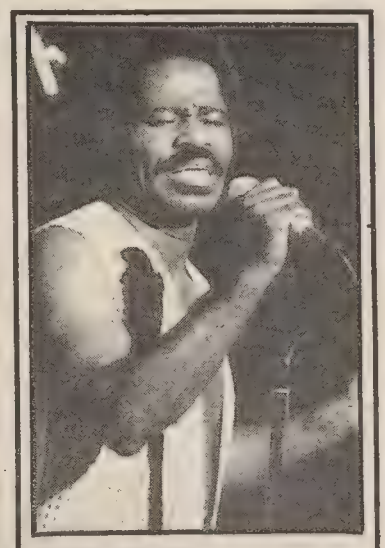
Saturday

Abertillery Avyl Street Social Club: **Staa Marx**
Ashton The Spread Eagle: **The Accelerators**
Aylesbury Friars: **Penetration**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Coast To Coast**
Basildon Double Six: **Speed-O-Metors**
Bath Brillig Arts Centre: **The Casual Band**
Bath Pavilion: **Squeeze / Kinnersleys Favourites**
Batley Crumpets: **Supercharge**
Belfast Harp Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Belfast Queen's University: **Johnny Coppin**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Stadium Dogs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Caravan Club: **Band Of Joy**
Birmingham Cofton Country Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Therapy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bradford University: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Max Boyce**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom doubling Wigan Casin: **Detroit Emeralds**
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **Chris Barber Band**
Cannock Troubadour: **Video**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Young Bucks**
Carlisle Flopps: **Charley Browne**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Colchester Essex University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Corby Raven Hall: **Wildlife**
Coventry Warwick University: **Fishcher-Z**
Crosswell Miners Welfare: **Strange Days**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Light Of The World**
Darlington Central Club: **The Cruisers**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Leo Sayer**
Derby College: **Mud**
Dublin Trinity College: **Swift**
Edinburgh (Currie) Gibson Craig Hall: **Belsen Horrors / Positives**
Edinburgh University: **Fairport Convention**
Edinburgh Workshop: **Redbrass**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Landscape**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **No Dice**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **White Horses**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**
Glasgow The Maggie: **Underhand Jones**
Gloucester College Of Technology: **The Edge**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **The Chieftains**
Hanley Abbey Hulton British Legion Club: **Touch Of Class**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Sham 69 / Cimarons**
Haverfordwest Masonic Hall: **Muscles**
Haywards Heath Claire Hall: **Writz**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **C Gas 5**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Mekons**
Ilford Kings Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Ilkley College: **Otis Waygood Band**
Ipswich Tracey's: **Rokotto**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Chou Pahrot**
Kingston Polytechnic : **Merger**
Knottingley Wallbottle Hotel: **Bad News**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Leeds Packhorse Inn: **Leon Rosselson**

CONTINUES OVER. . .

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Sneakers**
Leeds Staging Post: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds University: **John Martyn**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **Snoots**
Lincoln AJ's Club: **Johnny Moped**
Littlehampton Windmill Theatre: **The Piranhas**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Demis Roussos**
Liverpool Eric's: **Pere Ubu**
London Camden Brecknock: **Zaine Griff**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bullets**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Police / The Magnets / Pressure Shocks**
London Canning Town Tidal Basin Tavern: **Accidents**
London Chelsea College: **Andy Desmond / The Actors**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **The VIPs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gonzalez**
London Edgware Corner House: **Agenda**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Dynamite**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Bethnal**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tribesman**
London Marquee Club: **Reaction / Fame**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Gaffa**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **China Street**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Earthbound**
London Paddington Q Club: **Fever Pitch**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Dillinger**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Froggy**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith**
London SW4 Larkhall Tap: **Stage Fright**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **The Monos**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Agnes Strange**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Straight 8**
Loughborough University: **Lindisfarne**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **James Brown Revue**
Manchester Factory: **David Johansen Band**
Manchester U.M.I.S.T.: **The Boyfriends**
Manchester University: **Magazine**
Margate Grand Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan'n'The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester The Venue: **Marseille**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Anniversary**
Newcastle City Hall: **Eric Clapton Band / Muddy Waters**
Newcastle The Canteen: **Junco Partners / The Sabrejets / The 45s**
Newton Abbot Dyrons: **The Fans**
Northampton County Ground: **Generation X**
Northampton Nene College: **Grand Hotel**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Inmates**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Skrewdriver**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**



***JAMES BROWN** is one of those giants of rock and r-and-b, whose name will always have an assured place in any history of contemporary music, even if it's written two centuries hence! Together with his full U.S. touring revue, he's back again for gigs at London Hammersmith (Friday) and Manchester (Saturday).*

Nottingham Sandpiper: **Special Clinic**
Oxford City Arms doubling University: **NW10**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Samson**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Gene Pitney / Co-Co**
Preston Polytechnic: **Genocides / Belt / Braces Band**
Reading University: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Rochester Nags Head: **Rednite**
Saffron Walden Corn Exchange: **Moth**
Salisbury Technical College: **Here & Now**
Staindrop Black Swan: **East Side Torpedoes / High Force / Dave Milner**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Warm Jets**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **The Chieftains**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Reggae Regular**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Mike Harding**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **Streetlite**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **The Aliens / Hazzard**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Barge Club: **The Vye**
York Revolution Club: **Blazer Blazer**

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Juggernaut**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Mighty Sparrow**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Tracks (lunchtime) /Society Rhythm Orchestra (evening).**
Blackpool Jenkinson's Bar: **Agnes Strange**
Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime): **Bad News**

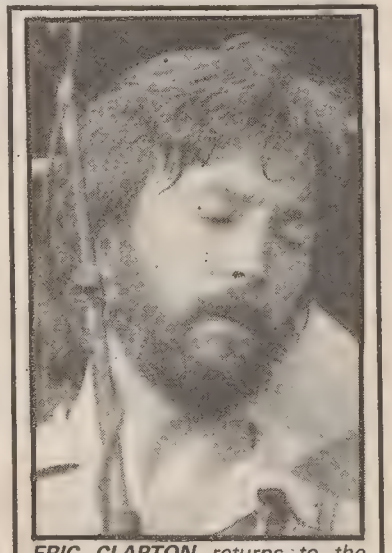
***OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN** headlines her first British concerts, following her major success in the States, both on record and in the film "Grease". We're promised a totally new approach and new look (as above) from Olivia, with the accant firmly on rock-'n'roll. She's at London Rainbow (Tuesday and Wednesday).*

Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Jam / The Dickies / Patrick Fitzgerald**
Bristol Locarno: **Dillinger**
Cannock Troubadour: **Warhead**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Clash / The Slits**
Cardiff University: **The Chieftains**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Charley Browne**
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Taveres**
Croydon Greyhound: **Generation X**
Dublin RDS Hall: **David Essex / The Real Thing**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **Cafe Jacques**
Dundee Samantha's: **The Jolt**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Devo / Doll By Doll**

Elstree Civic Hall: **The Yetties**
Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Jake Thackray**
Exeter University: **Here & Now**
Farnham The Maltings: **Pete & Chris Coe / Jo-Ann Kelly & Pete Emery / Hot Vultures**
Halifax Bradshaw Tavern : **Bill Caddick**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Max Boyce**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **Redbrass**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Stadium Dogs**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Dandies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Chiswick John Bull: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **David Blosse Band**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Five Hand Reel**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Panties**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Tennis Shoes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Marquee Club: **Straight 8**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Rednite**
London Paddington Q Club: **Fever Pitch**
London Palladium: **Leo Sayer**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Royal Garden Hotel: **Gonzalez**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Zaine Griff**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Japan**
London S.W.4 Larkhall Tap: **Mirage (lunchtime) / Car Crash (evening)**
London Walthamstow The Chestnuts: **Katy Heath**
Manchester Belle Vue (Peoples Festival(: **Belt & Braces Band**
Manchester Mayflower: **Slade / Skrewdriver**
Manchester New Electric Circus: **Joy Division / The Passage**
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Newbridge Club & Institute: **Dave Lewis Band**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **White Horses**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Spoonfull**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Plymouth Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jacqui & Bridie / Pete Royle**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Ryde I.o.W. Lakeside Inn: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Sandown I.o.W. Pavilion: **Gene Pitney / Co Co**
Sheffield Big Tree: **Xero**
Stoke Trenthan Gardens: **Detroit Emeralds**
Upminster New Windmill Theatre: **Autographs**
Wakefield Kettlethorpe Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **Foggy (for a week)**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wishaw Crown Hotel: **Underhand Jones**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Wildlife**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Lindisfarne**

Monday

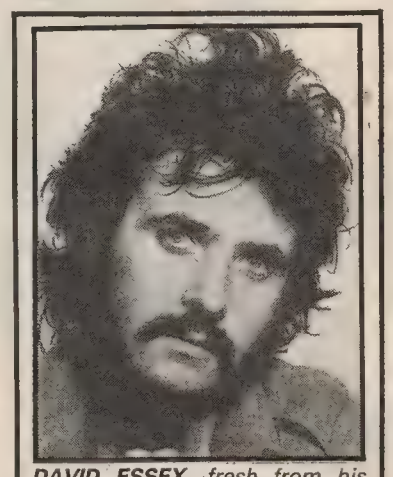
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Lonnie Donegan (until Friday)**
Badgers Mount (Kent) Black Eagle: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Belfast King's Hall: **David Essex/The Real Thing**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Pere Ubu**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Crack**
Birmingham Crown & Cushion: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Jasper Carrott (for a week)**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Bristol University: **Here & Now**
Chelmsford Civic Theatre: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Chester Smartyz: **Warm Jets**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Cafe Jacques**
Exeter University: **The Clash/The Slits**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Devo/Doll By Doll**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Underhand Jones**
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Hi-Tension**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Chou Pahrot**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Skrewdriver**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Butterflies**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Liverpool St. George's Social Centre: **Clannad**
Liverpool The Sportsman: **Juggernaut**
London Camden Brecknock: **Helicopters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Magnets/The Press/Split Rivitt**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Bandit**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Exzibitor**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **X-Ray Spex/Sore Throat**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Sounder**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Zaine Griff**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Nicol & Marsh/The Inmates**
London Marquee Club: **C Gas 5**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jeremy Taylor**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Fame**
London University College: **The Monos**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Teresa D'Abreu/The Method**
London Woolwich Thames Polytecnic: **The Young Bucks**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Brave Strangers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Manchester Fagin's: **Alvin Stardust (for a week)**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Teen Dreams/The Out**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave**
Plymouth Metro: **Magazine**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Tavares**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Chieftains**
Sheffield Limit Club: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Sheffield University: **2-3/Graph**
Stirling MacRobert Centre: **Redbrass**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Vintage (for a week)**
Swansea Circles Club: **Marseille**
Warrington Carlton Club: **Stadium Dogs**
York Barge Club:**Klitch**
York St. John's College: **Swift**



***ERIC CLAPTON** returns to the British concert platform for the first time since his guest spot with Bob Dylan at Blackbushe. Backed by his regular band and with the near-legendary Muddy Waters as special guest, he opens at Glasgow (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Hanley (Tuesday) and West Bromwich (Wednesday).*

Tuesday

Barnsley Civic Hall: **Belt & Braces Band**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Fairport Convention**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Kitts Green: **Labi Siffre**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leicsure Centre: **Wildlife**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **N.W.10/The Piranhas**
Bristol Locarno: **Magazine**
Cannock Star & Garter: **The Rezizters**
Canterbury Kent University: **Benny & The Jets**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Generation X**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **The Tights**
Chester Smartyz: **Agnes Strange**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Clash/The Slits**
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: **Juggernaut**
Dunstable College: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Underhand Jones**
Glasgow The Platform: **Redbrass**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Acker Bilk Band**
Gosport John Peel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Greenock Town Hall: **The Lurkers**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Eric Clapton Band/Muddy Waters**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Boyfriends/Skrewdriver**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Leeds Fan Club: **Squeeze**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**

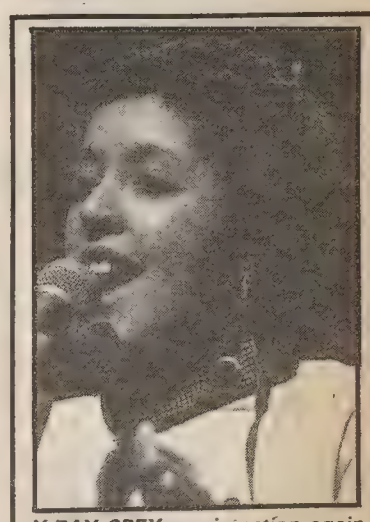


***DAVID ESSEX,** fresh from his "Evita" triumph, is back in business on the concert trail. He headlines a five-date mini-tour, visiting all the capital cities in the British Isles — starting at Dublin (Sunday), Belfast (Monday) and Glasgow (Wednesday), with Cardiff and London to follow. The Real Thing support.*

Liverpool Havanna Club: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Brecknock: **Embryo**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Pere Ubu**
London Camden Music Machine: **Marseille**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Cruisers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Young Bucks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Stadium Dogs**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Fischer-Z**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Merger**
London Kilburn National Club: **Kevin Burke**
London Marquee Club: **Adam & The Ants**
London N.11 Orange Tree: **Pete Stanley & Brian Golbey**
London Palladium: **Demis Roussos (until Saturday)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Five Hand Reel**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Olivia Newton-John**
London Sheen The Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Action Replay**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Agenda**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Passions/The Veins**
Malvern Folley Arms Hotel: **Landscape**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Tavares**
Newport Stowaway Club: **Here & Now**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Jolt**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Redditch Tiffany's: **Ocean Boulevard**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Police**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Scene Stealer**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **Hi-Tension**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

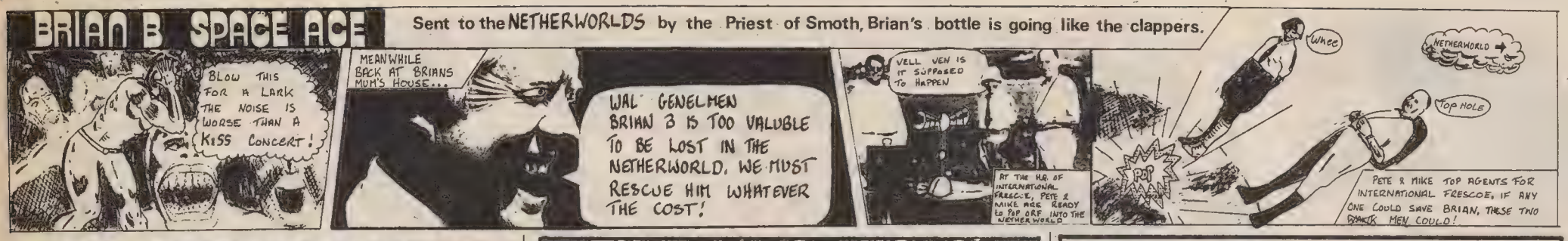
Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Lurkers**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Light Of The World**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Video**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham The Chalet: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham The Sherwood: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Executives**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **C.S.A.**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Detroit Emeralds**
Coventry Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Edinburgh Caley Cinema: **Acker Bilk Band**
Edinburgh The Platform: **Redbrass**
Exeter Lucifer's: **Harem Scarem**
Exeter Routes: **The Jolt**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **David Essex/The Real Thing**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Clash/The Slits**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Fairport Convention**
Keele University: **John Martyn**
Leeds (Horsforth) Colours Restaurant: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Leeds Ralph Thoresby Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
Leeds University: **Stadium Dogs**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Hinckley's Heroes**
Liverpoool Mountford Hall: **Magazine**
London Acton White Hart: **Magnets/The Night**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Vipers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chas & Dave**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Dogs/Skrewdriver**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zaine Griff**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bowles Bros. Band**
London Hammersmith Swan: **Wildlife**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Bullets**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Monos**
London Marquee Club: **Adam & The Ants**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Scratch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Five Hand Reel**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Olivia Newton-John**
London Southall White Hart: **Matchbox**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Blosse Band**
London Tooting The Castle: **Vaguely Attractive**
London Wembley Arena: **The Jam/The Pirates/Generation X/Slade/Patrik Fitzgerald**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Local Operator/Trans-Am**
Loughborough University: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **X-Ray Spex**
Newcastle City Hall: **Devo/Doll By Doll**
Newcastle University: **The Boyfriends**
Newport Stowaway Club: **The Flys**
Northampton Salon Ballroom: **Hi-Tension**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**



***X-RAY SPEX** are in action again after their lengthy lay-off, caused by Poly Styrene's illness and the consequent delay in recording sessions. This week you can find them at Bristol (Thursday), Cambridge (Friday), London Hammersmith (Monday) and Manchester (Wednesday), Poly's pictured above, of course.*

Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Landscape**
Paisley The Abercorn: **Chou Pahrot**
Paisley Three Horseshoes: **Charley Browne**
Plymouth Castaways: **The Dooleys**
Preston Salgo's Club: **Genocides**
Reading University: **Jenny Darren Band**
Sheffield Abourthorne Hotel: **Swift**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Tribesman**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
Southampton University: **Mud**
Southport New Theatre: **Tavares**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Black Swan: **Andy Caven**
Swansea College of Higher Education: **Here & Now**
Swansea University: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Wakefield The Bee-Hive: **The Sneakers**
West Bromwich Gala Ballroom: **Eric Clapton Band/Muddy Waters**
Wigan Bluto's Disco: **Supercharge/29th & Dearborn**
Wrexham Leisure Centre: **The Platters**
York Barge Club: **Motel**
York Pop Club: **The Police**
York Revolution Club: **Squeeze**


BRIAN B SPACE ACE
Sent to the NETHERWORLDS by the Priest of Smoth, Brian's bottle is going like the clappers.
BLOW THIS FOR A LARK THE NOISE IS WORSE THAN A KISS CONCERT!
MEANWHILE BACK AT BRIANS MUM'S HOUSE...
WAL GENELMEN BRIAN 3 IS TOO VALUBLE TO BE LOST IN THE NETHERWORLD, WE MUST RESCUE HIM WHATEVER THE COST!
VELL VEN IS IT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN
AT THE H.Q. OF INTERNATIONAL FRESCOE, PETE & MIKE ARE READY TO POP OFF INTO THE NETHERWORLD
Whee
NETHERWORLD
TOP HOLE
POP
PETE & MIKE TOP AGENTS FOR INTERNATIONAL FRESCOE, IF ANY ONE COULD SAVE BRIAN, THESE TWO BLOKES MEN COULD!

marquee

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Wed 22nd & Thur 23rd Nov (Adm £1.75)
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Fri 24th Nov (Adm £1.50
THE FABULOUS POODLES
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat 25th Nov (Adm £1.00)
TRANS AM
Plus Fame & Ian Fleming

Sun 26th Nov (Adm 85p)
STRAIGHT 8
Plus Guests & Mandy H

Mon 27th Nov (Adm £1.00)
C GAS 5
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tue 28th & Wed 29th Nov
A MARQUEE SPECIAL WITH
ADAM AND THE ANTS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non-Members at the door £1.60

Thurs 30th Nov (Adm £1.50)
Welcome Return of . . .
NO DICE
Plus Guests & Ian Fleming

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THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday November 23rd 30p **ZAINE GRIFF**	Monday, November 27th **HELICOPTERS**
Friday, November 24th 40p **YOUNG ONES** + The Directors	Tuesday, November 28th **THE CRUISERS**
Saturday, November 25th 40p **KRAZY KAT**	Wednesday, November 29th 30p **ZAINE GRIFF**
Sunday, November 26th 40p **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**	Thursday, November 30th Only 30p **THE INMATES**

We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

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Thursday, Nov 23rd 75p **SINCEROS**	Monday, Nov 27 60p **ZAINE GRIFF**
Friday, Nov 24th £1.00 **THE EDGE**	Tuesday, Nov 28 75p **FISCHER Z**
Saturday, Nov 25th £1.00 **TRIBESMAN**	Wednesday, Nov 29 60p **MONOS**
Sunday, Nov 26th 75p **LITTLE BO BITCH**	Thursday, Nov 30th 75p **SINCEROS**

GET IT LIVE! SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
JAPAN
Johnny Rubbish + The Edge + Zaine Griff
Sunday 26th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments in association with Outlaw presents
REZILLOS + Special guests **Undertones**
Sunday 3rd December £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Johnny Rubbish + The Edge + Zaine Griff
Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments present
ULTRAVOX!
+The Skids + Snips
Sunday 10th December £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)
Doors open 7.15pm

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Thursday November 23rd £1.00
BLAST FURNACE AND . . .
+ John Potter's Clay

Friday November 24th 75p
STREET BAND + support

Saturday November 25th £1.00
CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS + the Stickers

Sunday November 26th 75p
WARREN HARRY + Tennis Shoes

Monday November 27th 75p
Inmates + Lew Lewis Band + Nicol and Marsh

Tuesday November 28th £1.00
MERGER + Mat Stagger

Thursday November 30th 75p
CHAS AND DAVE + Liz Christian Band

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(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

DINGWALLS

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THURSDAY 23
CAROL GRIMES' OVER 21
SUNDAY 26
R&B NIGHT WITH
THE INMATES
TUESDAY 28
THE EDGE
WEDNESDAY 29
CHAS & DAVE
THURSDAY 30
THE RETAINERS
BOOZE IS ½ PRICE PRIOR TO 10pm

PEGASUS

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Thursday Nov 23rd Free
THE BEES
Friday Nov 24th 50p
THE MONOS
Saturday Nov 25th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall Smith
Sunday Nov 26th 50p
THE FLYS
Monday Nov 27th Free
FAME
Tuesday Nov 28th Free
TENNIS SHOES
Wednesday Nov 22nd Free
DAVID BLOSSE BAND

LAST BASTION!
THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON W.3.

Stomp Music Ltd Presents
Wednesday, November 29th
MENACE
+ The Night
+ D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Doors open 7.45 pm

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
Rezillos
UNDERTONES
MEKONS

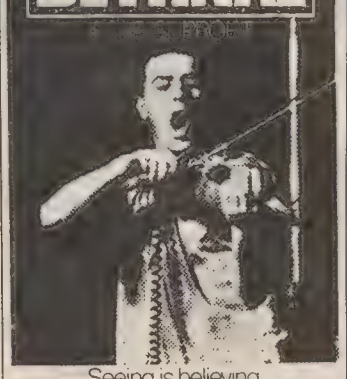
TOWN HALL BIRMINGHAM
Wed. 29th Nov. 7·30
£2·50 £2·00 £1·50

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE
Thurs. 30th Nov. 7·30
£2·50 £2·00 £1·50

FREE TRADE HALL MANCHESTER
Fri. 1st Dec. 7·30
£2·50 £2·00 £1·50

THE LYCEUM
Sun. 3rd Dec. 8p.m.
£2·00 in advance £2·25 at door

ANDREW MILLER & NOEL d'ABO
in association with SONG MUSIC Ltd. present
BETHNAL



Seeing is believing
SAT 25 NOV 8
ODEON
Hammersmith
Tickets: £1·50, £1. Box Office: 748 4081

BOGGO-PODS CHAOS EXPLOSIONS ROCK GOVT.

Frightening Reports from users: 9 out of 10 prefer constipation.

STAA MARX

Contact Wigmore Artiste Mgmt. 01-935 6720 or Bognor (02433) 4899

Sat. 25th Nov.
ABERTILLERY: Six Bells

PAIN IN THE AASVOGEL*

Brigadier Bowalls — Trembull of Bognor told health officials: "I've seen some action in my time but nothing to compare with BOGGO-PODS. My God . . . (Bark) . . . I've just cashiered myself. Quick, the latrines!"

★ *LOCK IT UP*

LANDSCAPE
1979 BEGINS NOW

NOV. Fri 24: GOLDSMITHS COLLEGE New Cross London SE14
Sat 25: ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE Egham, Surrey
Tue 28: Folley Arms, Gt Malvern, Worcs.
Wed 29: TRENT POLY, Byron House, Shakespeare St., Nottingham (and this time they mean it)
MAJOR TOUR BEGINS 26 JAN 79

EVENT HORIZON: Orpington (66) 31627, 01-870 2061, 01-703 7677

A.J's Club
35 High St., Lincoln
Friday November 24th
LUXOUND DELUXE
(ex Killjoy)
Saturday November 25th
JOHNNY MOPED
9 pm—2 am

Xray Spex

A Promotion
SORE THROAT
THE INVADERS
MARTIN 'MIGHTY MOUTH'
Monday 27th November at 8.00pm
ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tel: 01-748 4081/2
Tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50.
from Box Office & usual agents

The Tidal Basin Tavern

will only overflow when there's a
SCANDAL
like Friday November 24th, 9.45—11 pm

Scandal would like to apologise to the people of Rochester for not being able to play last week owing to circumstances beyond their control.
Hope to see you soon.
Band inquiries: 6 pm—8 pm 01-804 2768

LSE ENTS present

A Rhythm 'n' Blooze Evening
with
THE BISHOPS
+ BLAST FURNACE AND . . .
Saturday November 25th
in the
Haldane Room, L.S.E., Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2
Tickets £1.30 in advance from L.S.E. Union Shop or £1.50 on the door
Tubes: Holborn & Temple *Doors open 7.30 p.m.*
Coming soon: Dec. 1/2 VIV STANSHALL
Dec. 6/7 L.S.E. PANTOMIME PETER PAN

QUIET!
PEACE AT LAST!
MIND YOU AT TIMES IT CAN GET...
...TOO BLOODY QUIET!
HA.HA! I HEAR A NOISE APPROACHING
SQUEEK SQUEEK
BRIAN B SPACE ACE I PRESUME?
yees
YOUR MOTHER SENT US TO RESCUE YOU. YOU DO WANT TO BE RESCUED dont you?
yes!

SO BRIAN WAS RESCUED FROM THE NETHERWORLD (AND FROM THIS AWFUL COMIC STRIP) BACK ON THE REAL EARTH HE WENT ABOUT HIS NORMAL WAYS. SELLING SPACE FOR THE "LIVE PAGE" ON THE N.M.E. PONCING ABOUT TELLING EVERYONE HOW LONG HIS HAIRS GROWN. HOW DOG-WATCH. AND THE WARM JETS ARE DOING AND WHEN WILL THE JEFFERSON STARSHIP PLAY BRITAIN AGAIN. CAN YOU LOAN US A QUID COS I'M A LITTLE BROKE. GOD! HE JUST GOS ON AND ON I WISH THEY'D TAKE HIM BACK. ANYHOW THIS IS THE END.

MICHAEL KRAMER presents

SPLIT RIVITT

Mon. Nov. 27
DINGWALLS
Fri. Dec. 1
WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, OXFORD
Sat. Dec 2
MOONLIGHT CLUB WEST HAMPSTEAD
Thurs. Dec. 7
NORBRECK CASTLE BLACKPOOL
Fri. Dec. 8
BOOGIE HOUSE NORWICH
Sat. Dec. 9
THE REVOLUTION YORK

For further info call 01-729 2666 office

HERMIT LIVE
SHENFIELD ROAD, BRENTWOOD
Atlantis Agency Promotions Present
MONDAY NOV. 27th
KEITH PEARSON'S RIGHT HAND BAND
with Special Guests
TRANS AM (Ex Burlesque)
DOORS OPEN 8pm Admission FREE

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street.
Saturday November 25th
POLICE
+ Pressure Shocks
+ Gardez Darx
Admission £1.50
8.30 pm — 2 am

TAKE ME TO the LIMIT TEL 730940 WEST STREET SHEFFIELD
Thursday, November 23rd
From U.S.A.
DAVID JOHANSEN
(ex New York Dolls)
N.B. Doors open 8 pm Tonight
Friday, November 24th
SORE THROAT
Tuesday, November 28th
POLICE
Wednesday, November 29th
Reggae with
IMMIGRANT
Students Free Monday, Discount Tuesday and Wednesday
Open 9 pm-2 am

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, New Barnet
(Beside B.R. New Barnet)
Thursday November 23rd
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
Friday November 24th
LAMMAGYRE
Saturday November 25th
GAFFA
Sunday November 26th
REDNITE
Tuesday November 28th
ROGER THE CAT

Morning Star Events
Sat Nov 25th
Explosive Rock 'n' Roll
with
DYNAMITE
Disco & Bar
8 pm till late
S. Bank Poly Students Union
Rotary St. SE1
(Elephant and Castle tube)
£1.25 Claimants/students £1

ADVERTISING
at Bedford College
(Inner Circle), Regents Park, LONDON NW1
Fri Nov 24th
8 o'clock. Adm. 90p

THE RED CRAYOLA
on tour with Pere Ubu -
Nov-22-Cambridge-Lady Mitchell Hall
24-Manchester-Factory
25-Liverpool-Eric's
27-Birmingham-Barbarella's
28-London-Electric Ballroom
SINGLE-WIVES IN ORBIT/YIK YAK-ADA 22

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday November 25th at 7.30 p.m.
Moving Targets
PENETRATION
+ GANG OF FOUR
AC Sound & Vision
Tickets 175p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham 69, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or 175p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
Episode 2 in which the Friars Aylesbury P.M. Lovers of Outrage find the miracle cure.

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx.
Tel. (89) 39125
Friday 24th November in the Sports Hall
HAWKLORDS
(ex-Hawkwind)
+ support
Advance ticket price £1.50
£1.70 at door
Wednesday 29th November Kingdom Room
PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
Advance ticket price £1.30 £1.50 at door
Nearest tube: Uxbridge. Buses: 204, 207, 223, 224

ACTON TOWN HALL
ACTON ARTS WORKSHOP
BENEFIT DANCE
FRIDAY, 24th NOVEMBER
8 till 12 pm
BONGO DANNY
with the
ENCHANTERS
THE SATELLITES
LONDON PRIDE
THE PACK
Tickets £1.25
Under 18s 75p

EARTHBOUND
Pre-Christmas dates
25th November
The Stapleton Hall Tavern
Crouch Hill, N4.
2nd December
Duke of Lancaster
New Barnet.
6th December
Upstairs at Ronnies
Frith Street, WC1.
8th December
Royal Holloway College
Egham, Surrey.
16th December
Jackson's Lane Rock Club
Archway Road, opp. Highgate Tube Station.
(+ SUPPORT)
Band enquiries 01-203 4632.
EARTHBOUNCERS' CLUB — Phone Stella, 01-444 7768

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9
MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1
Wednesday November 22nd £1.00
SORE THROAT
+ Essential Logic + Paul Inder
Thursday Nov 23rd £1.50
REGGAE REGULAR
+ The Jags
Monday Nov 27th £1.00
IMMIGRANT
+ Bandit
Friday Nov 24th £2.00
SASSAFRAS
+ Support
Tuesday Nov 28th £1.00
MARSEILLES
+ Dumb Blonde
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm
Saturday Nov 25th £2.00
RAMROD
(Ex S.A.L.T. & Rory Gallagher)
+ The Sharpe Hunter Band
Wednesday Nov 29th
Heavy Metal from Detroit U.S.A.
THE DOGS
+ Scene Stealer
Tuesday December 7th Pay at door £2.00
IAN GILLAN BAND
LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

NEW WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW ROAD W9. TEL 286 8403
Thurs 23rd 75p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
+ Support
Sun 26th Free
Hollywood Killers
Fri 24th 75p
LITTLE BO BITCH
+ Bogart
Mon 27th Free
Sounder
+ Wildlife
Tues 28th Free
Stops
+ The Orphans
Sat 25th 50p
LINE SHOOTER
+ Teresa d'Abreu Band
Wed 29th Free
Scarecrow
+ Support
Open till late MON-SAT Westbourne Park Tube

STOLEN FROM THE MAGNETS 19.11.78
1 Ibanez Flying V N.A.T. Dimarzios / Trem
1 Eccleshall T.V. Mahog. Serial No. 100
1 Telecaster Bass Old Natural (scorch marks)
1 Telecaster Custom M/N Black 40 p/u switch
+ our entire backline, too costly to mention
Ring Guy, 01-226 9156
REWARD!!

WEMBLEY ARENA MEL BUSH PRESENTS LONDON
The Great British Music Festival
WED 29th NOV
The JAM
Generation X
THE PIRATES
BERNIE TORMÉ
PATRIK FITZGERALD
SPECIAL GUESTS
SLADE
THURS 30th NOV
Jndisparne
FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
CHRIS REA
BANDIT
MIKE ELLIOTT
SPECIAL GUESTS
JOHN MILES
CAPITAL 194 PRESENTATION
SAT 2nd DEC
DAVID ESSEX
RICH KIDS
THE MOVIES
NICK van EEDE
SPECIAL GUESTS
REAL THING
TICKETS £3 £4 £5
G.B.M.F. BOX OFFICE, WEMBLEY ARENA, WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX. TEL: 01 902 1234
CHEQUES & P.O's TO WEMBLEY STADIUM LTD & CROSSED ACCOUNT PAYEE
BOOKING ALSO FROM USUAL AGENTS
BOX OFFICE OPENS WED NOV 1st
DOORS OPEN 4.00p.m. ALL SHOWS COMMENCE 5.00p.m.
COMPERES - NICKY HORNE - ROGER SCOTT - MIKE SMITH

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
DEVO
WITH GUESTS
DOLL BY DOLL
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6
SAT/SUN - 2/3 DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL: 748 4081
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 240 2245
USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

Blast Furnace and ...
+ John Potter's CLAY
AT
THE NASHVILLE Thurs Nov 23rd
WARWICK UNI Thurs Nov 30th
(Roots Hall)
DANCE LEAGUE LATE RESULT
R&B 5 DISCO 0

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
at the Grove Tavern
Washington Road, Kingston, Surrey
Friday November 24th
ANGELO PALLADINO
+ BRAVADO
Special Price 50p Doors open 7.30 pm
Enquiries: Ray Bland on Chertsey (09328) 63357.

Thames Polytechnic
Calderwood St, Woolwich, S.E.18
Saturday November 25th
SQUEEZE
+ Support
Licensed Bars Non students welcome

THE VENUE 160 Victoria St. SW1
(opposite Victoria St. Tube) 01-834 5500
London's leading music club.
Food, drink, live acts + dancing 7pm-3am (Sundays 7pm-10.30pm)
Thursday November 23rd & Friday November 24th £3.00
MAGAZINE
+ Support
2 SHOWS EACH NIGHT, 8.30pm & 12.30am
December 15/21st (2 shows per night) £3.50
TODD RUNDGREN & UTOPIA
with Roger Powell, Karim Fulton and John Wilcox.
Coming shortly: Chi Coltrane, Fairport Convention, Hinckley's Heroes, John Otway, Wilko Johnson, The Albertos.
Tickets available from Venue box office, 160 Victoria Street, Tel 834 5500 and London Virgin Shops.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
SHAM 69
WITH GUESTS
THE CIMARONS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. N.W.1
THURS. 30th NOV. & FRI. 1st DEC. at 8·30
TICKETS £2·00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245
EDWARDS & EDWARDS, TEL. 734 9761 OR ON NIGHT

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
Sunday, November 26th Tickets at door
GENERATION X
+ support and DJ Graham Fox
Sun. Dec. 3rd : Penetration

BARBARELLA'S
41 CUMBERLAND STREET, BIRMINGHAM
021 643 9413
Thurs. Nov. 23rd THE CONTENDERS
Fri. Nov 24th THE FLYS
Sat. Nov 25th STADIUM DOGS
Sun. Nov 26th WIDE BOYS
Thurs. Nov 30th JAPAN
Fri Dec 1st SUPERCHARGE
Sat Dec 2nd DAVE LEWIS BAND
Sun Dec 3rd WILD HORSES
Mon. Dec 4th SPECIAL CLINIC
Tues. Dec 5th NO DICE + THE BUSINESS
Wed. Dec 6th MAGAZINE

Rainbow
OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
DILLINGER
Saturday 25th November 7·30p.m.
TAPPER ZUKIE
Saturday 16th December 7·30p.m.
Tickets £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Booking, Premier Box Office

CITY POLY ENTS PRESENTS
Friday November 24th
THE INMATES
+ support
City Poly Students Union
102/105 Whitechapel High St, London E1 7RA
Tel: 01 247 1441
NUS, Trade union or claiment cards strictly enforced

BARRY CLARKE WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS
CITY HALL ST. ALBANS
Saturday December 2nd at 8pm
IAN GILLAN
(vocalist from Deep Purple)
+ TEAZER (Ex Stray)
Saturday December 9th at 8pm
RACING CARS
+ Special Guests
MOONSTONE
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans, tel. 64511, or available on door. Cheques and Postal Orders made payable to St. Albans District Council (Not Words Promotions).

EMBRYO
TUESDAY NOVEMBER 28th
THE BRECKNOCK
AND
THE FOX
386 West Green Rd., N8.
Every Thursday from Nov. 23rd
Band enquiries: 01-986 9274

JERRY LEE LEWIS

From page 31

can't really explain it. You get all boozed up, I mean it's not worth it.

"There's too many good writers anyway. I'd rather just play the piano and sing.

"I can write songs. 'Smatter of fact I am writing my first record for Elektra. Because I'm scared for anybody else to do it because I want it to be a hit. A big hit. So I'm writing it myself. That's why I'm drinking. *Nahh*, that's not why I'm drinking. But I am writing the song. It's a thing called 'Rock'n'Roll Is Something Special'."

Sounds like a perfect debut on Elektra records.

"Yeah, they need that. And if they promise me Linda Ronstadt on the side I'll give 'em another one. PRINT IT! PRINT IT! PRINT IT! Maybe she'll read it."

She's a fine looking lady.

"You ain't kidding. Boy, if me 'n' her ever get together, we'll make it.

"I'M JUST not gonna sit here and lie to you. I like good whisky, good looking women and good music.

"I don't handle dope too good. Tried pot one time and it just didn't work. I tried to make it to my car, it took me 30 minutes and it wasn't half a block away. If I smoke a joint it's all over but the crying. It'd take me 30 minutes to get this bottle up to my mouth. I'll be driving my car and I'll be down to 10 miles an hour. If I played piano, everything'd be going so slow there'd be no rock'n'roll. I don't know why it is, but I just can't handle it so I don't fool with it.

"And I've never tried hard dope, *ever*. The man is a fool who does that. You won't find no needle marks on these arms. But whisky? . . . makes me frisky."

How often do you like to be completely straight; clear headed and stone cold sober?

"I don't believe in that. I'm scared to death to do that. If I do that I might get real ripe. *Nahh*, I'm usually straight when I'm home.

"I got a six-bedroomed home, six bath, den, kitchen . . . I got a real nice place; the prettiest place anywhere round Memphis. But it's way out in the country. Nobody lives around me; I'm alone. I got some horses and a 10-acre lake in my backyard . . . which I've lost a lot of interest in. I got bass in there, 15 pounds, and I've only been fishing one time in it and I've been living there for 10 years. And the horses I never ride.

"And I got nine motorcycles which I never crack up. And 25 cars which I never drive. Wasted money, all of it. Just something to try to . . . find something to do.

"You're supposed to marry and settle down, I guess. And raise a family and sit by the fireplace, chew tobacco and spit and watch TV and be an idiot. But me, I'm a rock'n'roller. Play my piano and sing, make love to the best looking women I can find and drink good, good whisky.

"I love women. Never seen a woman yet that I didn't love. I love *everybody*. Love thy neighbour as thyself, brother . . . *Nahh*, men just don't suit me. I like 'em as friends but I need a nice looking lady, y'know? There's nothing like a woman, I mean, if God made anything better he kept it for himself. Now I believe *that*. He gave Man a Woman to love . . . and I've done the best I can do.

"This is getting ridiculous, isn't it? The more I talk, the worse I get. But being truthful. I can't help it, I *love* women . . . how's the weather?"

"I'M A RELIGIOUS minded person . . . I used to be a preacher. Went to Bible School in Texas, Assembly of God, but I'm just a little too weak, I couldn't quite make it. But at least I'm man enough to admit it, I'm a rock'n'roll singer."

Don't you think that religion and rock'n'roll can go together?

"No, it don't work. You can't be on two sides of the fence at the same time. The Bible teaches you that you can't serve God and Mammon, you can't serve two masters."

But why does rock'n'roll have to be Mammon?

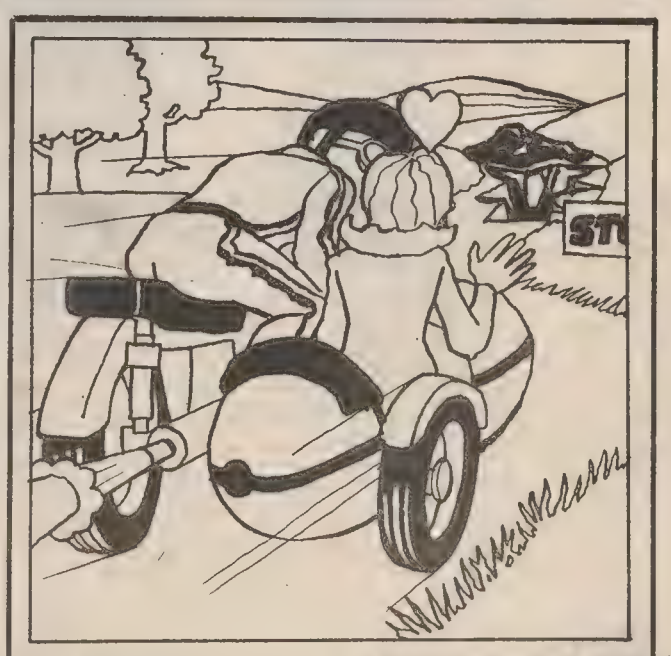
"Rock'n'roll . . . I don't know. That's a hard question to answer, it really is. I love rock'n'roll . . . but I couldn't really picture Jesus Christ singing 'Whole Lotta Shakin'.'

"I believe in Heaven and I believe in Hell. There's two places and we're all gonna go to one or the other. And I know how to live, I know what's right and what's wrong . . . and I don't even live it. That makes me an even worse sinner. I know I'm wrong, cussin', carryin' on, screwing women, doing everything . . . There is a way that seemeth right under man but the way that is leadeth to destruction.

"Destruction is very easy to find, know what I mean?

"I sure don't want to go to Hell. I pray to God I don't. But I'm very weak . . . weak as water. I never could make it. I think I'll probably go to Hell if I don't change my way of living . . .

"Give me that whisky."



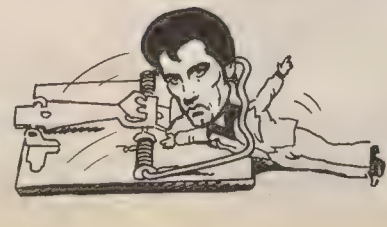
SEASONAL TURKEY TOUR

DEC. 2 BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE
DEC. 3 GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
DEC. 4 EXETER UNIVERSITY
DEC. 5 CARDIFF SOPHIA GARDENS
DEC. 7 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

NUMBER

DEC. 9 GLASGOW APOLLO
DEC. 10 LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
DEC. 12 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILLION
DEC. 13 MANCHESTER APOLLO
DEC. 15 RAINBOW, LONDON

ENY 16 Ensign RECORDS

'RAT TRAP'.  He's been caught!

licensed thru phonogram

ON THE TOWN

PERE UBU. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Missing Link in Chislehurst Caves

Pere Ubu

Chislehurst

Through no fault of my own I found myself journeying to the unstimulating Chislehurst Caves amongst 'colourful' 'witty' press and other liggers on a custom built coach.

I now believe in make believe. A number of other coaches carried real people to this mystery venue.

The Caves' management probably gave permission for their 'pretty' caves to be abused because they understood it was an Educational Visit. Perhaps it was.

Whatever, Chrysalis were no doubt pleased with this unethical commercial for one of their more serious acts. And all the real people enjoyed their cheap treat; Marble Arch to Chislehurst Caves and back. Fun, fun, dumb.

Pere Ubu selling themselves at the Caves was like bringing Coltrane's "Giant Steps" out as a picture disc. But Ubu inevitably transcended the occasion, the environment, the hard sell.

They followed the unsettling Red Crayola duo, who staged a devilish random set. The drummer played with the sense and feel of John Stevens or Dick Witts, fighting and dislocating Mayo's restless guitar so that the sound stretched, scratched and was both funny and inventive.

Aftrer this absorbing stark versatility, Pere Ubu's prodigious and intricate massiveness dragged listeners to another side of passion; a darker, deceptive side. It was a suggestive contrast.

Squashed between two knobbly cave walls, the quintet naturally kept it safe but still demonstrated extremities of control and dynamics experienced in only the very best pop music.

The five members posess an unnerving instinct for manipulating textures and sounds while the roles of the instruments are meticulously defined: The apparently unruly guitar and synthesiser, the exclusive sax, the carefully compiled drumming and the methodical bass roaming the innards of the sound.

The music lurches, explodes, intrudes, exercises, it's a juxtaposition of stringent structure and agile spontaneity experienced in only the *very* best *music*. They make most other pop groups seem comparatively simple minded.

Vocalist David Thomas — a large, dishevelled person — deliriously fights to squeeze out and justify the words. He's a visual representation of Ubu (funny, disturbing, exhausting and massive), and his singing somehow signifies Ubu's penetrative, mysterious insight.

His un-coordinated between song raps continued the Lydon/Devoto line of uncomfortably communicating pleasantries in the contrived circumstances of a 'gig' — but more cheerfully so.

"Maybe I should get into some sort of audience rapport here," he deadpanned after a few severe tunes. "What do I say . . . how are you doing?"

Most of the time he scat sang in the gaps. He is irrepressible, and for Ubu indispensible; as in fact they all are.

Pere Ubu are democratic, devastating and dramatic — even on such a restrictive night. Crucially, they are essentially tidy and accessible (you do get what you put in!) As Rambali said, for your own sake do not respond before stimuli.

The missing link (and there has to be one) between Family and The Spontaneous Music Ensemble.

What happens next?

Paul Morley

Neil Young

Los Angeles

Neil Young may not be a consistent artist, but he's an important and intriguing figure in contemporary music.

His last but one Studio LP "American Stars 'n' Bars" returned to the basics of his early sound. The upbeat vital charge of the set was a far cry from the introspective ache dominating the disillusioned "Tonight's The Night" and reflective "Zuma"; two of his most difficult works. If the last LP and Stills-Young effort revealed him moving towards a more optimistic stance, his latest tour and work "Comes A Time" finds him regenerated.

Young's concert at the Los Angeles Forum was lively and theatrical, using a surprising cast of actors and props.

As the show opened with a screeching tape of Jimi Hendrix's "Star Spangled Banner", running into The Beatles' "A Day In The Life", a motley crew of hooded creatures with glowing red eyes (much like the Jewas creatures of *Star Wars)* began to erect the staging. Huge replica footlockers, a giant microphone, a racing chariot and water glass were all on the platform.

Suddenly, Young was revealed sleeping on an oversized speaker cabinet. Awakening, he dreamily peered about, picked up his acoustic guitar and played "Sugar Mountain" followed by an innocent reading of "I Am A Child".

Wearing a Jackson Browne T-shirt, he eased his way through a selection of solo numbers accompanying himself on piano, harmonica, and guitar.

"Comes A Time" and "Already One" quickly established the immediacy of the new LP. And he finished the acoustic set with a tender reading of "After The Goldrush", then, from his punk film escapade earlier this year the new tune "Rock 'n' Roll Is Here To Stay". Tracing the plight of someone with a rock career ageing, he singles out Johnny Rotten, and proclaims, *"It's better to burn out, then fade away."*

Stage hands dressed as coneheads, psychiatrists and professors set up the stage for the electric set while the Woodstock soundtrack filled the hall. But as Crazy Horse came on, the theatrical edge began to reek of gimmickry, becoming nothing more than a distraction. And the increased volume reduced many of Young's best songs to muddles.

Attempting to balance his set Young played such standards as "The Loner", "The Needle And The Damage Done" and "Cinnamon Girl", interspersed with pieces from the latest album. "Lotta Love", a simple but enticing song, is a certainty for his next top tenner.

Absent were classics like "Heart Of Gold", "Harvest", "Down By The River" and "Cowgirl In The Sand". But it's understandable that Young now feels he doesn't have to pay homage to his past.

In fact, with this show it seems Young wants to prove he has re-discovered himself after a period of drifting and self-evaluation.

The uneven but sometimes impressive two hour set closed with "Tonight's The Night" and a refrain of "Rock 'n' Roll Is Here To Stay", suggesting that Young *is* a survivor. He isn't going to fade away . . . not if he has anything to say about it.

Justin Pierce

Be Stiff

Lyceum

WHEN is an event something of a non-event but fairly entertaining in a hot, sweaty, crowded sort of way?

Answer: when Stiff Records attempt to duplicate success by dragging a bunch of relatively unknown proteges of certain minor league appeal around Great Britain finally winding down at London's Lyceum.

Last time around, there were aces in the pack — with Mssrs. Costello, Lowe and Drury making for an invigorating barney, and high expectations. This time there's Akron's teenage Rachel Sweet, Lene Lovich, Jona Lewie, Southend mini-legend Mickey Jupp and second-time-rounder Wreckless Eric.

Still, the Lyceum was packed out — just like at the first affair.

So . . . who'll be the lucky ones to win acceptance? Got me there, squire.

Will Birch's Records (who are *not* Stiff artistes and signed to Virgin, fact fans) play a hardy, brusque set of melodies soft rock-originals mixing with the odd non-original like Tim Moore's "Rock n' Roll Letter" that make the group sound like those few early 70's U.S. anglophile bands like The Raspberries.

The songs sound promising, the group look alright, they don't make much initial impression, but they do possess a strong songwriter in drummer Birch.

In fact, out of most of present company, Birch & Co. stand out with a greater strength.

Rachel Sweet, whom they back up, isn't worthy of them. An unimpressive voice with unimpressive songs, all she seems to have in abundance is 17-year-old post-adolescent charm.

Her version of "Alison" gave the proceedings a sickly sagging pallour early on in the evening.

Similarly Jona Lewie fails to impress. He plays piano well enough, but his songs don't stand up to much scrutiny. It's hard to imagine him doing anything beyond knocking out the odd one-off freak hit — which he's already done as 'Terry Dactyl' with "Seaside Shuffle" (which, incidentally, he played).

Main honours must rest with Jupp, Eric and/or Lovich. Mickey Jupp rocks with authority if not a touch arthritically. An old rock 'n roller, he's a strict 12-to-the-bar man who does what he does well.

It was still gratifying to see him get a lusty round of applause.

Wreckless Eric proved yet again that his whole 'piss-artist' charm and talent for capturing all those embarrassing understains in his lyrics is still too slight for him to take on the stature of a Dury or Costello.

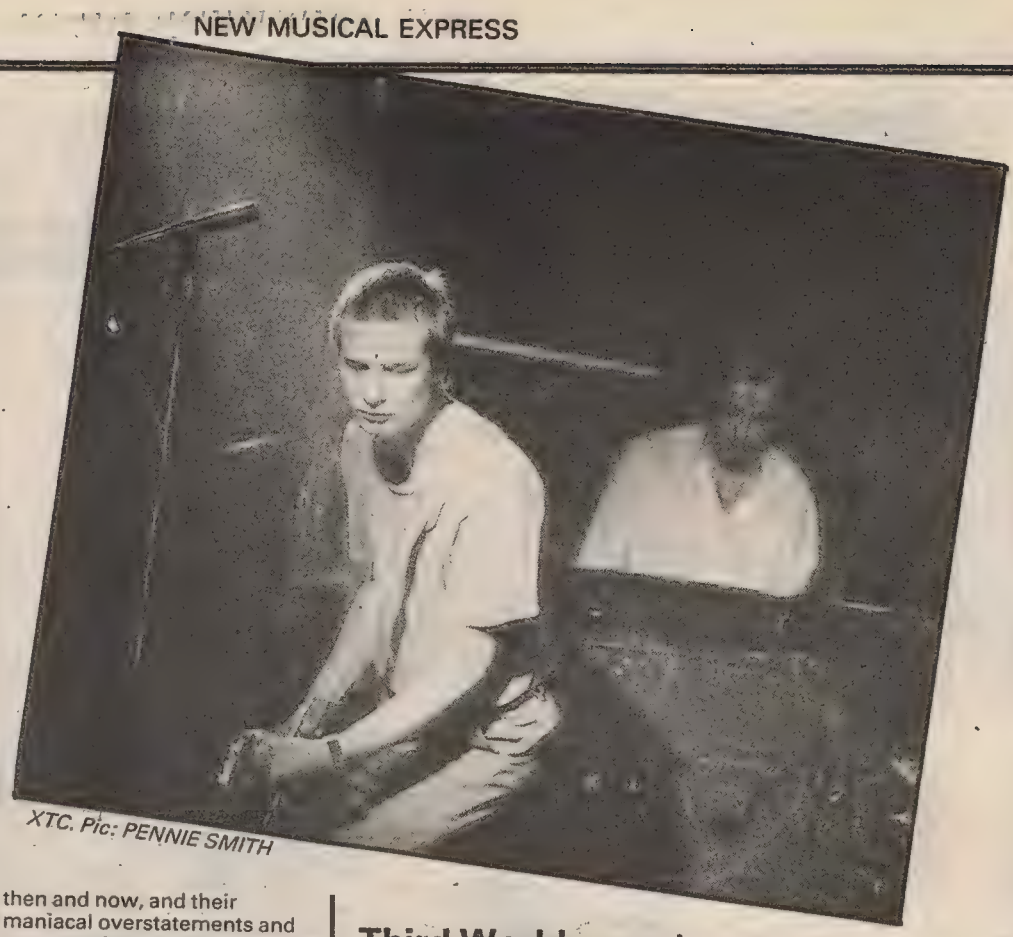
He had a good band with two guitarists — Eunon Brady and Malcolm Marley — and it was for them, more than the little 'oink' fronting, that I felt the applause (again enthusiastically exhuberant) was justified.

Finally, Lene Lovich — in five songs — delivered something of substance. With easily the best band, her rendition of originals like "Home Is Where The Heart Is" showed talent of considerable proportions, the substance in her songs easily matching her adroit renditions. After all the hoopla, it'll be looking out for.

Nick Kent

RACHAEL SWEET with GRAHAM PARKER. Pic: ROB HALL.

Radical need for a hit single



XTC. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

XTC

London

XTC are a tempting, shallow pop group lacking the string of hit singles if not the audience of the comedy line that stretches from The Rezillos throught to X Ray Spex.

XTC are professionals at executing self regulating, stylistic, almost satirical fun muzak and presenting it with the colour and overemphasis that could easily be called manipulative if it wasn't so patently harmless. They are well designed, legitimately slapstick, determined (in both senses) and impermanent.

Without hit singles, I'd say they have, as they are now, another year's worth. With hits, three years.

Their inventiveness is overated. They accidently stumbled on a particularly alluring process of vigour, rhythm, contortion and whimsy that has with, minimal elaboration and replenishment, fuelled them through a couple of mischievious albums. Once that process was discovered additional details and tricks were obvious and natural.

Eighteen months experience has instilled strength and style, so that their performances are invariably impeccable and direct, but there has been no exciting reinforcement of a sound that has taken "Judy Teen" and "Virginia Plain" to an effervescent but impoverished conclusion.

XTC make the pop muzak that Eno would like to have done full stop. It is their rut and I don't think they're too perturbed. Let's hope they have the sensitivity to self destruct or at least consider a new energy. (Their flirtation with dub was very nonsensical — XTC have nonsense as one of their middle names.)

This bright, cretinous set (which could only have worked at the seatless Electric Ballroom) exemplified why XTC continue failing to take their correct place in the singles charts and complete the 'concept.' They can't seem to contrive a suitably freaky but necessarily plain mid-paced tune.

When they are at their best, typically brisk and imbecilic, they are too fussy for the radio. When they produce something like "Statue Of Liberty", a controlled but still tantalising piece, its composure reveals too barely XTC mannerisms that are best left unscrutinised.

Singlewise, XTC cannot do a thing right. Too fidgety, or too bald. It is a shame, because without hit singles XTC (the legend) will be incomplete.

They're at their best live. They have transformed themselves into a smashing, restless stage act. Teasing, brash and cleverly moronic, any petty defects being irrelevant. They play for the then and now, and their maniacal overstatements and exaggerations, both in music and gesture, are delightful.

Never overly distant, clever or cold, just logically illogical and cooly lucid, they entertain with an alertness and dazzling hysteria that is very difficult to scorn. Unphilosophical, amoral — but a literate, passionate fun. This means they are worth paying to see.

I'd like to believe that they smile at art's inadequacies, ironically mocking them, their own puzzle a link of absurdity and abstraction streaked with shadows of discomfort, but I believe they're just a momentary, improbable explosion with a world view that essentially refuses reality. I don't mind. They make me grin. No pretense to radical redefinition, and none there.

Paul Morley

Third World

100 Club

It is surely not coincidental that now Island seem to have relegated Bob Marley and company to the status of lampoonery with joke titled albums they should meanwhile have nurtured an outfit capable pf becoming as big, if not bigger, than The Wailers (RIP).

Make no mistake about it, Third World are going to be massive; have already, in fact, taken positive steps in this direction, as testified by the group's performance at London's 100 Club last Thursday.

In spite of criticism that they have forsaken their roots (whatever that means), their growing popularity since the success of "Now That We've Found Love" — not to mention impressive onstage dynamism — precipitated an ecstatic reception from the *ram-up* crowd.

So, why wasn't I impressed?

Third World play sharp, tight, lyrical, superb jazz-reggae. And since joined by former Upsetter singer Bunny Clarke, the group's vocals are virtually without peer in JA music.

However, the overall effect of this middle-class 'society' band's artistic achievement is a dull, hand-clapping bland-out.

The crowd they attracted was not the usual 100 Club assortment of blacks, punks, ANL intellectuals, skinheads, Ford workers and other oddballs, but a gathering of — eh-eh — normal, happy-go-lucky folk: like a convention of liberal shipping-office clerks on their night out.

And this is just about where Third World stand . . . and fall.

There is no frustration in these one time Alpha boys' muse, merely bellyful, good time bump 'n' grind KC and The Sunshine breakfast *paaaaarty*. Miserable wretch that I am, me a prefer a little more hunger and a great deal more depth in my art, you no see't?

Penny Reel

Angelo Paladino

North London Poly.

Returning to live work for the first time since they had £2,000 worth of uninsured equipment nicked. Angelo Paladino were understandably rusty when they played NLP.

But despite a tepid beginning and tuning hassles towards the end, Angelo turned in a set that flickered with the fire of a bright future. They hit their stride about halfway through with the brooding "Sweet Miss D", followed with their own "I'm Ready" and great version of Chuck Berry's "No Money Down", with Angelo himself and Steve Massett exchanging beautifully fierce guitar licks.

The smouldering "Just Another Blues" came next, then "Surrender To The Night" reminiscent of the Brinsleys at their best.

Angelo sings and writes like a subtle Graham Parker; and the band (Angelo, Steve, plus Dave Callaghan on bass and Terry Murphy on drums) can rock hard and tight, though they only hit their peak occasionally.

But they haven't yet topped the twenty-gig mark so they're bound to get better.

Graham Lock

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THE LAST LP

Modern wave becomes dribble

Wire

London

And . . . in the death — as a waitress service brought the hamburgers for some of those sitting down at the tables and chairs that lined a cold and cavernous theatre wall to wall — bored mutant eyes gazed up towards a stage with a carpet! This ain't rock 'n roll — this is the Virgin Venue.

And this ain't the modern wave I'd dreamt about — this is Wire.

Never before have I seen such a lack of either empathy or friction between a band and its audience. Watching Wire onstage is like sitting in on a disinterested group — wandering aimlessly through an unspectacular repertoire in a dimly-lit rehearsal studio.

They play with about as much enthusiasm as someone living in a bedsit would muster to go to the launderette.

Some fools might claim they are part of that stomachable in-vogue trend towards non-performance and destruction of the hackneyed normal rock poses. In reality, they are just plain unexciting.

And the dirty linen sho' nuff hits the fan.

Their music dribbles rather than flows. There is no breadth, no imagination, no tension. No sadness, no joy in their particular world view. Just mannered, contrived, po-faced pretension.

Of course, what at first appears superficially monotonous often assumes texture and bite with familiarity and deeper probing — The Ramones and The Clash in 1976 through Buzzcocks to Siouxsie right now have proved that. But Wire's monochromatic dirges simply have no teeth whatsoever. And this Venue showing left me — and, I'd guess, any other sensitive souls present — totally unmoved, struggling to stifle the yawns.

WIRE. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

Part of the reason probably rests in the venue itself. It's not my idea of the perfect showplace — but I'd still sling the lion's share of the blame for my miserable evening out squarely on the shoulders of the band.

They make no effort to communicate anything to the audience — a breakdown that extends far beyond avoiding any of the old, cliched pandering.

For most of their set the fourpiece line-up was bolstered stage left by a barely audible organist. Now, introducing him would have been helpful — sometimes it's nice to know these things — but, of course, it would have also meant acknowledging the punters . . . and that's out for a start isn't it?

When playing, Wire — self-conscious in the extreme — look more at each other than the paying fans. The joke(?) is extended to their steadfast refusal to encore despite vociferous chants from the few out of their seats at the front. (Yes, some people actually clap as they watch Wire crawl drearily up their own rectums).

This is not a pre-planned hatchet job either. Before this gig, I was never quite sure about Wire — occasionally their records had even mildly aroused me in a cool, calculated sort of way. At least I know now . . .

Wire border on unlistenable, listless tedium.

Adrian Thrills

Albert King

London

Unlike B. B. Albert King has no truck with Las Vegas show biz devices.

Save for a build-up from his guitarist — the aptly named Half Pint — he lets his music do the talking . . .

"And now, the hard working, legend in his lifetime, Albert King," announces Half Pint.

And on to the Hammersmith Odeon stage ambles an enormous man encased in a brown three piece suit.

He puffs confidently on a pipe; takes off his trilby and sidles up the mike, his left-hand Flying V guitar ready and set.

Working with just keyboards (the bare minimum), bass and drums, King launches into a sound that's raw and unsophisticated — probably not all that different from when he earned his spurs in the early Fifties in Chicago.

There's barely a sweet note in his musical vocabulary, and it's this racousness which has made him a must for white R&B musicians.

In the late 60s he was at a creative peak with his "King Of The Blues Guitar" album on Stax. "Born Under A Bad Sign" dates from this period and his arrangement at Hammersmith bears no alterations from the original.

Half Pint's jazz-orientated guitar — like George Benson with teeth — serves as the perfect foil for King's harsh runs. Often than not King closes a number by following Pint's lyrical, and, it must be said technically superior guitar, with his abrasive high volume playing.

Very effective, but a little like a bumptious schoolboy whose mastered a particularly good, say, football manoeuvre showing a novice that he can do better than him.

In fact, the first hour of the lengthy set had me enthralled, only his nervous band (Albert appeared to continually chide his keyboard player, and the rhythm section looked anything but relaxed) detracting from the sheer thrill of it all.

But as the set wore on I became increasingly aware of King's limitations. All right, Keith Richard is repetitive too . . . but you don't notice it, do ya? Put it down to Monday night tiredness, because the rest of the crowd couldn't get enough.

Steve Clarke

Whitesnake

Oxford New Theatre

Now that Jon Lord has joined David Coverdale's Whitesnake the feeling is that with two ex-Purples instead of one the crowd-pulling moniker is not essential, enabling the group to operate more as a unit than as support band to a Big Star.

Coverdale is still very much the leader, though, providing the sweating, screeching focal point and contorting his large frame into the familiar macho postures.

We got a show that was entertaining, exciting in parts, and superficial — any subtlety that the band were capable of having been confined to the locker room during performance.

Much of the credit for the excitement must go to Mickey Moody whose slide guitar provided a constant electric undercurrent to the set and broke out onto the surface with solos like "Nighthawk" from the album. Coverdale's own best performance was "Mistreated" from a solo album, combining pained vocals, pelvic thrusts and microphone abuse.

Jon Lord, who maintained a low profile, eventually contributed a modest solo, moving from Mephistophelean Cathedral through Rinky-Dink good time to Cinema Wurlitzer without a ruffle.

"Day Tripper" was an excursion into Vanilla Fudge territory, and "Lie Down (I Think I Love You)", "Trouble" and "Don't Mess With Me" were standard heavy rock numbers enlivened by a reasonable regard for pace.

My verdict must be that Whitesnake, on stage at any rate, are intermittently exciting and disposable. There's just no mystery in it. They got a great reaction, but they must get awfully tired of looking for new audiences.

Neil Norman

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John Cooper Clarke

Leeds

Enter Johnny Clarke (subterranean, yes: homesick, no), the personification of strife itself, several years overdue, and the second latterday poet (Dire Strait Mark Knopfler being the first) to get the genius accolade.

Shuffling his hands horizontally, jogging on the spot (Cagneyesque, and especially appropriate for "Tracksuit"), Cooper Clarke literally stunned a full house of crossover student punters and cult excursionists with his wide selection of updated beatpoems.

He revives the spirit of Barry MacSweeney, Roger McGough and Adrian Henri, but ultimately he transcends them all. It's a laugh a line.

As a live performer, Cooper Clarke is peerless: the Salfordian nasal intonation, the occasional choke at his own joke, the brown leather jacket, the "Blonde On Blonde" scarf, the geometrically correct shades. He looks like Dylan around '65, and his delivery — the stream of consciousness, no-superfluous-action style — reminded me of Zim's "Desolation Row" played at 78 r.p.m.

"Psycle Sluts 1 & 2" "(I Married A) Monster From Outer Space", "Health Fanatic" — and all the others — brought roars of spontaneous laughter, as did the charming "You Never See A ****** In The Daily Express".

Clarke's brilliant turns of phrase, his acute sense of timing within the stream of consciousness 'framework', and his undeniable stage charisma, evoke *total* audience attention. You don't have to *try* to 'get into' Johnny Clarke: he makes it all happen *for* you.

It was thought-provoking and soul-stirring to see Clarke bandless. He will probably need to forge a successful marriage with rock music to stay famous, popular *and* 'cool'. But the music to "Readers Wives" shows he's already done a good job in that department.

In any event, his new disciples at Leeds Poly genuinely couldn't get enough of Clarke. It was one of those nights when he could have read the telephone directory backwards and he would *still* have got laughs.

Emma Ruth

The Flys

Railway Hotel

The Flys have four heads and eight legs and they're intensely irritating.

This feeling was increased by an hour in the company of their debut album "Waikiki Beach Refugees", which favours a vast amount of semi-obscure lyrics.

There are two extremes in writing lyrics of this kind. One is when imagery is used to try and clarify (and intensify) complex ideas; the other is when it's deliberately superimposed to disguise patently obvious ones.

Both should result in sufficiently vague lyrics that instill a kind of mystical self-importance. The first method works; the second doesn't.

The Flys prefer the second approach producing a mass of ordinary impressions in a deliberately disorientating style. On their album cover the songs are illustrated with photos as stark and unarousing as the lyrics and which feature for some reason a large number of inflatable dolls.

The only positive aspect of the album is that it has variation.

But on stage even that gets the chop. No matter what their basic differences, all the songs are welded into an undistinctive slab by the ready, quavering, hideously mannered vocals of head Fly, Neil O'Connor. They don't change in tone or expression, and together with his frail, waif-like form, fail to match his super-assertive stance and wideboy biker's jacket.

They are a totally non-descript and mediocre band, with nothing visually stimulating and no one number raising itself out of the bland, two-dimensional sound mix.

They put a lot of energy into signifying nothing.

They're just The Flys.

They have four heads and eight legs, and they're *intensely* irritating.

Mark Ellen

John Cooper Clarke Pic: H FEARN

The EDGE Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

The Edge

Nashville

Down from the wilderness in sensible shoes and my father's second best suit ... to meet newly fashionable old friends, dyed hair diseased orange, who forsake the RAR meeting to acquaint me with The Edge at the Nashville.

First, the engagingly wacky Molesters advance their career slightly by playing support here at one of London's top niteries.

Their music is messy and sprawling, of similar tempo throughout and mostly sounds the same after a while due to the strident tones of two brazen harridans who wail alongside the seedy Brian Starling.

A new cult band. I liked them for being different and funny and probably better on longer acquaintance, and applaud throughout in defiance of the audience's cool apathy.

The Edge are another of these new musick bands. Imagine lots of impressionist review words like 'taut' and 'angular' spread throughout this piece to describe them ...

Teenzine pin-up publicity is out: they look like gaunt Russian dissidents entertaining friends in a labour camp. The Edge vary between a kind of nervous punk thrash "21st Century Schizoid Man" sound; impenetrable Mahavishnu Orchestra's entire output played simultaneously, keyboards bristling and stabbing.

It's a fierce, jerky sound halfway between XTC's more extreme moments and a sprightlier Stranglers. Lu's Burnellesque bellow dominates vocally, though Glyn Havard and Gavin Povey sing too, separately or in various combinations, all three together proving the most effective.

They're fairly unique, I have to admit.

It's not pleasant music. It's ugly and intense. Once the band stop being fashionable I expect their average audience to be predominantly male, quiet and studious, alone and inscrutable in dark clothes, discreetly tapping a foot, arms folded.

Glen Gibson

The Streets

Windsor Castle

Since their Roxy Club debut in '77. The Streets have gained a modicum of notoriety in minor league circles by completely upstaging the acts for whom they played support.

Exhuberant, acrobatic and quite original, their *loud* repertoire features twelve self-penned songs ranging from dreadful to inspired.

A strident ditty called "Flasher" shows there's more to raincoats than meets the eye. And other memorable numbers include "Negative Response", "Street Kid", (replete with weaponry), "Prognosis/Neurosis" and "Television Addict" (featuring macabre contortions with a telly that disintegrates into a cloud of confetti).

The Streets are Ricky Waltier (singer, biceps, and cat-suit), Bartholomew J. Smith (guitar and Keef Richard impersonations), Will James in the traps and Franky Five Fingers Joddi on bass. They're in their early 20s and look respectably degenerate.

On stage they display a healthy confidence which belies their relative inexperience, with Bart J. Handling his axe remarkably well, playing some of the greasiest riffs around.

At worst they're like a 747 revving through headphones. At best, Guinness glasses are pogoing on the shelves.

Rick Joseph

Richard and Linda Thompson

Theatre Royal

There are four people whose records I would unreservedly acquire, even if the content was confined to their reading an 1888 issue of Bradshaw's Railway Guide.

They are (for future reference) Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Tom Waits and Richard Thompson. Three of them are American, and the fourth was playing London's Drury Lane on Remembrance Sunday.

Richard Thompson is a precious talent who should have a National Trust Preservation Order slapped on him immediately. He's a writer of immense talent, a guitarist of distinction and a singer with a soul that Mephistopheles would have skipped the Green Shield stamps to obtain.

He's acquired an almost fanatical following over the years, and on record he has sustained the faith placed in him. But in concert the results have been disappointing — until Sunday.

With the graceful and talented Linda by his side; and a band who incorporated the finer aspects of both Steeleye and Fairport (John Kirkpatrick on accordion and Dave Pegg on bass), it was a gig which ranks as his best ever.

They kicked off with "I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight" (introduced as "as an old Julie Covington number") which got the near-capacity audience rocking contentedly along; followed by the superb, shanty-like "House Of Cards", the single "Don't Let A Thief Steal Into Your Heart", and the chilling "Strange Affair".

The first real indication that it was going to be a scorcher came with the inclusion of "Genesis Hall", from Fairport's "Unhalfbricking" album, it's one of Thompson's many classic, haunting songs; made all the more poignant by the memories it evoked of the late Sandy Denny.

The band were in excellent form, with Pegg's bass as solid as Gibraltar and Kirkpatrick's accordion enhancing the mood. And Linda was in splendid voice, particularly on the under-rated "Pavanne" and "Died For Love". They also seemed to be enjoying the show as much as the audience, especially during the Cajun "Madame Sutane" and Rick Nelson's "Things You Gave Me". It ended with an extended version of "Layla" (no relation) which showed Thompson as a superb and innovative guitarist.

They came back for two encores; an old Lovin' Spoonful number and a storming "Then He Kissed Me". Apart from the sheer magnificence of the performance, it proved that Thompson isn't afraid of his glittering past and that the once nervous, introverted performer had at last come to terms with himself and his music.

Patrick Humphries

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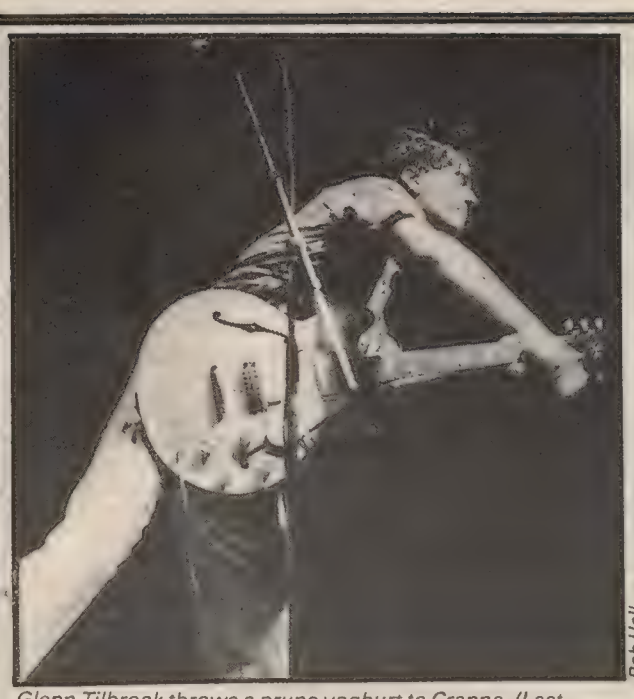
FRANKIE MILLER. Pic: GRAHAM TOOTH

Frankie Miller

Redcar

This latest chapter in Frankie Miller's tale may well prove to be the punch-line: the decisive no-turning-back-final-arrival of the man who has promised so much for so long

And on the strength of this gig at the luxurious Coatham Bowl he may have even have his big Glasweg



Rob Hall

Glenn Tilbrook throws a prune yoghurt to Cranna. (Last weeks' concept, maaan — Ed.)

Squeeze

Grangemouth

Just when I thought I'd become the Compleat Cynic, along come Squeeze and I'm a fan again.

I love Squeeze. It's not just because of the fine musicianship exhibited by Glenn Tilbrook's skilful and versatile guitar playing, Jools Holland's outrageously fine boogie piano or Gilson Lavis' magnificent drumming.

Nor do I love Squeeze just for their strong, melodic songwriting; nor yet just for the idiosyncratic colourful lyrics; nor even for the disarming lack of pretention and endearing refusal to abandon fun for the prescribed po-faced pose usually associated with rocking of their power and class.

Nor do I like Squeeze merely because I find it difficult to think of them without an affectionate smile on recalling Tilbrook's gently humourous prodding of the crowd, or the double jointed dancing of bow-tied, cigar smoking Holland.

All of these qualities naturally rank high in any appreciation of their joys, but most of all I love them because of their maverick musical unpredictability.

With virtually any mainstream rock band from Graham Parker through to Genesis, you've got a pretty good idea of how their next album will sound. But with Squeeze, such is the criss-cross of influences, you can't pin them down from one song — let alone album — to the next.

Of course with such unpredictability there's a chance of getting the duff along with the definitive. The sick joke of "Deep Cuts" has mercifully vanished, but the puerile masturbatory humour remains with the new "Touching Me, Touching You". It's a shame because Chris Difford has the intelligence and imagination to come up with better.

The current set emcompasses a typically varied selection: from "Love Potion No. 9" through tracks from their "Packet Of Three" and Jools' solo EP "Boogie Woogie '78" to established album favourites, plus some good new songs in "Ain't It Sad", "It's So Dirty" and "Saints Alive."

Squeeze's classy, energetic rocking with a penchant for boogie is going to surprise a lot of people.

Ian Cranna

The Dickies
The Skids

Electric Ballroom

The Dickies came all the way from LA and for 20 minutes stunned the crowd. But they must rank as one of the worst bands ever.

From their disgusting cover of Sabbath's "Paranoid" opening the set to Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" — apocalypse angst at the speed of light — they were totally arresting. The pace was fast but they didn't play in a musical sense: it was pure noise.

The crowd had paid good money for a night of rock 'n' roll and were confronted by *this*. In a surprising display of British reserve that they let the band leave the stage unscarred.

In the land of FM monotony The Dickies' dross may be a relief from boredom, but the UK has had too much fine music laid on its ears recently to need any of it.

The Skids played a poor set by their own standards but it was still an insult for them to support the Dickies.

They have all the image and enthusiasm that The Dickies faked, but performed some fine music. Guitarist Stuart Adamson played a variety of good dancin' riffs and their songs are well written with Richard Jobson's lyrics given a good setting.

Their most striking number "Calling the Tune", a reminder that the troops in Ireland are human, has an ace slowed-down Ramones riff. And their cover of Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side" is given the same treatment.

Although footing the bill, the Members were still the audience's favourites. With an excellent twin-guitar attack and a fine rhythm section they have a batch of good rock 'n' roll songs.

Like Clash they play rock 'n' roll with an instinctive rockin' reggae feel. "Physical Love" is a real joy and "Love In A Lift" is a fine reggae song of desire in a highrise.

But unfortunately too much of their material has the old "ramalamadolequeue" obsession. *"Goodbye to the job, get lost to the boss."* They can do better than that.

Michael J Pritchard

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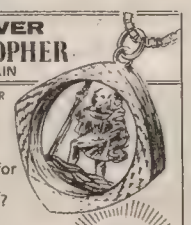

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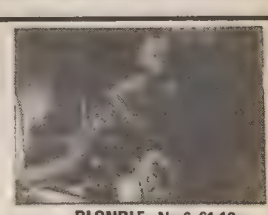

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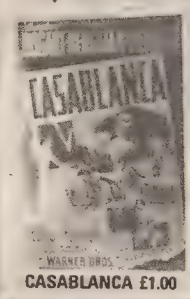

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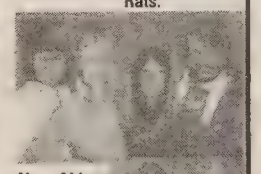

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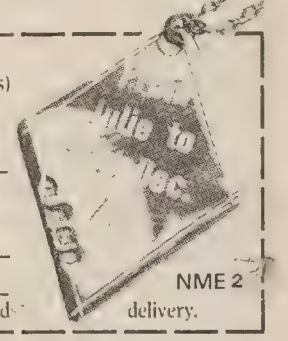

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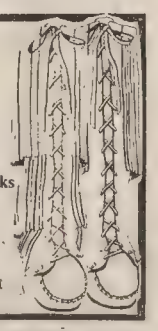

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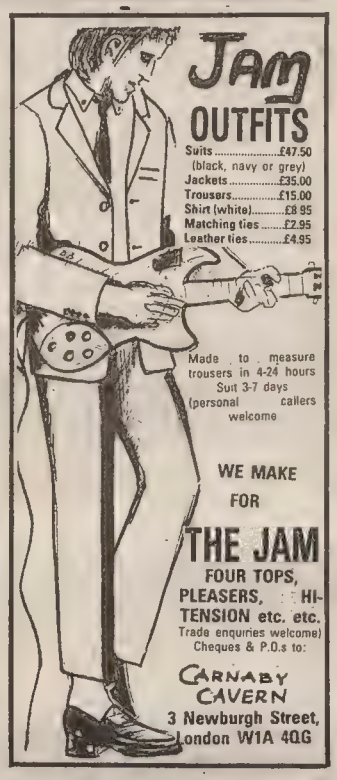

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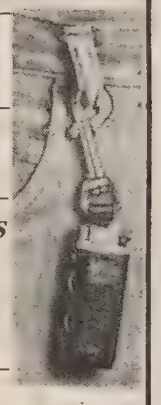

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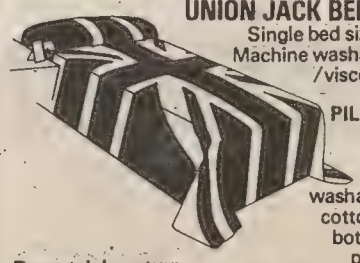

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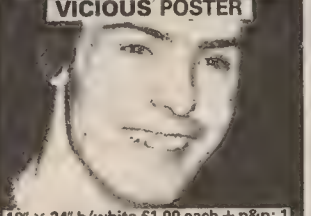
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GAY GUY seeks similar for sincere friendship, Lowestoft area. Box No. 3675.

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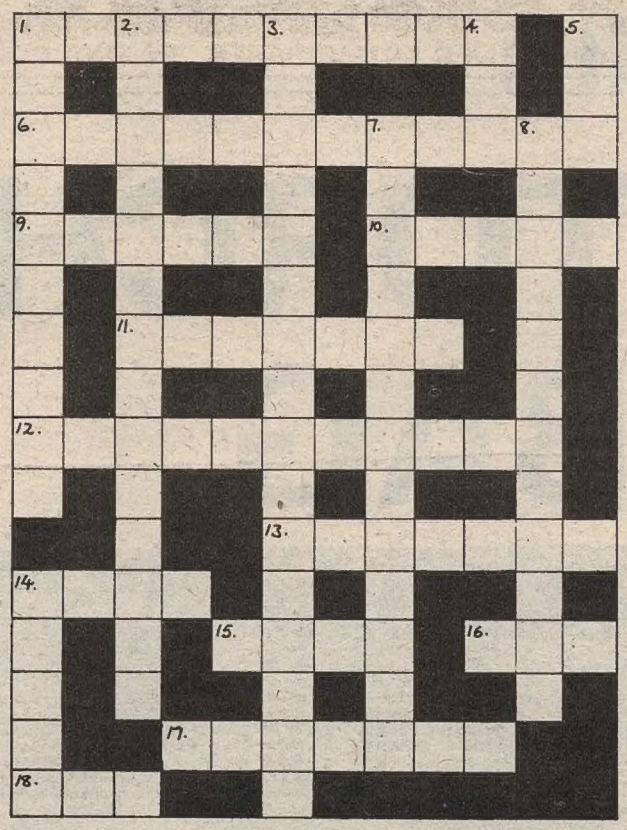
STRAIGHT-ACTING gay guy, 30 seeks friend. Photo. Box no. 3671.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Like microwave ovens, automatic dishwashers, eye-level grills, and fitted shelves for your Jam LPs! (3,3,4)

6 7 down and his band's current album (5,7)

9 US music biz equivalent of Oscar

10 McGuinn or Chapman

11 "Promises" is his current single, "Backless" his new album

12 Post-Ziggy Bowie LP (7,4)

13 Collins, Rutherford and Banks

14 "Ladies Of The Canyon" was one of her early LPs

15 Mrs Kristofferson

16 Other half of "Nutbush City Limits" pairing

17 Beach Boys album named after the European country where they lived while recording it

18 Abbreviated techno-rockers, or a common person's cry of distress *(geddit!)*

DOWN

1 Elton affirms his bachelor status *(nudge, nudge)* (1,6,3)

2 Photographer and daughter of an American lawyer, she married into the British Beat Boom at the highest level (5,9)

3 In the '60s she was widely-regarded as Britain's best female singer; she attempted a comeback in 1977 (5,11)

4 Famous soul/R&B label which released singles by Derek Martin, Robert Parker and early Ike and Tina Turner

5 American-owned record giant, operates as Columbia in the USA

7 US guitarist leader of the band which bears his name (6,7)

8 Undertones' hit single (7,5)

14 Gordon's girl

(Hmph!—J.J.)

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Radio Radio"; 5 Mick; 7 Tony Banks; 9 Janis (Ian); 12 "Spanish (Stroll)"; 13 "(Back In The) USA"; 15 (Eva) Peron; 16 Ian Dury; 17 "(Beat On The) Brat"; 19 Sly; 20 "Blame It On The (Boogie)"; 23 Solid Senders; 24 Eva (Peron); 25 Jack Bruce.

DOWN: 1 "Rat Trap"; 2 Dan (Hartman); 3 (Roy) Orbison; 4 Ann Margret; 6 (Janis) Ian; 8 "Spirit In The Sky"; 9 Johnny Thunders; 10 Ska; 11 (Dan) Hartman; 14 "(Spanish) Stroll"; 18 Beatle; 20 "(Blame It On The) Boogie"; 21 Edgar (Winter); 22 Track; 23 Sham (69).

PERSONAL — 30p per word

U.S.A. — ANY girl going next summer? Write: 33 Bilby Terrace, Irvine, Ayrshire.

WIGAN GAY Guy (45) seeks younger soulmate, friends, A.L.A. Photos appreciated/returned. Box. No. 3674.

WORLDWIDE PEN FRIENDS — write for free details. Pen Friend Service, PL 27, SF-20801, Turku 80, Finland.

MUSICIANS WANTED — 16p per word

ACE LYRIC writer seeks London New Wave/Punk band to work with. — S Walker, 3 Ash Grove, Wivenhoe, Essex.

BACKDOOR MAN require experienced keyboards. Originality and total dedication essential. 0632 667449.

BASSIST DRUMMER for New Wave Band promising future — Barrie 01-701 1760 6 pm-8 pm.

BASS RHYTHM Guitarists (16-19) who can sing, for Quo, Lizzy, Stones type rock band. Phone St. Helens 31296 (Mike).

DRUMMER WANTED for New Wave Band. London, phone 652 7951 (eves).

ENTHUSIASTIC DRUMMER wanted for Wembley based first time band (own material). No experience necessary, phone 01-904 5399 after 7 pm.

(EXETER) URGENT, others for own music/ultimately performing. Vaguely Banshees/Eno/Bowie/Slits. Contact A.S.A.P. (Derek), 51 Blackboy Road, Exeter.

FATAL MICROBES needs young bassist and drummer (punk) gigs soon, Donna, Brentwood 225684.

HARRY SENT Us want a drummer — 01-808 9945.

HOUNSLOW PUNK Band need O.K. Guitarist 15-19, Stuart 01-890 5429.

KEYBOARDIST NEEDED, for New Wave Band. Cheshunt, Herfordshire, Tel. WX 36946 apply Andy.

MUSICIANS SWITCHBOARD 01-435 0133 2 pm-6 pm.

SMART YOUTHS wanted to start vocal group. Must like Tamla/old soul and hate rock, vocal talent not essential. Living legends only. Phone Jake (01) 874 9494.

Celt Mania

The Chieftains

Leeds

The Chieftains certainly aren't rock and roll. But if your heart's in the right place, and you've got an open mind, you can learn to like these ageing Celts.

A packed Union building did, anyway. Irish expatriates, folkies and a mass of students along for the ethnic ride showed their appreciation by the rapturous applause which greeted every number.

The reels, jigs, 'tone poems', suites and airs were a comprehensive remedy for culture lag, especially for those of us unable to acclimatise ourselves to a bunch of musicians who've been playing these numbers for nearly 20 years. The music was a selection of The Chieftains' albums "1-8", the latter being a *new* release; though to the uninitiated it's the same as "1-7".

But this is dignified, gloriously sophisticated music. And when ex-BBC classical harpist Derek Bell was featured solo as part of what's called a "set piece", it's also incomparably serene. Anyone who had a heart could not fail to recognise a tear-jerker when he/she heard one. One Gaelic punter even took his own flute along to play from the audience.

Now that's what I call *empathy*.

Paddy Malone, the spokesman for the band, took care of most of the repartee, creating a warm mood which made you feel glad, if not thrilled, to be in his presence.

Piper on Mike Oldfield's "Ommadawn", composer of the love theme for Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon,* Malone has done his bit for Irish culture: the latter was genuinely poetic, ingeniously arranged and played *from the heart* by the small orchestra of seven.

The one vocal number droned by Kevin Conneff (also on bodhran) I could have done without, even though it was in the context of a set piece.

But the whole presentation was too complacent. Maybe it was because nearly all of them were sitting down (a position determined either by age or by the type of instrument played), or because they instantly returned for the encore and the walk from the dressing room is a *long* one here. But it seemed The Chieftains have got everything sewn up so irrevocably that their music cannot help but lack the spontaneity associated with the alternative music we all know and love so well.

But I'm not talking about rock and roll, and the usual criteria hardly apply. This was beautiful Celtic classical music; the very best.

Emma Ruth

Hi-Fi

Marquee

Somewhere between pop and powerchords, between heavy metal and heavy-handed, between R 'n' B and XTC, bereft of any brainwaves both in name and in nature, you'll find Hi-Fi, the beat combo with a difference.

The difference is this. Most contenders unashamedly freeloading musical trends, rustle the odd riff now and again. But in the case of Hi-Fi it's more like large-scale larceny.

They play revival pop with a stumbling new wave inefficiency; they play tuneless R 'n' B in garish arrangements; they amass strings of cliched 'modern world' lyrics about dishwashers, cassettes and ice-boxes.

Visual highspot is their bassist — Gringo by name — whose tendency to leap into the crowd and physically threaten people to make them applaud suggests that on a charge of gross inadequacy he could only plead guilty but inane.

Mark Ellen

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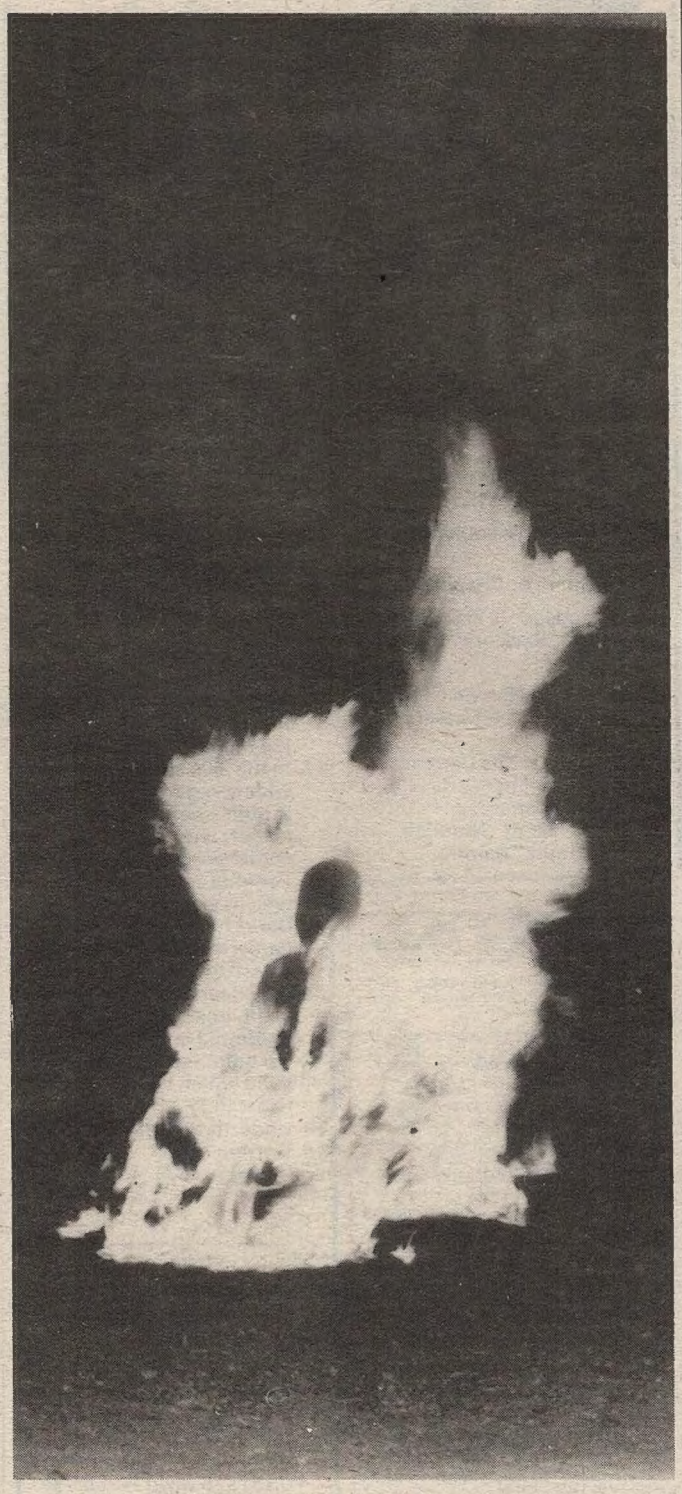

With all the burning questions of today, including this and that, and one or two other things.
Man-with-the-Zippo?
CHARLES CHARRED MURRAY

Write to THE BAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1 (and give us all a cheap laugh).

HAVING JUST read Julie Burchill's review of the new Siouxsie and the Banshees album I am a little confused as to the purpose of your paper these days. In almost the whole of the review there seems to be no account given to the quality (or otherwise) of the music.

What we get is crass generalisations: "Start with an instrumental circa 'Warsawza' " (which isn't an instrumental anyway). "Instrumentals are as pretentious as shit, I don't care who does them." With a meaningless metaphor the lady writes off a whole genre from Beethoven to Booker T. (and anyone who thinks something like "Green Onions" pretentious needs their heads examined).

It's very well to write people off but what does Julie Burchill really have as an alternative? I can think of a lot of sincere artists who have tried to react against the manipulation of dominant ideologies: Jean Luc Godard springs immediately to mind; he who had the good sense to equate Hollywood cinema in essence with Mosfilm, but there's no possible way anyone can say that something like *numero deux* is any less manipulative. Anyone can pose an "avant garde" as an alternative, but it will only function *as such*, in relation to the norm, if it were to become the mainstream, as is the case with modern art (El Lissitsky in Bond St.!) it perpetrates that which it first attacked, and essentially becomes pure style.

What hurt me most is that Ms. Burchill makes her specious criticism sound so self-righteous. There is of course the alternative solution that the whole thing is a pose, which the final sentence seems to suggest. If this is the case she has fooled me, herself and *The Sunday Times* (God save us). Personally I think the album is dull, but I don't think it's any excuse for such pointless vitriol. Like someone more famous than even J.B. said. "Elle a fair kafka dans ses culottes."

NIK GOLDWIN, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent.

While feeling obliged to point out to Ms. B that Chuck Berry cut a whole swathe of instrumentals in his time, I have to line up with Julie on the subject of S and the B's. Still thank you for sharing your perspective with us. — CSM.

May I declare the Siouxsie back-lash open. I think Bitchall starts backlashes on purpose knowing how many people's goats she gets and hoping they write in . . . The tons of letters against her 'criticisms' will keep the boiler going all winter in the NME,

DA-DO, SAY-IT-IN-BLOOD, Blackpool.

Which boiler did you have in mind? — CSM

In reply to Anna (who actually does live in the real world) who asked "Whatever happened to the good old days of the Roxy and the Vortex?" I'll tell you — punks in their apathy destroyed it. The Roxy was closed down. What did punks do? Nothing. The 100 Club banned new wave gigs 'cos of the poseurs who saw fit to cause violence at the gigs they did stage, and Anna herself proves it. If she objects to the Buzzcocks (who stopped being a punk band further back than I can remember) playing at the Hammersmith Odeon, then why pay the £2.50 to see 'em! A short while ago I saw the Jets/Resistors and Poser (three virtually unknown bands) in Luton for *80p* (not one of the bands actually got paid for the gig) they were doing 'em coz Luton is a dead place, and they wanted to liven things up, and there were about 50 punks there, too. And on the day of writing this letter I'm going to see another local band, Five Year Plan, for only *10p!*

That is punk rock.

The answer to your question, Anna, is yes — some people *do* care but it certainly isn't the Buzzcocks, Banshees or Penetration.

KEITH, Luton.

Or me (yawn). I'm still stuck in '76 burning with boredom — HIDEOUS BILL DINOSAUR

'Ang on — Buzzcock Steve Diggle cared enough to send us this — CSM

Picture this . . . a group leaves a stage, hoping to return. Roadies mill around, adjusting mikes, as roadies will. Immediately, one gets a can in the balls. The others retreat under a shower of glass. Sadly, the group decides not to return for an encore. Is this reasonable? One might think so . . .

As to Brighton, we told some kids that we doubt the Top Rank would host another 'Cocks gig, but never mentioned the town itself. We still enjoy it there, and had enjoyed some of the gig in question. I would have liked to do an encore, but such decisions are made collectively, with more than the group having an option.

Our "legendary" uncaring attitude, seems to me largely mythical — the stuff dreams are made. We've been caring a lot longer than I care to remember — and we've learnt more than we could ever forget.

STEVE DIGGLE, BUZZCOCKS, Manchester.

Thank you, Steve. What for, we're not sure, but thanks — CSM.

The Clash backlash (non journalist section) part 53.

The Clash care about their fans, eh? You really believe all the university gigs on their tour are going to be open to the public? You do? You poor misguided fool!! Just try buying tickets for their two gigs at Strathclyde University and see how lucky you are. Strathclyde University are only selling tickets to students and even then they're only giving out one per person, so no-one gets signed in!!

How does that feel, then? So you bought "White Riot" as soon as it was released, so you travelled through to Edinburgh to see them on the White Riot Tour because they didn't have a Glasgow gig, so you rushed out to buy the first album so you could have all those wonderful trax plus Capital Radio, so the Clash mean more to you than any other band in the world — big deal, if you ain't a student you ain't getting in! The worst of all is (according to the university) the Clash *know* that their "open to the general public" policy isn't being adhered to. Doesn't that feel good?

Well, we're not going to take it!! When the Clash arrive at Strathclyde to set up their gear, they'll find at least 38 (so far) ex-Clash fans out in the street burning lots of lovely copies of "White Riot" in rare pic sleeves, lots of lovely copies of very rare "Capital Radio" EPs and lots of expensive albums. To sell or give them away would only fool other people into believing the Clash's lies. We also intend to stop the Clash from getting inside the hall. If we can't see them then all you students aren't going to see them either — sorry but that's the way it goes.

Goodbye Paul, Joe, Mick and Topper. You gave us a few nice dreams but you don't need us any more so we'll try and pretend that we don't need you.

THE GLASGOW PUNX

And The Clash are entitled to go straight through you to play their gig. I hope Strummer Et Cie have a good one too, fool. — CSM.

If Jimmy Pursey wants me to think for myself, why does he never stop preaching? If Sham 69 are a punk band why can't punks go to see them live without risking death at the hands (or feet) of the moronic skinhead 'Sham Army'? The juvenile "Hurry Up Harry" is a disgrace to the new wave — Sham 69 have taken over where Gary Glitter left off. Come back Slade, all is forgiven.

PASCOE SELLANBY, Ealing

Fanx — NODDY, BIG EARS AND THE OTHER TWO

Read your letters page last week. Is this the start of the *NME* backlash?!

THE SARDOE TWINS, Bristol.

Definitely, kids. Definitely. — SNOUDS, MONOTONY MAKER AND THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

I sent this letter to the Sunday Times, and they didn't print it.

SIMON LOFT, Louth, Lincs.

Neither will we, so there — CSM.

Don't forget to omit the Doctors of Madness from *NME* Book Of Modern Music, just as a special tribute like.

DE-CONDITION, Ellesmere Port, Merseyside.

Wooooooooops . . . almost blew it. Dumpo the Doctors' entry sharpish — CSM

I love your publication, I think it provides an accurate and concise view of the musical scene, cleverly analysing the historic importance and long term relevance of each and every musical happening this decade. I would also like to say how much I appreciate this decade. I would also like to say how much I appreciate the profound air of social conscience and awareness which runs like a thread of dazzling gold throughout the warp and weft of your paper.

Your publication is surely a yardstick by which the aesthetic aspirations of both past and future must be judged.

Am I pissed?

'POKEY' DOBERMANNN, Hon. Sec. Braeside Anarcho-Bhuddistssss.

In a word, yes — CSM.

We have read last week in the *Sunday Times* that Tony Parsons " — laced his Dr Martens and fired a Camel." We of the Camel's Union have since interviewed the aforesaid camel, who claimed that " — he did not like working for Mr Parsons", and " — found his behaviour uncooperative and boorish." The camel has since found employment elsewhere and consequently no industrial action will be taken. However, I feel it expedient to warn you, any further discrimination against camels will not be treated so lightly in the future.

THE AMALGAMATED UNION OF CAMELS

He got his severence pay in a hump sum, tho' — CSM

It's 'girls', like Julie Burchill that make me glad to be gay — and it's "hip young gunslingers" like T Parsons that make me wish I wasn't.

NICK "I-wake-up-screaming" VILLIERS, London.

Confused, aren't you? — CSM

I've just spent three-quarters of an hour trying to think of something good to write and I've bloody fallen asleep.

THE HARLOW HORN

I've just spent 20 seconds trying to think of an answer to that and *I've* bloody fallen asleep — CSM

Do you think I'm abnormal wanting to screw Rachel Sweet?

THE POGOING HIPPO WITH THE HIGHEST SEX-DRIVE IN THE UK, somewhere in E.12.

Nope, but I'd think she was abnormal if she wanted to screw you — CSM

Far be it for me to criticise your excellent paper but: your *Thrills* are predictable, your reporters are poufs, your Bag's a mess, you cost too much and your paper's shit.

A. COMPLAINT, Gloucester.

Album token winner (betcha wish you'd enclosed your full name and address, ya pillock) — CSM

I note that "there is not even a question of Beserkley (the Smirks' record company) coughing up" for Simon Milner's legal costs incurred as part of the Smirks Against Travolta Vampaign. Whilst my personal feelings about Travolta are that if you ignore him he may hopefully go away I would point out that Simon hasn't asked us to pay his legal fees and that if he dies we will. Many of our artists (particularly the English ones) are constantly getting themselves into trouble of one sort or another and we always help out when asked to do so (for confirmation ask Sean Tyla). As for your remarks concerning our distributors, Polydor, I have to say that they have been in favour of the Campaign since becoming our distributors and even if they hadn't been — tough shit. You're owned by IPC and we certainly don't hold that against you.

FRED CANTRELL, Beserkley Records Boss.

How nice of you. — CSM

I'm getting really sick of Tony Parsons' comments on boys who live at home with their mothers.

OEDIPUS.

I'm bloody sick of it as well — OEDIPUS' MUM

I might be getting a nuclear missile for Christmas.

A SOVIET GENERAL, Warsaw.

Pointed end down, I hope — CSM

T-ZERS

SHUTS UP SHOP

JILL FURMANOVSKY

Seen 'em open, seen 'em close dept. Covent Garden's Roxy Club displays a sign of the times.

HOLD EVERYTHING! (Those of you who're reading this at work, in class, on the bus or in front of your Mum can hold everything in a quiet and unobtrusive manner so as not to attract undue attention or ridicule.)

Some of the more alert amongst you may have spotted something closely akin to what we in the publishing trade refer to as "a new masthead" nestling chummily atop the staff box at the right-hand side of the page or even in the general environs of our poll coupon. It says "**NME**" in big black stencil letters and from next week it'll be adorning the top left hand corner of each and every one of our coruscating covers. We went to enormous trouble and expense to get this new masthead together (i.e. we went out and found a designer and then paid him a whole herd of money), so don't go disappointing us by pretending that you don't recognise us when we hit the stands in seven days time.

So why'd we change the masthead, anyway? Simple, Vladimir. We were bored to buggery with the old one . . .

Less about ourselves, though, and onto the fab snippets about the lives and doings of Rich, Beautiful And Interesting People. 'Ang on, we don't know what **Tony** and **Julie** have been up to this week so we might as well hand you over to our Dury Desk. Are you there, **Reginald?** Thank you. When **Ian Dury** (for it is he) discovered that Warner Brothers, in their infinite wisdom, were intending to dust off and issue "Wotabunch" (a **Kilburn And The High Roads** album cut several years back for the now-defunct Raft label), he paused scarcely long enough for a resounding "Oy oy!" before hauling ass over to WEA's luxurious corporate-chic offices to discuss the situation with them. Magnanimously enough, Dury offered to re-record all the tracks using **The Blockheads** as band and to help promote the resulting album which would cost an estimated £5,000 to record. WEA informed him as follows: that "Wotabunch" was expected to sell no more than 25,000 copies and it was therefore not financially viable to lay out five grand for the re-recording thereof. Thus did WEA talk themselves out of a virtual free new album from one of this country's hottest popular music area figures. Did someone say something about blockheads? . . .

Still, you don't have to work for a record company to be a trifle slow on the uptake. Following a spoof rock column in the even spoofier one-off *Not The New York Times* (put out to capitalise on New York's recently ended and much envied newspaper strike) which suggested that Arista Records were issuing a triple-album of recordings of **Patti Smith's** brain waves, some of La Smith's more absurd loyalists have actually been attempting to purchase this desirable item. It's a pity it doesn't actually exist, 'cuz then we could strap some of these turkeys down and make them listen to the horrid thing. Still, people actually did listen to **LouLou's** "Metal Machine Music" so there's clearly no accounting for tastes, nowt as queer as folks, etc . . . .

Blackburnballs: on last week's *TOTP*, Kuddly **Kid Jensen** chirped "Maybe he's referring to Radio 1's change of frequency" when introducing **Elvis the C's** "Radio Radio." Sing it again, El: radio is in the hands of BLOCKHEADS . . .

Pausing only to wonder whether **Les McKeown** (guns, cars, fired from **Rollers** for being dirty with women who were attractive to men but not, apparently **Derek, Woody** and the rest of 'em) has been having negotiations with a certain **Malcolm (Legs) McLaren** about forming a teenybop/punk coalition band to drive the **Rich Kids** straight back to *Rock Goes To College* (wheeeew), we turn to an interview with the aforementioned Legs in Cambridge's *Stop Press* in which the Talcy One talks up a storm on the subject of **Keith Richards** ("I met **Jagger** in New York very recently. He's a total poseur, putting on a working class accent. He said that Richards got off because of a huge network of handouts, bribes placed with the right people . . . I didn't like Jagger") and — natcho — **Sid**, who apparently rushed off to score his methadone while **Nancy** was still alive, finding her dead on his return.

Plus of course the startling information that **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** were "the real hellraisers" in the **Pistols**, "puking up at Heathrow and all that stuff" (waitasec, we thought the official line was that no-one puked up at Heathrow), and even that **Linda Blair** (of *Exorcist* fame and not much else) was another of the hyperactive Mr. Jones' conquests . . .

You'll be glad to know that **The Clash's** "Give 'Em Enough Rope" album has been safely released in the States, and that it's identical to the UK edition except that "All The Young Punks" has been mysteriously mistitled on the sleeve. Could it be that CBS US didn't want the word "punk" to put any radio stations off playing the album (Sing it again, **Elvis**) . . .

Relations between Virgin Records and **J. Lydon's Public Image** are believed to be strained, to say the least. Sources close to the band maintain the reception given by Virgin to the group's "First Edition" LP was somewhat icy. Considering the iconoclastic nature of the record — an hilariously surreal disco track, for example, is intended as the next single — this is perhaps hardly surprising: it would seem that even a 'hip' record company like Virgin finds a cut like "Religion" too close for comfort.

Anyways, the "First Edition" album is comprised of just five lengthy tracks including an extended version of the "Public Image" 45, and will be released on December 8. After abortive sessions at Virgin's Manor and Shepherds Bush studios the record was made in Wardour Street at a studio which usually specialises in reggae recordings . . .

Further wrangling is said to have broken between **PIL** and Virgin over the **Public Image** Christmas Rainbow gigs. **Lydon** is said to have insisted that Virgin's £175 for tickets be returned to the label with the suggestion that they queue at the box office instead. The band are also believed to be totally dissatisfied with the lack of promotion given by Virgin to the "Public Image" single . . .

On a more humorous note, *T-Zers* understands that there are **McLaren**-esque plans underfoot to carry out the ultimate rock'n'roll exploitation scam by capitalising on the **Sid Vicious** murder trial to such an extent that Sid's worldwide stardom will totally surpass that ever conceived of for the **Pistols**. This, of course, depends on Sid walking out of the courtroom a free man. For reasons which escape us, that is now considered to be the most likely result . . .

Speaking of **El Sid** (as indeed, everybody seems to be these days), **Herr Vicious** has been seen at loads and loads of New York gigs since he got bailed out, most notably **Blondie's** homecoming bash. He was arm in arm with a young lady described by an observer as "an inveterate local groupie", while — on stage — **Robert Fripp** jammed with **Debbie's** Delites on encores of "Heroes", **Iggy's** "Sister Midnight" and **Bolan's** "Get It On." Meanwhile, film-maker **Amos Poe** is planning to star Debbie Drool in a remake of **Jean-Luc Godard's** *Alphaville* . . .

Some London records shops, incidentally, are well surprised by the way **The Cars'** single is ploughing up the charts, since nearly all prospective customers are refusing to purchase unless they get a limited edition (translation: however many the market will stand) picture disc pressing. Seems that some stores are worried about getting stuck with lots of orthodox black copies, but this is no source of worry to the Car at the head of the motorcade, singer **Ric Ocasek**, who had his Car (no jokes, please) broken into Wednesday before last while he was doing whatever people do at Dingwalls. Ric was relieved of his money, keys, credit cards, wooden leg etc, but most important of all, he was robbed of all the material for the next Cars album. Stool pigeons contact WEA Press Office (01 434 3232) or **Kelley MacPherson** (01 487 5303) or watch out for any band that's suddenly started playing a bunch of crappy new songs . . .

And welcome to the wonderful world of bankruptcy: **Steve Ellis**, ex-lead singer of the **Love Affair** and more recently of **Widowmaker**, went bust in Brighton last week with debts of £42,000, while on a slightly grander scale, **Marvin Gaye** did much the same thing in California with personal debts of over $2,000,000 and business debts to the tune of $1,800,000 . . .

Sheffield's **Gang Of Four** rejected a Virgin offer of a contract for 8 albums over 5 years with a £25,000 advance. Other companies still a-wooing, while **Throbbing Gristle** are readying their Christmas album "D.O.A." ("Dead On Arrival"), which features the "United" single speeded up to last about ten seconds, plus computer tapes, conversations and solo tracks from each of the band (sounds like a whole gang of laughs). Meanwhile, **Genesis P. Orridge** has apparently given permission for their limited edition first album to be bootlegged . . .

Island will not be releasing **Burning Spear's** "Marcus Children" LP (currently available on pre-release at £4.50) until January, by which time it will have been retitled "Social Living" and will retail at £4.99 . . .

Finally, in the week that a few hundred silly cultists off themselves in a Guyanan jungle for no particular reason, when dozens of deranged women lay quietly smouldering in high streets up and down the country, when the nation's attention is focused on a pretty tacky court case in Minehead, the Big News of the week is that vivacious blond **Paul Cook**, 22 has been acquitted in Knightsbridge Crown Court, London, of damaging a bus (viz chucking seats out of the top deck windows) because of "lack of identification". Justice has been done, screams *T-Zers* as it rushes out the door to warm its hands over **Julie Burchill**, who has just spontaneously combusted and is blazing away merrily up the other end of Carnaby Street . . .

DENNIS O'REGAN

Some girls: left, cavorting at the AC/DC party for fun, profit, publicity. Right: Miss Argentine/Miss World poses with compatriot Philippe Lignoti, formerly of FC Fray Bentos, now signed to Gillingham FC

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

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New Releases

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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

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Neil Spencer
Assistant Editor
Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
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Ian Penman
Research
Fiona Foulger
New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840

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(01) 261 6207

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Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
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Viv Albertine of The Slits

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